

Atlantic Insight



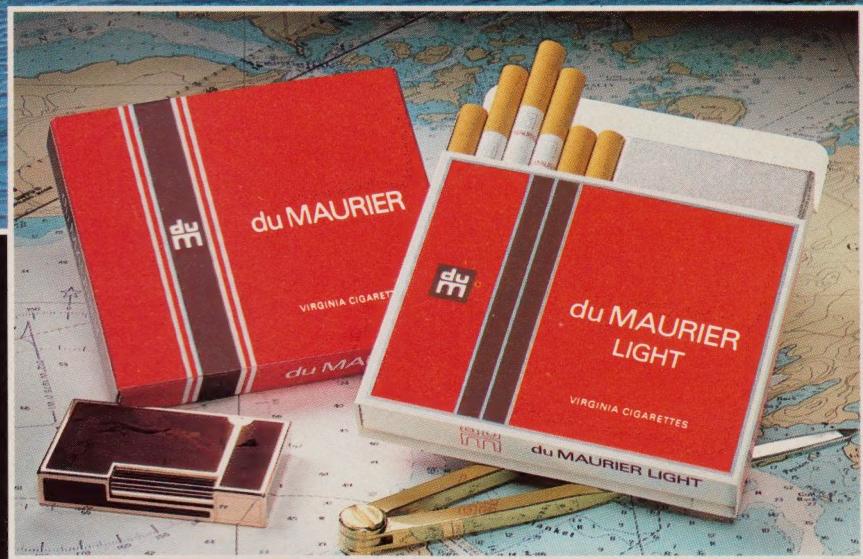
APRIL 1984, \$1.95

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Rosemarie Landry:
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of Caraquet, N.B.**



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Senior Writer
Harry Bruce
Staff Writer
Roma Senn
Circulation Manager
Neville Gilfoyle
Production Manager
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Subscription Services
Supervisor — Yvonne Power

Publisher
Jack M. Daley

National Sales Manager
Roger Daigneault

Regional Sales Manager
Margot Sammurtok

Advertising Sales in Nova Scotia
Susan McKinney
Steve Pilon
Lin Yaremchuk
1-902-429-8090

In Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick:
Barry Smith
R.R. #3, Vernon Bridge, P.E.I. C0A 2E0
Telephone (902) 651-2147

In Newfoundland:
Stephen Sharpe
P.O. Box 8513, Postal Station A
St. John's, Nfld. A1B 3P2
Telephone: (709) 722-3138

National Sales
John McGown & Associates Inc:
Brenda Finn
785 Plymouth Ave., Suite 310
Montreal, Quebec H4P 1B3
Telephone: (514) 735-5191

Jack Fargey
4800 Dundas St. W.
Toronto, Ontario M9A 1B1
Telephone: (416) 232-1394

Eric McWilliam
1334 Seymour St.,
Vancouver, V6B 3P3
Telephone: (604) 682-6311

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APRIL 1984 Vol. 6 No. 4



COVER STORY

Rosemarie Landry's not your ordinary diva. Born in Caraquet, N.B., this soprano has been praised by critics from Paris to Iceland for the warm purity of her voice, the polished professionalism of her stage presence. How does she do it? In a word, discipline. It's the story of her life.

By Harry Bruce

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COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HOMER



PHOTOESSAY

Twenty-five-year-old Rob Johnston left his home in Newfoundland in 1979. Three years later he was commuting regularly every couple of months to make a photographic record of a way of life fast disappearing, struggling against the unwillingness of people he'd known as a boy to take him — and his project — seriously. He's not finished yet

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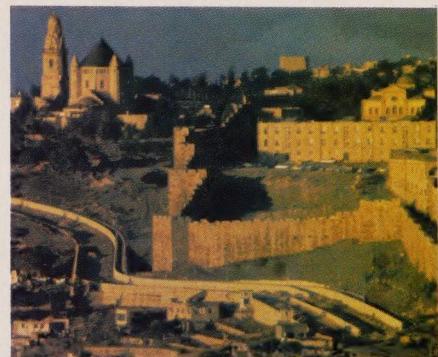
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FOOD

Anne-Marie Thor cooks meals that lucky visitors approach as if in the presence of a shrine. No wonder. Her parents ran a hotel and restaurant in Sweden and, she says, "I was in and out of the kitchen all the time." Her husband, Ake, is a spare-time weaver whose colorful place settings complement the superb food

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TRAVEL

Little Israel, which the followers of Moses called a "land of giants" has many sorrows. But it also boasts a spirit that, against all odds, has welded a country of disparate peoples into a nation. Come to Israel and you will see the remnants of an ancient civilization, the elements of the new.

By David Ivry

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Editor's Letter



A diva with a difference

Like most successful people in her profession, she's a globe-trotter. But there could scarcely be a person whose roots go deeper in Atlantic Canada than Rosemarie Landry, the subject of this month's cover story. Harry Bruce says it best:

"From her painted fingernails, to the planes of her forehead, to the roots of her singing heart, she is Acadian; and the story of the Acadians is a story not just of determined survivors but also of joyful survivors, lyrical survivors. On both her father's and mother's sides, Landry is a descendant of Alexis Landry. Born in the Annapolis Valley in 1720 and ejected by the British in the Great Expulsion of 1755, he settled at Caraquet [N.B.] around 1760. British raiders drove him out in 1761, but he soon returned."

Landry, as the story reveals, is one of a number of talented women to have emerged from the Acadian culture of the east coast: Singers Edith Butler and Angèle Arsenault, writer Antonine Maillet, actress Viola Léger. (They all know each other.) But although her roots are Acadian, the rich, full growth of her life and talent has taken place outside the Atlantic provinces. The romance which culminated in her marriage to another Acadian was played out against the setting of Quebec City, which is where Bruce and photographer Stephen Homer caught up with her during the few hours she could spare from rehearsals and performances of *The Merry Widow*. Her career is centred in Toronto and she loves living there. And it was in Montreal that she met the voice teacher whom she credits with having taught her what was perhaps the most important lesson she has ever learned as a singer: That the key to success is rigorous self-discipline.

Discipline, as Bruce points out, is very much a part of Landry's life. Whether the stage from which her ringing soprano reaches out is in Quebec City or in London, Paris, Iceland or Singapore, her method remains the same: A strict, no-

nonsense marshalling of her energy to support "the voice," that voice which "requires pampering, coaching, the attention of specialists and ceaseless motherly concern. It is as though the voice were the last, fragile child of a reigning monarch."

Discipline has not always been the watchword of opera and concert stars, male or female. Especially in opera, the typical figure of the diva of a bygone era (and even a few still around today) was about as far from Landry's trim, blonde attractiveness as it's possible to get. A rotund Brunhilde, locked in musical embrace with her equally corpulent tenor-hero represented the state of the art, to most people. (In his memoirs, *Ten Thousand Nights At the Opera*, Rudolf Bing, former general manager of the Metropolitan Opera described his first sight of the great Wagnerian tenor Lauritz Melchior in a performance of *Tannhäuser* by saying that it was like watching a red plush couch moving.)

Maria Callas probably had as much as anyone to do with redefining physical style for divas and Landry is very much a part of the newer style. What's more (and not surprisingly, since it's merely an extension of the discipline with which she guards the voice), she works at it. Although, as Bruce points out, keeping up her prodigious stores of energy sometimes causes her to eat like a wolf, she trains her body, the voice's vessel, with all the devotion of an athlete. She exercises regularly, doesn't smoke, rarely drinks.

Landry's career, at present, seems poised to soar. The phrases which critics have already used to describe her voice are a singer's dream: "sensual elegance" . . . "soaring purity" . . . "warm, effortless and vibrant" . . . "exuberant" . . . and finely spun tones."

She thinks she can keep on performing for about 20 years. With care, of course. And discipline, and restraint. If that, plus outstanding talent, is what it takes, you can safely bet on her.

Marilyn MacDonald



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FEEDBACK

No to Lepreau

Thanks for publishing Ralph Surette's well-reasoned essay exposing the madness of the arms race (*The Suicidal Nuclear Sham*, February). Canada does not possess nuclear arms, but is very much tied into nuclear weapon production ranging from uranium mining to selling — actually, giving — nuclear power plants to countries, such as Argentina, which are using them to produce plutonium for weapons. Chris Wood (*Waiting for Lepreau*, The Region, February) is more concerned about unemployed workers who would have 10 years of work if a second nuclear plant were built in New Brunswick. This plan would be paid for by all Canadian taxpayers to provide electricity exclusively for the U.S., where public protests and high costs have virtually terminated construction of any new atomic power plants. But our federal government, in its desperate effort to keep the white-elephant Canadian nuclear industry alive, is willing to saddle future generations not only with a huge financial burden, but to inflict on our children more birth defects, leukemia and cancer. Studies by Dr. Rosalie Bertell, Dr. Ernest Sternglass and others show that these are caused by low-level radiation from normally functioning plants. And there is always the possibility of accidents causing greater incidence of disease and earlier death. Maritimers should strongly oppose a second nuclear plant at Point Lepreau and any uranium development. Nuclear power stations and uranium mines are not only dangerous in themselves, but they are an integral part of the arms race.

Martin Rudy Haase
Chester, N.S.

Bear in mind

In reading the article *Bear River*, N.S. (Small Towns, January) I was reminded of a line from the film *Atlantic City*. Burt Lancaster, an aging shyster living in the past, looks sadly out across the ocean and reminisces to a young friend: "You should have seen the Atlantic in the Thirties!" Change is all in the eye, and sometimes the mind of the beholder. It all depends on the way one decides to look at it.

Nancy Onysko
Bear River, N.S.

The worst of crimes

The Editor's Letter (*Not a Family Affair*) and the Special Report (*Incest: New Light on the Hidden Crime Against Kids*) in the January issue should touch the hearts of all of us. I think this is one of the worst crimes I know of. We have ads on TV warning of the effects of alcohol, cigarettes and drugs on the mind and body. How much worse is the effect

on mind and body of a crime as cruel as this. Children have enough to cope with while growing up without abuse by their own parents. Where are the rights of these children? They are our responsibility. If we can't go into these homes in person, our voices can, through TV, radio, magazines and newspapers. Ministers should be preaching against this from their pulpit. The more publicity this problem gets, the more other family members, relatives and neighbors will keep an eye on situations that are questionable.

E. MacDougall
Montague, P.E.I.

Disgusted with Guy

I like *Insight* very much, but as a former Maritimer, I am disgusted with the idiocy of Ray Guy's writing. It has deteriorated to utter trivia and nonsense, and an insult to the intelligence of your readers. I suggest you drop such inane absurdity, otherwise I fear this will be my last subscription.

Mrs. R.M. Knill
Vancouver, B.C.

Bigger isn't better

I'm sick and tired of your writers running down Nova Scotia and, sometimes, other Maritime provinces when they don't deserve it. In the December Travel piece (*Have a Very Merry Toronto Museum Spree*) Harry Bruce writes, "Measured against the Art Gallery of Ontario, the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia in Halifax is a brick outhouse." What a stupid remark. And running down the beaches because the water's too cold (*Don't Tell the Tourists, but the Ocean's Cold*, Harry Bruce's Column, December). If he doesn't like Nova Scotia let him move back to Ontario. I'm sure it isn't any better here. I was born in Nova Scotia and have lived in Toronto since 1939. Just because Ontario is bigger doesn't make it any better.

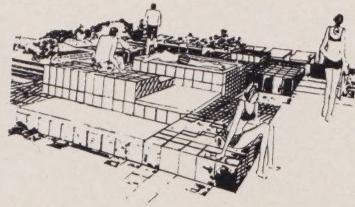
Edna M. Briscoe
Toronto, Ont.

A false front

While in the checkout line at the local Sobey's store I caught sight of the white, one-third "double-cover" (for want of a better word) on your January magazine. Among the list of contents, in bright red letters, "The Art of Claude Roussel" stood out. Claude being a former classmate and neighbor of my husband, I bought the magazine. Imagine my surprise when I arrived home to find that no such article was featured. Is this what is meant by false advertising?

France Hébert
Edmundston, N.B.

Editor's note: We apologise for the fact that the Roussel article was promoted in error. It appeared in the February issue.

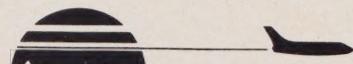


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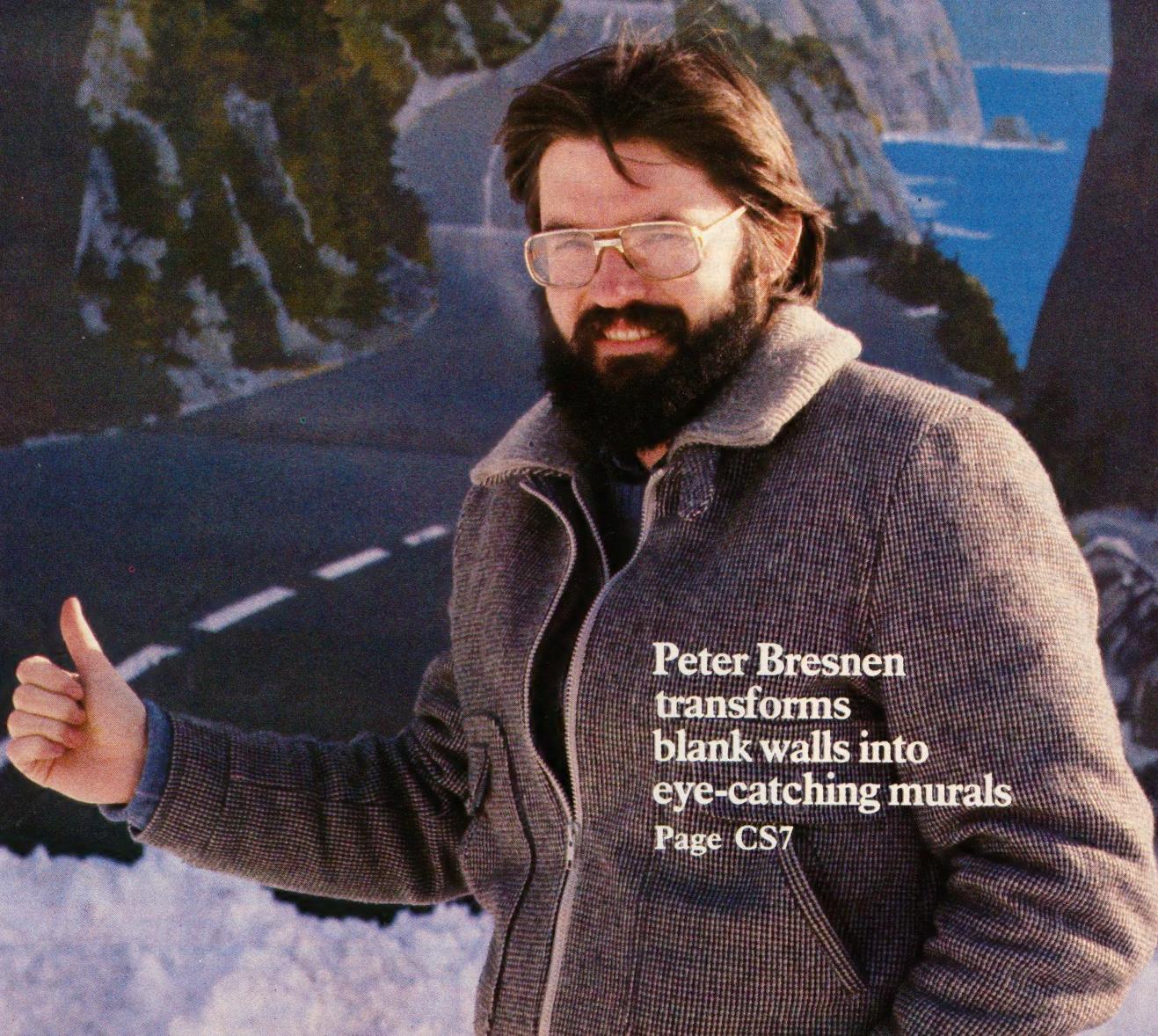
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Atlantic Insight

April 1984



**Peter Bresnen
transforms
blank walls into
eye-catching murals**

Page CS7

Boxing in Halifax: Is there life after Hollett?

"Halifax is a fight town. But nobody goes to the fights." For some, the great black hope is

Ricky Anderson

By Peter Cheney

The nose is crushed like a potato, the forehead armored with scars. The eyes peer from a battle-plated brow, dented and thick as the bumper of a New York taxi. This isn't a face — it's an anvil. It belongs to Ralph Hollett. There are boxers and there are fighters. Hollett is a fighter, a brawler with the kind of concussive haymaker that gets you out alive when things turn ugly in a rocko tavern. This brutal skill comes naturally to Hollett: He started out as a bouncer and beer waiter.

He may not be the most elegant of fistic artists, but that didn't stop him from slugging his way clear to the Canadian middleweight championship during his six-year pro career. It was a lot further than anyone, including Hollett, thought he'd ever go. Ring pundits sniffed at his bouncer pedigree and dismissed him as a flat-footed thug, but Hollett silenced them with his winning ways. When things were going right, his career was a real-life Rocky story, and Maritimers could point with pride to Ralph Hollett, home-grown champ.

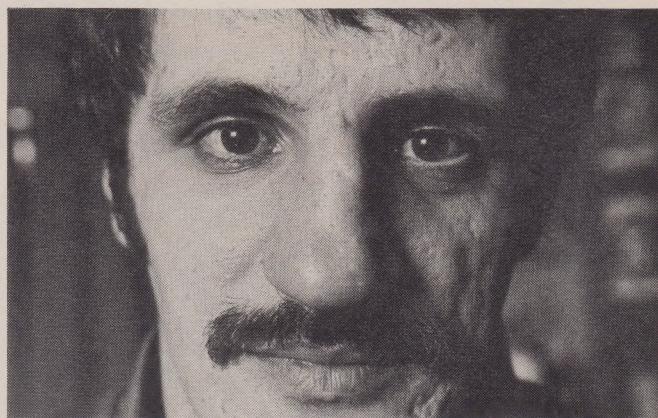
Behind the bar in his new house is a wall covered with press photos. One is a blow-up of Hollett in the ring with Eddie Melo at the Montreal Forum. Melo looks handsome, dangerous, cruel and

lean as a wolf. Hollett knocked him out. But that's all over now. Hollett wheezes gently through his mashed nose as he leafs through a scrapbook in his basement recreation room. In the last pages are clippings about the string of embarrassing defeats that closed his career in the ring. A grainy newsphoto shows Hollett flopped like a ragdoll through the ropes, beaten. This is the way real-life Rocky stories usually end: With no sequel.

Hollett's demise may have vindicated his critics, but some say it also delivered a knockout shot to the Halifax fight game, already wobbly from repeated blows. Hollett looks at the clippings and laughs. "It was just an experiment," he says. "I didn't have big plans. I've done better than most fighters." His wife, Tara, cues up *General Hospital* with the television's remote control. Hollett tosses a log into the long brick fireplace. The talk turns from boxing to child-rearing, and then to the price of fuel oil.

Ralph Hollett is through with boxing. It has given him his potato nose and a new house. He's happy.

For Ricky Anderson, it's just the beginning. As Hollett relaxes in his plush recliner in the carpeted basement of his Forest Hills split-level, Anderson spars in a bunker-like concrete building in Fairview. Nobody likes sparring with Anderson. He explodes with a blurring series of uppercuts, vibrating his opponent's head like a speed bag.



Ralph Hollett is through with boxing . . .

Anderson calls this style of attack "the shoeshine." Some shoeshine. His T-shirt is red with blood, a butcher's apron, but he's unmarked.

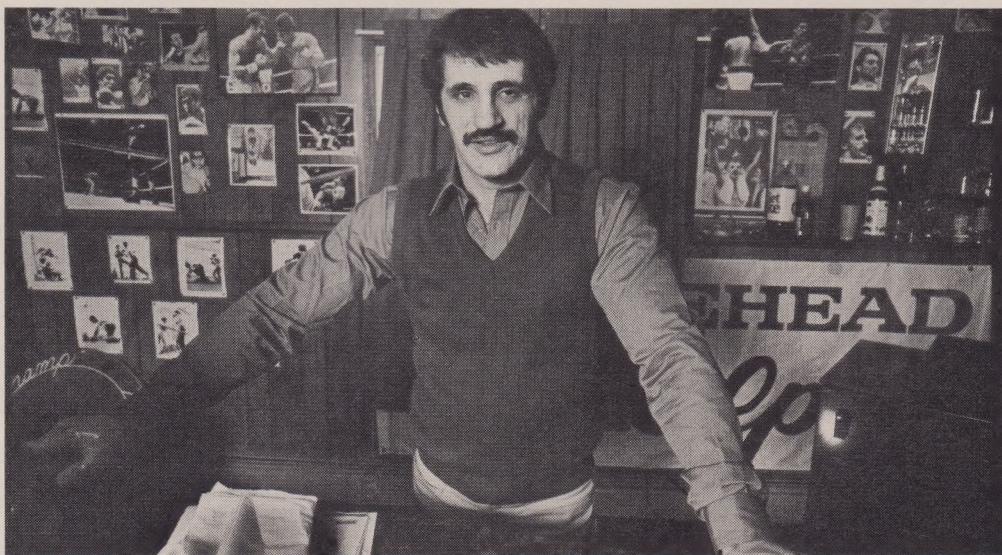
Some say Anderson could go all the way to the world welterweight crown. They also say he could pack local arenas with fans, something only Hollett has come close to doing in recent years. If Anderson — or somebody — doesn't turn out to be Halifax boxing's new messiah, the local fight game could be down for the count. "If Halifax boxing isn't down for the count, it's at least taking a standing eight," says CBC sportscaster Gerry Fogarty. Hollett agrees: "I've never seen it good here. If one of my kids wanted to fight I'd ship him off to Montreal." Hollett's biggest Halifax fights earned him from \$3,000 to \$6,000. Fighting the same opponents in Montreal netted him nearly \$20,000. The trouble is, he continues, "Montreal isn't

home. It just isn't the same."

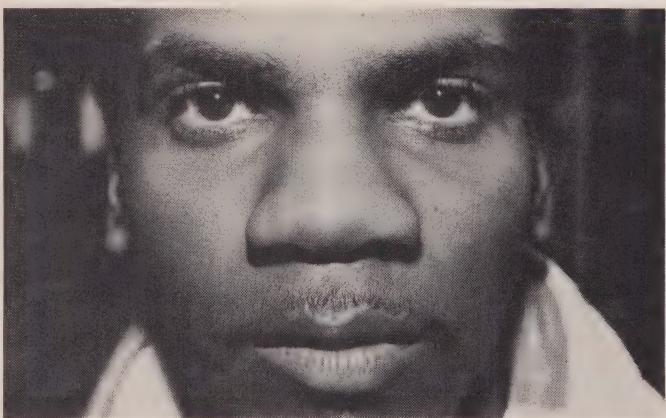
If home means Halifax, however, it's a lousy place for a fighter to practise his craft. As a business, promoting boxing here seems about as safe as Russian roulette — and about as profitable. The game has kayoed more Halifax promoters than Halifax fighters.

Why? Simple. Halifax is a fight-town. But nobody goes to the fights.

"It's like a guy who thinks he sees water in the desert," says Tom McCluskey. "But he don't." McCluskey, short, thick, with powerful glasses, probably knows the Halifax fight-scene better than any man alive. He's trained dozens of fighters, including Hollett and heavyweight Commonwealth champ, Trevor Berbick. McCluskey's been in and around the ring since 1946. "It's one of the toughest sports in the world to promote," McCluskey says. "Bar none. You can do



"Halifax fans like a scrapper," says Hollett . . .



...For Ricky Anderson, it's just the beginning

your homework, but you've still got a good chance of losing."

Nobody knows that better than Sonny McPhee. Last year he set up a company called Ringside Promotions. It failed after putting on just two fight-cards. Ringside suffered from the same problems that stymied other promoters: Lack of money, and lack of knowledge. A promoter needs a fairly deep pool of capital behind him to weather almost certain losses on his initial ventures. McPhee didn't have this. A promoter also needs a clear perception of the logistics of putting on a fight. McPhee didn't have this, either.

Every promoter must concoct an appealing card by matching fighters according to weight, skill, style and reputation. He must then bring all of them together at the appointed time. If they're in peak condition and bathed in publicity, so much the better. But even the best-laid

plans don't always work. Just ask Dave Singer, head of Kayo Promotions. Singer took a \$10,000 bath last November when middle-weight Chris Clarke backed out of a fight the day before the event.

The promoter also faces the sometimes-nasty job of clearing a proposed card with the Nova Scotia Boxing Authority. The Authority has cancelled more than one fight-card, sometimes at the last minute. Its job is to make sure bouts are both safe for fighters and appealing to fans. The Authority therefore scrutinizes the records of all fighters brought before it and demands comprehensive medical documentation. But boxers' records are a quagmire, an unregulated morass of unsubstantiated facts, half-truths, and outright lies. Confirming an out-of-town fighter's record can be like verifying the Shroud of Turin.

Sorting all this out is the

Boxing Authority's job, but some say it takes its duties too seriously. "They just don't realize how tough it is putting on a card," Dave Singer says. "They don't know what's involved. The promoter can get stung." The chairman of the Nova Scotia Boxing Authority is Bruce Stephen. He was at ringside in Montreal in 1979 when a boxer named Cleveland Denny was punched senseless. Denny died in hospital. Stephen doesn't want any repeats.

Making boxing safe has made the promoter's job tough. "There's no question it's tougher to put on a fight today than it was just 10 years ago," Stephen says. "It used to be a good old boys' club. I'd get my fighter, you'd get yours, and we'd meet down at the gym. You could do things on handshakes." Those were the good old days, when the likes of Tommygun Spencer, Kid Howard and Yvon Durelle were punching their way into history. But the good old days weren't all good. The golden age of Halifax boxing may have killed some of its heroes.

"It could be argued that Kid Howard was killed in the ring," Gerry Fogarty says. "When he died five years ago he was a lot older than his 46 years. He had a hard time. He took a beating even when he won." Tommy Sweet of the Nova Scotia Sports Hall of Fame agrees. "If an autopsy had been done," he says, "the cause of death would have been taking too many punches." "I think the same can be said of Blair Richardson," Fogarty says. Richardson, once the Canadian middleweight champion, died in a Boston hospital of a brain hemorrhage in 1971, five years after his retirement. He was 31.

If the Authority does its job, such tragedies won't occur again. "Nova Scotia probably has the best Boxing Authority in the country," says Halifax *Herald* sports reporter Chris Cochrane. Besides ensuring that a fight is safe, the Authority tries to make sure it will be a crowd-pleaser. But sportscaster Fogarty says, "The opponents promoters bring in to fight the home-town heroes have often been pushovers. The

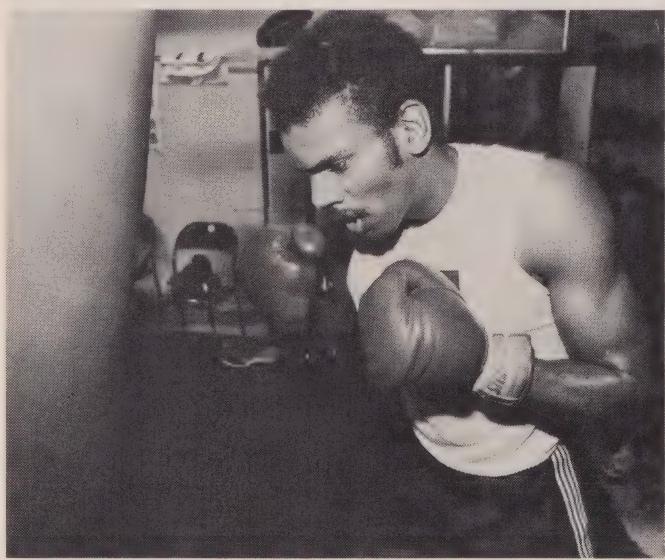
fans just don't have confidence in the promoters."

It's not just the fans who are skeptical. The media are jaundiced, too. "I don't say a lot about fight-cards on my radio show," Fogarty says. "The promoters don't provide enough information. I can't be confident." Current promoters inherited a lot of problems. "I don't really think they're bad promoters," Fogarty concedes, "but it's difficult here. The fans have already been burned."

He believes the promoters must work more closely than they do with the Authority: "They might think the Authority is being unco-operative, but it's got to be tough. It's torn between enforcement and keeping the game alive." The Authority wants to run a clinic for promoters. "As long as you understand the rules," Bruce Stephen says, "it's fairly simple to put on a card. There's no mystery to it."

But the question of who's to replace Hollett as box-office bait still has the crystal balls murky. Anderson went all the way to a world silver medal as an amateur, but mismanagement has marred his pro career. Though he's unquestionably a boxing prodigy, no one has seen him in the pro ring enough to know whether he can resurrect the glory days of Halifax boxing. Some argue that his scientific style could work against him. "Halifax fans like a scrapper," says Hollett, who should know. "They want to see a fighter who'll get in there and give it, a guy who'll get up off the floor. Anderson doesn't like to take chances."

So far as the future of boxing in the Maritimes goes, Hollett says simply, "There'll always be boxing here, and there'll always be problems." He grips the nubbly arms of his chair as he rocks and thinks. The soap-opera soundtrack competes with the gentle volume of his breathing, soft and snorty like a bulldog's. "I'm through with it for good," he says, "unless one of our kids wants to put on the gloves." Tara Hollett aims the remote control, beams down the volume, and quietly offers, "Let's get them skates for Christmas, Ralph." C



...Anderson doesn't like to take chances"

How come Struan Robertson became Mr. MT & T?

He's not sure himself but if he ever tires of the telephone business, he can always go into politics. He remembers names, hundreds of them

By John Mason

Struan Robertson, president of Maritime Tel & Tel, was lunching at a truck stop in Cape Breton when an MT & T van pulled up, and the driver-serviceman came in for a bite. Robertson's the boss of 3,300 employees and some insist that, like a legendary grassroots politician, he knows the names of every one of them. Now, he got up, walked over to the serviceman, greeted him by name. The fellow was nonplussed. Who was this friendly guy in a business suit, anyway?

That's the sort of story that Robertson's admirers in the company like to tell about him. As president and chair-

man of MT & T, he can quote chapter and verse from its latest annual report, and amid the figures — operating revenue of \$253 million last year, more than 500,000 phones in the province — he never loses sight of the faces in his company.

MT & T, by Atlantic Canadian standards, is huge, and Robertson, a trim, compact 54-year-old, has worked hard to cultivate a family feeling within it. He eats regularly at the company cafeteria, personally welcomes people whenever MT & T holds an open house at a new building, rarely misses a chance to present the president's silver tray at a retirement party. "He knows the people who've worked [at MT & T] for 30 or 35 years," says Larry Hines, manager of public affairs. "He's met them, remembers their background, and knows what interests them personally." Moreover, the interest he takes in

younger employees, too, often surprises and flatters them.

It's when he talks about finances and phones, rather than faces, that Robertson gets blunt and down-to-earth. For 74 years, MT & T has been the sole supplier of phones and related equipment in Nova Scotia. Technically, it's still illegal to use a store-bought phone rather than one rented from MT & T. The reason for this, Robertson explains, is that the Public Utilities Board wanted to ensure "a common standard of service" for bluenose customers by granting MT & T sole ownership of, and responsibility for, all phones and the phone network.

Now, however, pressure from other phone manufacturers and the public has forced MT & T to rethink its position. It's abandoning its cosy monopoly on equipment, but keeping its system of switches and circuits out of competitors' hands. Robertson says, "We can't provide all kinds of equipment, and we can't offer all the different types of payment for terminal devices." He's talking about anything from a phone, to a switchboard, to a computer that plugs into a phone jack.

"We believe most customers will continue to get all their [phone] equipment from us," he continues. "We could be in for a rude shock, but hopefully not.... Let's get this straight. A telephone is to telephone service what a steering wheel is to an automobile. You

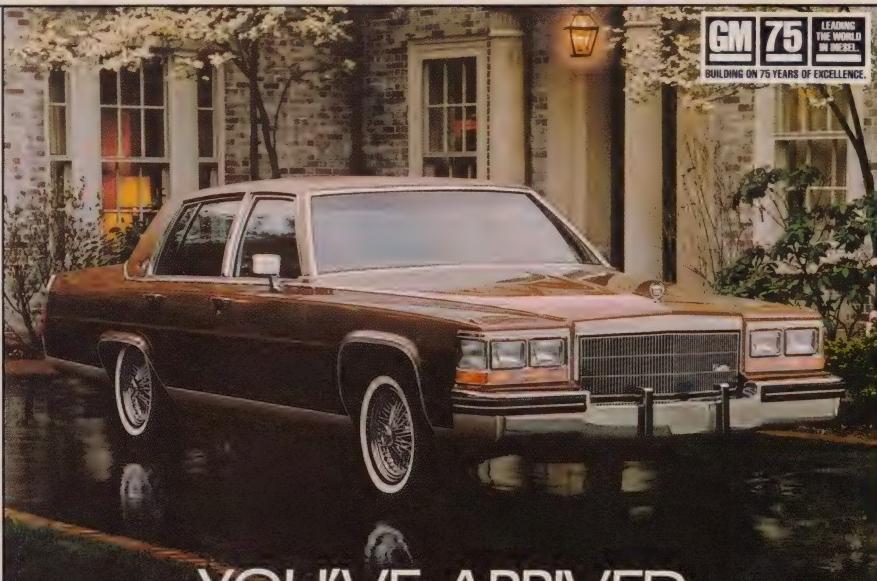


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Robertson had no idea he'd wind up as president of MT & T

need one, but my God, it's only a small part of the total mechanism." Behind every "\$28, garden-variety phone," MT & T has in place about \$4,000 worth of wire, electronics and relays.

Moreover, that gap will widen. MT & T plans to spend nearly \$2 million a week for three years to upgrade its telecommunications network. "So if customers think they are going to have telephone service when they buy a telephone set," Robertson says, "they're wrong; they'll no more have telephone service than I will have a car when I buy a steering wheel.... They'll still have to pay for the use of the network."

MT & T proposes to split customers' phone bills into two separate charges, one for use of the network, the other for renting any equipment from MT & T. Whether or not the Public Utilities Board approves this billing change probably won't make much difference to most people's monthly telephone bills. It's also unlikely to alter the company's good reputation as an investment.

Ross Montgomery, a stockbroker in Halifax for McLeod Young Weir, says MT & T remains one of his firm's recommended buys. The phone company's common stock recently rose to \$35 from a 1981 price of \$17.25, and should continue to be a promising bet for "everyone from a grandmother to a pension fund." Montgomery regards

MT & T as "one of the finest-run utilities in Canada. The company has adapted to the times, and has effective cost controls. It's aggressive and has insight in the telecommunications industry."

The man at the top of this aggressive outfit, Walter Struan Robertson, was born in Shubenacadie, but moved to the city with his family as a boy. His unusual middle name is Scottish, and comes from the Gaelic for "little stream." His nickname was "Arpy," which stuck from grade school to his days at Dalhousie Law School and the Sigma Chi frat. In 1953, he graduated with commerce and law degrees in a class that included Leonard Pace, now a provincial Supreme Court judge; Halifax lawyer David Chipman; and the current president of Dalhousie University, Andrew MacKay.

"Anything Struan did, he did well," remembers Ian Palmeter, a lawyer who first met Robertson "in Grade 1 or 2" and was a classmate in law school. He was "a natural athlete," and made the Dal basketball team despite standing only five-foot-seven. Sidelined by knee injuries, Robertson considered coaching sports in the U.S. but decided to stay with law. "In our class of '53, some knew what they were going to do, but a lot of us took law almost by default," Palmeter says. Robertson was one of those who took it almost by default, and

at 26, after a two-year fling at practising law in Halifax and Regina, he decided his heart wasn't in it. He returned to Halifax in 1956 to join MT & T as a junior executive. "He'd always lived in Halifax," Palmeter says. "I think he was delighted to come back to Nova Scotia and be close to the sea."

Living in Halifax with his wife, Sally, and four children, Robertson throws himself into community pursuits. He's vice-chairman of the board of governors at Dal, a director of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. He leads a \$2.5-million fund-raising drive for the YMCA. Calling himself a "generalist," he appears equally at home running at the Y and running a board meeting. He was a member of the recent team of citizens that studied operations at city hall, and heads the provincial Manpower Board, which helps plan job-creation projects. He encourages MT & T employees to follow his vigorous example. Company resources — from secretarial services to grants — are offered to community groups sponsoring everything from little league sports to big-time entertainment. Maritime Tel & Tel's support of such enterprises as Neptune Theatre and Symphony Nova Scotia earned the company one of this year's *Financial Post* Awards for Business in the Arts.

If Robertson is proud of his success at MT & T, he doesn't brag about it. He

says he had "no idea" he'd wind up in the seventh-floor president's suite in Maritime Centre. "I ended up here, like most people end up in whatever they're doing, somewhat accidentally," he says, putting his feet up on the coffee table. "I had no ambition of any specific sort. But I just enjoy working in a large organization. I find it fascinating. You encounter everything. If you look at the behavior of people in the organization, that in itself could involve you for a lifetime, and then some." For most people, but not for him, just remembering their names would be challenge enough.

C

CityForum

Improper martinis

It was not surprising that the author of "*I Must Get Out of These Wet Clothes and into a Dry Martini*" (Citystyle, January) failed to identify her/himself by name. One might speculate as to the author's gender based upon the statement: "This is hard on young waitresses who, while walking to the bar, cannot keep those specifications," i.e. a martini on the rocks with a twist, "in their pretty heads." Not understanding the boorish quality of this remark, which apparently slipped across the editor's desk, the

author failed to consider the amnestic effect that the revolting image of "martini on the rocks" might produce in a refined waitress or waiter. Proper martinis are produced from gin, mixing beaker and rod, and glasses that have been stored in a freezer. The ratio of gin to vermouth is 13:1, and the lemon peel is rubbed along the edge of the glass and pressed over the martini in order to extract a drop or two of lemon oil. Neither lemon nor ice directly touches the martini or its components. If this article is the author's gift to the drinking pleasures of Halifax, I suggest that the author grab a six-pack of beer and the return flight to Toronto.

A. Salucci
Halifax, N.S.



Wedgwood Jasper:



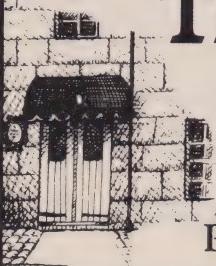
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CITYSTYLE

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most from your metro
mini-garden

How the cities' big-
gest swim club—it's
in Dartmouth—keeps
winning and winning

Plus... GADABOUT:
Where to go, what to
see

CITYSTYLE

Painting the town

Got a nice, big, blank wall? Peter Bresnen will turn it into a canvas for a landscape, an optical illusion or maybe even a portrait of Pluto

By Dean Jobb

The painting depicts a busy wharf some time before the turn of the century. Merchants, stevedores and sailors go about their business as horse-drawn carts carry cargo to and from square-rigged ships. Off to one side, a man is snoozing on a pile of sacks, right beside a parked car. Parked car? It's a real car, of course, and not part of the painting. But it's in perfect proportion to the painted figures in the background. Dartmouth artist Peter Bresnen planned it that way.

The wharf scene, a 35-by-40-foot mural covering one end of the Reid Sweet camera store in downtown Halifax, is the latest creation of a 31-year-old artist who's painting the town red. And blue and yellow and green.

In Dartmouth, his work adorns half a dozen walls with everything from Walt Disney's dog Pluto to a tunnel on a winding seaside highway. Reid Sweet owner Gary Myers, who commissioned his mural last fall, feels they "add a lot of sparkle to an otherwise drab town."

Large outdoor murals, which have decorated other North American cities since the 1960s, began appearing locally within the past two years because one artist was strapped for cash. An accomplished painter of finely detailed landscapes in his native Montreal, Bresnen came to Halifax to complete a degree at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, but found things tough when he graduated in 1981. "I never made a killing, but I sold regularly," says Bresnen, a soft-



Reid Sweet owner commissioned this mural to coincide with Tall Ships celebration

spoken, bearded man whose interests run from philosophy to wilderness hiking trips. "But the recession just battered the art market." To make ends meet, he sold portraits, painted signs part-time, and answered a classified ad that led to several jobs decorating the interiors of video game parlors.

Enter Ron Sullivan, who was looking for something to replace two billboards on the side of his Davron Electrical Supply store in Dartmouth. "We had this big drab side of the building," Sullivan re-

calls. After seeing one of the video parlors, he knew a mural was the answer. Sullivan's "not afraid of new ideas," Bresnen says, "so he wanted something way out." They settled on an optical illusion — a 20-by-50-foot painting of a tunnel that seems to lead from a parking lot right into the building.

The idea caught on. Betty Bebridge of Moffatt's Pharmacy on Portland Street saw the tunnel and decided a Bresnen mural would be just the thing for the blank side of her store. Since it's

been in business 60 years, Bresnen came up with an old-style apothecary shop theme after flipping through a Norman Rockwell calendar. Moffatt's, located near a busy intersection, brought Bresnen contracts for the Pluto mural at the Hub Tavern, a woman in a fur stole for the back of Rideau Furs on Portland, and Reid Sweet's waterfront scene, his first Halifax mural. He hasn't had to scrounge for new business; the murals are their own advertisement.

Depending on size, Bresnen charges \$1,500 to \$5,000

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

per mural. He pores over books of mural art looking for ideas, and researches old photographs to make sure details are historically accurate. Once he has a theme, he plans the mural on paper, breaking its components into a grid. "It's like planning a bridge," he explains. "You make everything to perfect scale." If the building's exterior is too rough, he'll paint the mural on plywood sheets attached to the wall. The paint is a high-quality acrylic-latex used by professional house painters. He mixes it in a palette improvised from a cardboard box filled with paper cups.

Bresnen has contractors erect scaffolding for the larger murals, but the biggest headache with working outside is the weather. The Reid Sweet mural took seven weeks to complete, with Bresnen in a race against time to finish before Christmas. His paint can't be used at temperatures below freezing, but his worst enemy is rain. He was painting the uppermost spars of the ships when he was caught in a downpour. "I had this waterfall of mucky grey all 35 feet from the top to bottom," he says, but a quick rub down with paper towels prevented hours of retouching. Once dry, Bresnen says, his murals will survive the elements for at least a decade before cracking and flaking with age.

In the meantime, the murals are good for business. "We've never spent advertising dollars so well," Bembridge says. "We're now the pharmacy with the mural on the side." Sullivan doesn't advertise at all, but says the tunnel mural "gets people talking about the place." Myers admits the Reid Sweet mural is simply "a publicity gimmick" timed to coincide with the Tall Ships celebrating this summer. He has already talked to Bresnen about painting over the waterfront scene with a



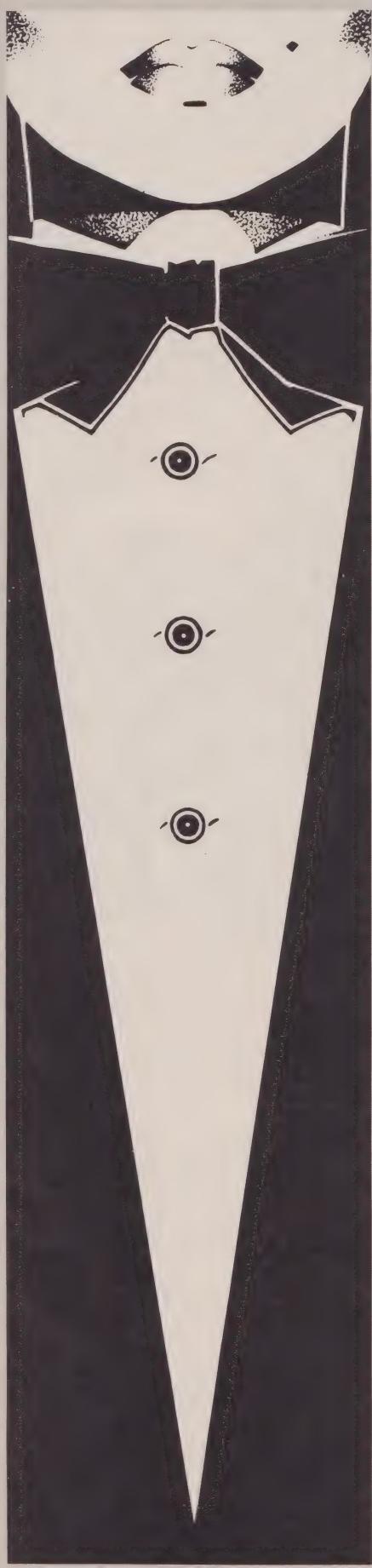
Bresnen designed this old-time apothecary scene for Moffat's Pharmacy in Dartmouth

mural of a Second World War convoy to mark the 80th anniversary of the Royal Canadian Navy next year.

The price tag on Bresnen's murals is competitive with neon signs, and several Dartmouth businesses received grants under the provincial Department of Development's Mainstreet Program to cover 30% of the costs. Greg Morrissey, executive director of the Downtown Dartmouth Corporation,

which administers the program, says the murals qualify as exterior renovations if they're compatible with the surroundings. And "if Peter's going to do it, it's going to be attractive," he says. Others agree. Three Bresnen murals have won their owners beautification awards from the Dartmouth Chamber of Commerce. "The murals are eye-catching," Chamber manager Margaret Gilbert says, "and people get a kick out of them."

So does Bresnen. "I enjoy my work being seen," he says. "A lot of my paintings in Montreal are going to end up on the walls of exceedingly wealthy bankers and maybe decorating the third bathroom of their country cottage somewhere. These murals, people get a kick out of them, and people seem to really enjoy them. And I enjoy doing them." Now that Bresnen's here, drab walls may soon be a thing of the past. C



GADABOUT

ART GALLERIES

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. April 13-May 6: (Downstairs & Upstairs) *Drawings — A Canadian Survey, 1977-1982*. A variety of approaches toward drawings. Works by artists including David Bolduc, Sheila Butler, David Craven. Organized by Peter Krausz, Saidye Bronfman Centre, Montreal, Quebec. April 16: (8:15 p.m.) In conjunction with the exhibit Ron Shuebrook, of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, will discuss "function, tradition and quality in contemporary Canadian drawing." Bedford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. till 9 p.m., Sat. & Sun., 12-5.

Dalhousie Art Gallery. April 17-May 27: *The Alex Colville Exhibition*. The first major retrospective by Canada's foremost realist painter. Organized and circulated by the Art Gallery of Ontario. Dalhousie Campus, 424-2403. Hours: Tues., 11 a.m.-5 p.m. & 7-10 p.m. Wed.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1-5 p.m.

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. April 20-May 21 in the Main Gallery: *Robin MacKenzie: The Photographic Sculpture*. Courtesy of the Norman MacKenzie Art Gallery, University of Regina; to April 30 in the Mezzanine Gallery: *Rod Malay: Serigraphs*. An exhibit of serigraphs by a Nova Scotia artist; to April 30 in the Second Floor Gallery: *Charlie Tanner: Retrospective*. An exhibit of wood carvings by the late Queen's County, N.S., folk artist. The exhibit includes photographs of the artist by Peter Barss. 6152 Coburg Road, 424-7542. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun. 12-5:30 p.m.

Saint Mary's University Art Gallery. To April 19. *Speech Room*. An installation by Bruce Barber dealing with political rhetoric and the metaphor of the door. The Canada Council supported the exhibit. SMU campus, 429-9780. Hours: Tues.-Thurs., 1-7 p.m.; Fri., 1-5 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 2-4 p.m.

Anna Leonowens Gallery. April 2-7: Gallery One, Bruce Campbell: Master of Fine Arts (MFA) exhibit; April 2-7: Galleries Two and Three, Les Sasaki: MFA exhibit; April 9-14: Gallery Two, Ingrid Koenig: MFA exhibit; Gallery Three, Micah Lexier: MFA exhibit; April 9-27: Gallery One, Lynn Cohen: Ottawa photographer; April 16-21: Galleries Two and Three, Barbara Lounder: MFA exhibit; April 23-28: Gallery Two, Rose Adams: Paintings;

Gallery Three, Graeme Allemeersch and Sandra Millot: Ceramics; April 30-May 5: Galleries One and Two, Extensions division exhibition. Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, 1889 Granville Street, 422-7381. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs., 5-9 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m.

Eye Level Gallery. April 14: *Randy Raine Reusch*. A musician who specializes in exotic instruments collected from all over the world; to April 21: *Robert Hammond and James Goss*. Two artists currently working in New York City. Curated by Marina Stewart. 1585 Barrington St., Suite 306, 425-6412.

MUSEUMS

Dartmouth Heritage Museum. April 2-23: Contemporary Arts Society. About 20 metro artists present a mixed-media exhibit. 100 Wyse Road. Hours: Mon.-Sat. 1-5 p.m.; Wed. 6-9 p.m.; Sun. 2-5 p.m. For information call 421-2300.

Nova Scotia Museum. April through June: *Omingmak: The Muskox*. Two life-

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size muskox and a calf. The exhibit explores this Arctic animal; April through June: *Amphibians and Reptiles* in Nova Scotia: Private lives of salamanders, frogs, turtles and snakes. The exhibit includes a tunnel of darkness where visitors can experience the sights and sounds of a pond in spring. There'll be a province-wide frog watch: Collecting scientific data from the public. As spring approaches the museum will take telephone calls from people who first spot a spring peeper (frog) in their area. Museum visitors can also play a computer game on frogs and their friends. In conjunction with the exhibit the museum will sell *Amphibians and Reptiles of Nova Scotia*, a book by John Gilhen. 1747 Summer St., 429-4610, Hours: Tues.-Sat. 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. 12-5.

THEATRE

Neptune Theatre. To April 22: *Present Laughter*. Described as Noel Coward's greatest comedy, it tells the story of Garry Essendine, a popular, pampered actor whose life is continually complicated by his many female admirers. Showtimes: Tues.-Fri., 8 p.m.; Sat., 5 p.m. & 9 p.m.; Sun. 2 p.m. For information call 429-7300.

Theatre Arts Guild. April 5-7, 12-14: Neil Simon's *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers*. A comedy by one of the most successful current-day playwrights. Theatre Arts Guild's Pond Playhouse.

6 Parkhill Drive. Showtimes: 8 p.m. For more information call 477-2663.

MOVIES

Dalhousie Sunday Film Series. April 8: *Sophie's Choice*. Meryl Streep's portrayal of a tragic Polish heroine won her an Academy Award in this film adaptation of William Styron's best-selling novel. Directed by Alan J. Pakula; April 15: *King of Hearts*. Director Philippe DeBroca probes the question of whether where war is concerned the madmen are the ones inside the asylum or out. A subtle satire; April 22: *One From the Heart*. Director Francis Ford Coppola directs this romantic comedy set in the neon glitter of Las Vegas on the Fourth of July weekend. April 29: *The Hunger*. A stylish thriller starring Catherine Deneuve as a centuries-old vampire, David Bowie, her loving consort and Susan Sarandon, her love for the future. Shows start at 8 p.m. The box office opens an hour before screenings. Call 424-2298.

Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema. April 6-12: *Hanna K.* Costa-Gavras, director of the successful *Mission* depicts in *Hanna K.* the Palestinian-Israeli conflict, making what one reviewer called "a statement of great and, I believe, lasting significance." Stars Jill Clayburgh as an American Jew who comes to Israel to practise law; April 13-19: (to be shown in two parts), *War*

and *Peace*. This 1967 Russian epic has been called, "a milestone, a successful attempt to draw great literature and the cinema and their audiences together;" April 20-22: *Cleopatra*. A film that tries to draw together Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* and his *Julius Caesar*. Directed by Joseph Mankiewicz; April 23-26: *A 20th Century Chocolate Cake*. A mixed collection of vignettes, interviews, running gags and visual puns. Directed by Lois Siegel; April 27-29: *Streamers*. The entire cast of this Robert Altman film won collectively the "best actor" award at the Venice Film Festival. The story of a group of young men about to be shipped to Vietnam to fight. All screenings at Wormwood's Cinema, 1588 Barrington St. For information call 422-3700.

IN CONCERT

Dalhousie Arts Centre. April 4-7: *Royal Winnipeg Ballet*. The acclaimed company performs several different pieces during its four-day stint in Halifax. April 10: *Garnet Rogers and Jim Post*. Rogers sings in a strong baritone and Post, a natural performer, adds dramatic flair; April 12: *Zamfir*. Gheorghe Zamfir and his ensemble entertain with a program of popular, classical and folk music; April 14: *Breath of Scotland*. An evening of music and comedy with a cast of popular Scottish entertainers; April 28: *Aeolian Singers*. Dartmouth's award-winning women's choir directed by Claire Wall. Performances at the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. For tickets and times, call 424-2298. April 8: *Dalhousie Jazz Band*. Well-known Halifax jazz musician Don Palmer leads the band in its annual spring performance. April 8: *Canadian New Music*. Recent music of Canadian composers with emphasis on the Atlantic region. April 12: *Dalhousie Brass Ensemble*. Director Ian Cowie presents the Ensemble in a full program of works. Both performances at the Sir James Dunn Theatre.

Saint Theresa's Church. April 15: *The Chebucto Orchestral Society of Nova Scotia*. Sunday concert. Features work by Handel, Vaughan Williams and Charpentier. For more information call 443-3255.

CLUBS

The Village Gate: Mostly rock bands. April 12-14: *Songsmit*; April 19-21: *Paul Lawson and Cameo*; April 26-28: *Tense*. 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-12:30 a.m.

The Network Lounge. April 2-7, *Redline*; April 9-14, *Razorboy*; April 16-21, *Working Class*; April 23-28, *York Road*; April 30-May 5, *Hits*. 1546 Dresden Row. Hours: Mon.-Sat., until 2 a.m. C

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CITYSTYLE



Chanel's long-time striped sweater with shorter cardigan over lean, softly pleated and side-split skirt. Here, the traditional accessories: the garden party, pearls and chains.



Yves Saint Laurent's perfect tunic look — simple and soft in mauve and mustard jersey. Worn with turbanned head, large earrings and cuff bracelets.

PROMOTIONAL SUPPLEMENT

Spring '84

Fashion with a soft touch

There's good news in fashion this year — designers across the world — on our shores and in Europe and the States have opted for a new gentle, almost languid elegance that will make Spring '84 a knockout season.

The sportive influence of last Fall has evolved into one that combines a dash of clean-lined sophistication with soft, feminine shaping whether it be sportswear, dresses, coats or suits. And the look is irresistible.

The silhouette is long and narrow

but with a young, fresh appeal that combines layers and textures and patterns in a new, modern way. The men's wear influence of Fall '83 that signalled the strong return of sportswear is still evident but the cut, the styling, the shapes are clearly feminine, offering just a hint of haberdashery.

Spring '84 is best defined as *soft*. There's a truly gentle feeling about the clothes that is pretty, touchable, beautifully wearable. The dress leads

the way with this year's Number One look, the chemise; even the trouser heralds new the softness with gentle pleats through the top. The softness in tops is best shown in the new T shape, paired with a long skirt to give a soft separates effect.

Silhouettes for Spring take their cue from geometry. The inverted triangle is refined by strong shoulders narrowing to a long length. The elongated rectangle is exemplified by columnar shapes — clean, skimming the body, often layered. One of the best examples to come out of Europe — Chanel's narrow longline top with a shorter cardigan over a long, lean yet pleated skirt seen on this page.

To get a good feeling about Spring '84, think color first. While no one color palette predominates, monochromatic themes — mixing tones of the same color family — are most important. Neutrals

are also key to the season, sparked with spice colors; cinnamon, curry, paprika, rhubarb. White in all its gradations — from pure white to vanilla — mixes with red and black for a new, updated look. Pastels, soft yet modern, in pink, lavender, banana, powder blue and mint complete the Spring '84 look with pure femininity.

Patterns and prints run the gamut from stripes to florals to the ethnic influence — African art, Aztec motifs, men's wear checks. Stripes; diagonals, pinstripes, candy stripes — any stripe is right for 1984, especially when paired with a complementing dot or check. The floral and fauna for Spring are reminiscent of the tropics; in spice tones with splashes of bright color. Abstracts are new as well and look good on dark grounds.

Animal prints are particularly strong but not for the faint-hearted. Zebra stripes, python skin, and alligator hide are new in prints but only for the very sophisticated. This year's geometric looks are translated into traditional African and Aztec prints, again in neutrals with spice accents.

The men's wear influence in fabric has a strong feminine bent — stripes,



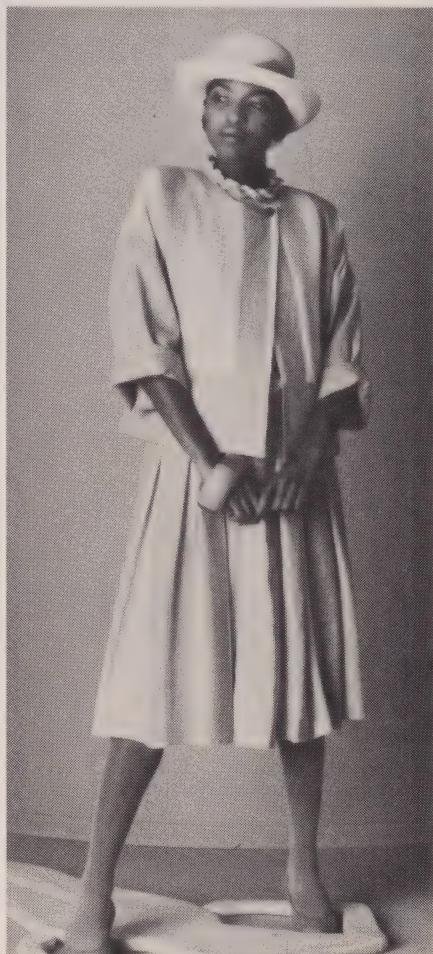
*The Summer slice from Marilyn Brooks,
Clean-line chemise in cotton knit with
soft hip wrap.*

windowpane checks, large checks, appear in pastels for a more ladylike feeling.

The fabric statement for spring '84 is universal among Canadian and European designers. Weaves are light and airy; in cotton, linens, silks, jerseys. Wools are lightweight and soft too. Textures and surface interest are important, giving the softness of the fabric a new sharp effect.

In this frankly feminine season, the dress, or separates that look like a dress, are the focus of most designer collections. The chemise is the most gentle silhouette; narrow, skimming the body and made in a variety of fabrics. Waist cinching is seen on some, but the most modern approach for the dress this year, is falling free or controlled at the hip; either wrapped, belted or blousoned. The sheath and coattress are still strong and watch for the new slip dress with matching jacket, or the new *duster coat*.

Suit dressing is lean and languid; with a 30s feeling about it that is extremely elegant, yet soft. Jackets are long, softly cut and emphasized with strong, round shoulders. Suit partners



Simon Chang's new spring suit — boxy jacket with soft, roll-up sleeves over high-waisted skirt with gentle inverted pleats. Under it all, a T-shaped sweater in linen and cotton.

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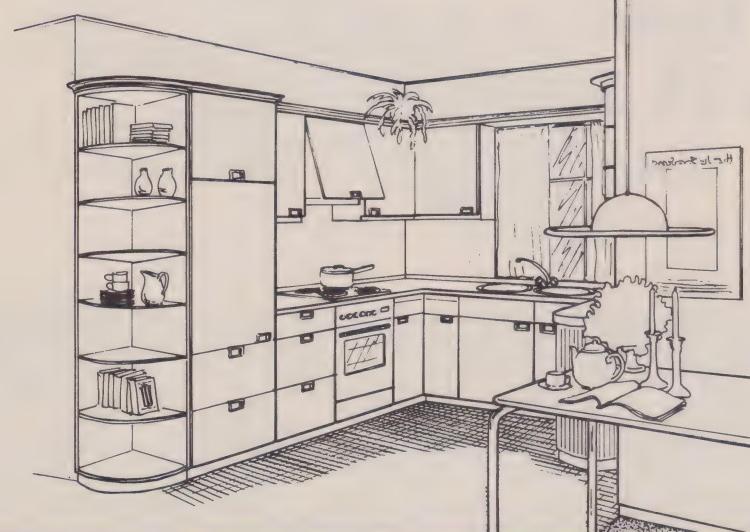
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— skirts and pants — are narrow and feminine. Full-circle and sarong skirts are also important but are not mainstream as yet.

Layering appears in both dress and suits collections. It consists of lightweight layers of fabrics at different levels, giving a new look to a standard way of dressing. The tunic over a skirt is key — see Europe's star designer Saint Laurent's tunic look that will be copied the world over on page 11. Ways of layering are varied: vests over jackets over skirts or pants, jumpers over sweaters or blouses, jackets over jackets, skirts over pants. This season, many designers have even simplified the look, by creating one-piece styles that appear to be many layers.

The soft touches of Spring '84 are also key to both dresses, suits and sportswear. The softer silhouette feminizes the look. The Japanese influence has led to draping, wrapping, knotting — at the hip, the front, and the shoulders. Shirring and tucking softens blouses and dresses. Barenness comes through for summer, showing midriffs, shoulders and backs.

Knits for Spring '84 continue to be important. Textures and mixes are soft, unusual and exciting. Ribbed, lacy, mesh and cable stitches, mix in sweaters to replace the blouse. The cardigan replaces the jacket. The knit tunic completes the skirt. The best yarns are cotton, linen and silk.

Key to the *total look* this year are accessories. From the perfect shorter haircut — best chin-length and blunt cut — to a great pair of new shoes, accessories give Spring '84 its extra panache. Flatter shoes are still with us but heels, however small, are moving up. Ballet slippers, small heel pumps and wedge sandals, allow ease in walking and signal a more casual, rational approach. In sandals, the height depends on the look — flat



The natural and the exotic — diamonds are combined with bamboo to make a dramatic cuff bracelet.



The gentle dress — two variations from Alfred Sung. Right, front knotted, T-shaped blouse over soft, longer skirt; and left, the soft chemise with blousoned hip emphasis.

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CITYSTYLE

Spring '84

PROMOTIONAL SUPPLEMENT



Black tie dressing for women has taken on a new sparkle. Georg Hornemann of Germany designed this flexible collar of black onyx squares and 7.95 carats of diamonds set in platinum.

Mexican-inspired hurachis or flat, strapped sandals take a new modern approach while, at night, the high-heeled sandal looks best — and sexy.

Heads are wrapped and turbanned, or topped with garden party straws. Jewellery is bold and dramatic, falling in-



The slouch blazer with easy pants in silk jacquard, with evening beading by Wayne Clark.



Multi-colored silk threads form the tenuous link between one gentle fan-like tier and the next. In delicate balance, each tier is fashioned of baguette diamonds and 18 karat yellow gold.

to three categories. The naturals are made of wood, ivory, brass, silver, even plastic that emulates the real thing. Cuff bracelets, collar necklaces, large drop earrings, herald the return of strong shapes. The *traditionals* mean pearls, gold chains, stick pins, even hat pins; while the *exotics* have an ethnic influence, from Africa and South America. Wood gives a tribal feeling, when combined with beads. Animal skin prints zebra-striped, cuffs, leopard-spotted earrings, even alligator-look hip wraps, make the point. The softer approach to accessories is seen in pastel jewellery and silk bow ties and hip scarves. Flowers and bows are seen at necks, at waists, on laps.

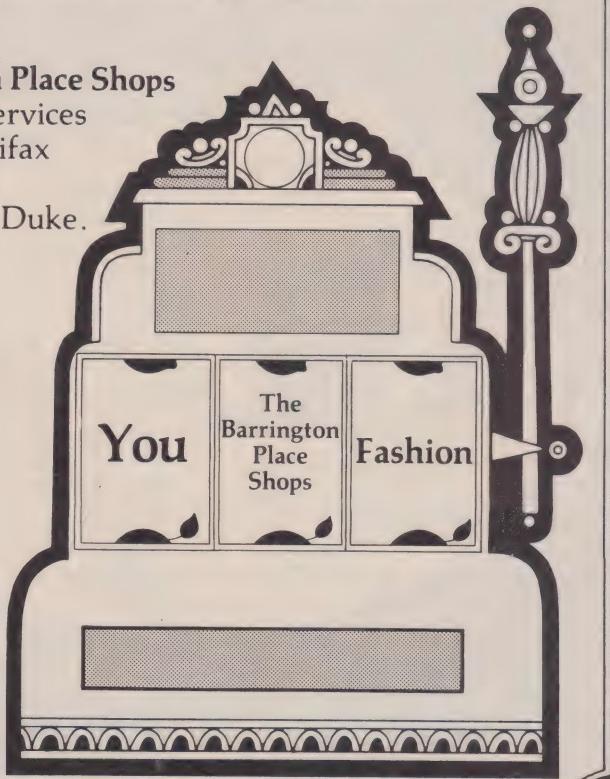
Canadian designers available in Halifax are right on top of all these international trends and offer the fashionable woman a myriad of choices in her dressing. Here, we focus on a few — Marilyn Brooks, Simon Chang, Mary Chong, Wayne Clark, Linda Lundstrom and Alfred Sung.

Marilyn Brooks. Marilyn Brooks has been designing since 1963 and has held numerous fashion shows and personal appearances in the Halifax area. Her Spring/Summer collection features big tops, slim bottoms, oversize jackets with back pockets and dresses in pure cotton knit, all dyed to coordinate with each other with easy-care, simple elegance.

Wayne Clark. Known for his elegant eveningwear, Wayne Clark is carrying through his theme of elegance this season again but with a more casual approach. For Spring '84, he is focussing on dresses and soft pant looks in jewel-toned silks. Sparkling beads are also appearing on white and black silk. His version of the soft jacket — called the "slouch blazer" — teams with skirts, dresses and pants perfectly.

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Linda Lundstrom's Japanese-inspired separates — draping and wrapping the body in a soft, feminine way.

Simon Chang. Simon Chang is a lover of natural fibers and in Spring '84 he concentrates on silk, cotton and linen. Colorings for his coordinates and separates run from spicy tomato and toast to earthtone naturals to soft neutrals. Pared-down Japanese-inspired shapes are also evident in his collection in plains and prints, often sparked with a hint of bright color.

Mary Chong. Mary Chong, designer for the Jackie K. collection, loves the dress, and does it to perfection. Sleek and sophisticated, her linen looks in cream and natural are examples of the perfect silk pastels and open weave cotton knits as well.

Linda Lundstrom. The quintessence of the dress designer, Linda Lundstrom designs for the contemporary woman like herself. For Spring '84, she likes the layered look, in gauze and mesh, softly wrapping and draping the body.

Alfred Sung. Canada's best-known designer, Alfred Sung is a classicist who depends on balance, harmony and proportion when designing his collection. Clean, spare lines, simplicity and attention to detail are his forte.



Two versions of the Spring '84 dress from Mary Chong, designed for the Jackie K. Collection. At the right, the linen chemise with a triangular feeling; at the left, the simple coat-dress in neutral linen touched with white accents.

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Spring '84

PROMOTIONAL SUPPLEMENT

RETAIL OUTLETS BY DESIGNER

WAYNE CLARK — Unicorn Trading, Halifax; The Wardrobe, Halifax; Simpsons Room, Halifax.

SIMON CHANG — Simpsons, Halifax; Crafts International, Halifax; The Interlude, Dartmouth.

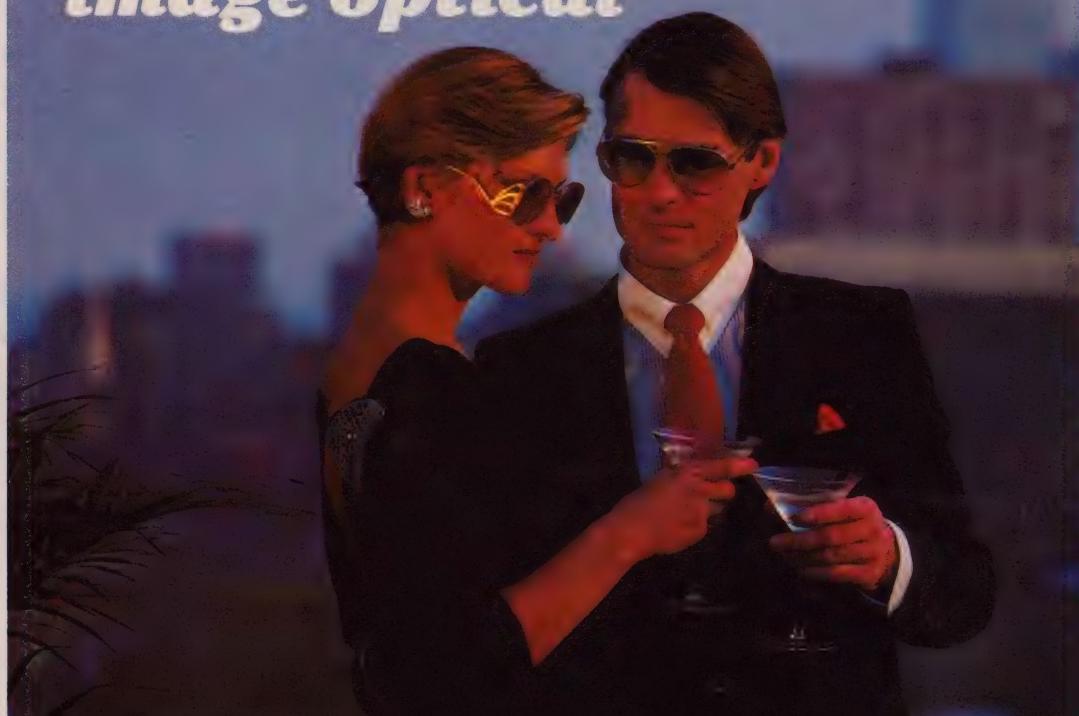
MARILYN BROOKS — The Interlude, Dartmouth; Winchester's, Halifax; Chocolates For Breakfast, Dartmouth; The Wardrobe, Dartmouth; Whispers of Fashion, Halifax.

ALFRED SUNG — Unicorn Trading, Halifax; Crafts International, Halifax; Chocolates For Breakfast, Dartmouth. (ALSO: Calp's, Fredericton; Betty Rubin, Moncton; Sweetn's (?), Saint John)

LINDA LUNDSTROM — Alexandria's Fashions, Halifax; Chocolates For Breakfast, Dartmouth; The Lady Hamilton Shop, Halifax. (ALSO: A. Schwartz, New Waterford; Jacobsen's, Sydney)

MARY CHONG — Winchester's, Halifax; Chocolates For Breakfast, Dartmouth. (ALSO: A. Schwartz, New Waterford)

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Is 18 too young to booze within the law?

A lot of Islanders think so, and the legislature may soon raise the legal drinking age

The Off-Broadway Café on Sydney Street, Charlottetown, is a quiet, intimate restaurant that caters to a quiet, middle-class clientele. But when owner Shaun McKay applied for a licence to serve liquor in the dining room, he had to wait more than a year. The reason? His restaurant had high-backed booths. They contravened a P.E.I. Liquor Control Act regulation that forbids the sale of liquor where there's a booth, partition or obstruction "that prevents a full view of the entire room by any person therein." McKay says the Liquor Commission members were "sympathetic and helpful, but the way the act was written made it impossible for them to solve my problem." The P.E.I. Tourist Association supported his application, and then the provincial cabinet changed the regulation. McKay got his licence last December.

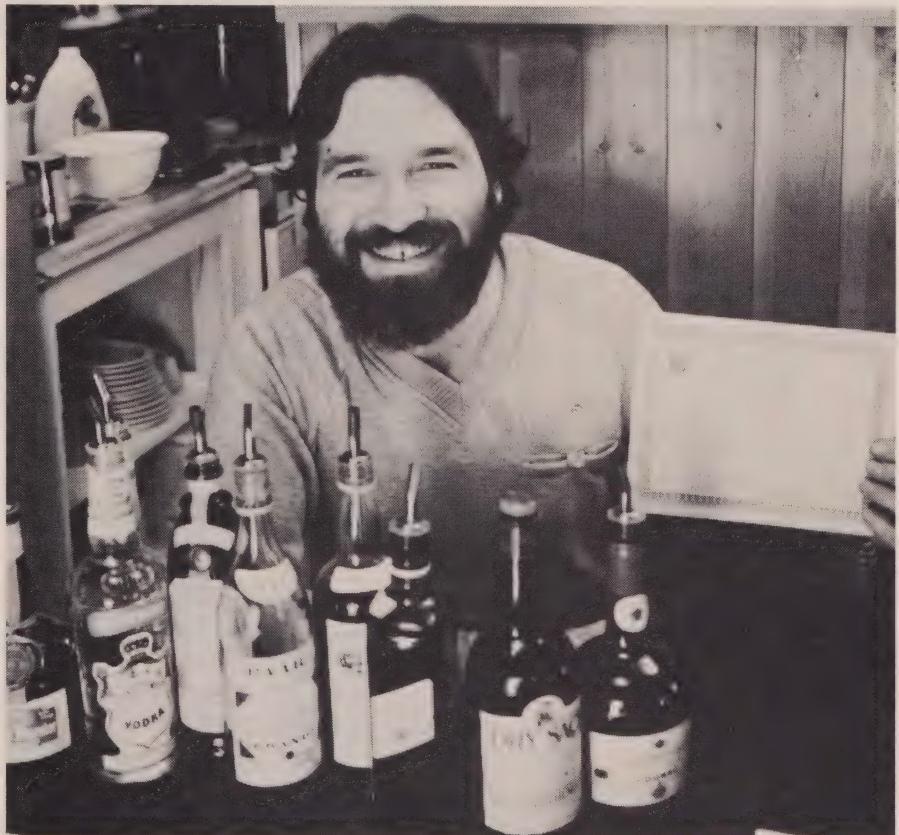
On the Island, where the topic of booze still makes radio hot-lines crackle, tinkering with the liquor laws has been going on for a century. Mostly, the fine-tuning has been to loosen up — ever so gradually — laws governing the sale and consumption of liquor. This spring, however, the provincial government seemed about to backtrack on one issue: The legal drinking age.

Fourteen years ago, the Liberal government lowered it to 18 years from 21. The legislature, in the mid-Seventies, defeated a motion to raise the age. But in January, Premier Jim Lee indicated the government would soon introduce a change; and this time public opinion seemed to support raising the drinking age to at least 19.

Dr. Leo Killorn, director of the Queens County Addiction Services and president of the Alcohol and Drug Problems Institute, has changed his mind on the issue in recent years. In 1983, he notes, 35 people under age 18 were treated in the addiction services' rehabilitation centre. They had apparently started drinking at 14 or 15.

"I used to think the problem of underage drinking could be remedied by an education program and strict enforcement of the 18-year limit," Killorn says. "But that hasn't worked, so the best plan of attack may be to raise the minimum age to 19 years. Theoretically, if you lower the drinking age from 21 to 18, the age when kids really start to drink also goes down. So if we move it back up, then the starting age should go up, too."

Proponents of a higher legal drinking age — they include the Women's Institute, the United Church Women and



PHOTOS BY GORD JOHNSTON

McKay waited for more than a year for the liquor licence for his café

the P.E.I. Ministerial Association — find comfort in the fact that other provinces and U.S. states have recently raised the age. Others however, argue that it's better to have 18-year-olds drinking under controlled conditions than in parked cars or bootlegging joints. Some go so far as to suggest that denying liquor to 18-year-olds may violate their constitutional rights.

Booze debates on the Island go back at least to the 1870s and the arrival of prohibition. A bitter struggle between the wets and the drys lasted for 70 years, with governments often walking a tightrope down the middle. In 1919, the government started to sell liquor on a modest scale, making it available to people with a doctor's prescription. A physician was allowed to sell 50 "scrips" a month for \$1 each. Despite widespread abuse of the system — some doctors sold more than their share for more than \$1, and at least one made a living selling scrips — it continued into the Forties.

In 1948, Premier Walter Jones scrapped prescriptions in favor of government-issued liquor licences: To buy a quart of rum, you submitted a ra-

tion book that the vendor was supposed to stamp. If you slipped him 50 cents, he might stamp the counter instead of your book. This system lasted until 1962, when Premier Walter Shaw's Tory government removed it and went into the liquor business in earnest. Since 1958, annual revenue from liquor sales has soared from \$1 million to \$7.3 million.

Public attitudes toward liquor have softened since the Temperance Alliance led prohibition forces in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. But liquor laws are still far from loose. It's illegal to sell draft beer or run a tavern on the Island. It's illegal for a club or lounge to admit anybody "having the care, custody or control of a child under the age of 10 years, while such child is left unattended by a competent person outside the said premises." Moreover, it's still illegal to sell booze to anybody who, by excessive drinking, "misspends, wastes or lessens his estate; injures his health; endangers or interrupts the peace and happiness of his family; or endangers the welfare, life, or health of any person to whom he owes a duty."

— Bill Ledwell

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Regan reaches for the top

Does Nova Scotia's former premier have a hope of winning the Liberals' top job? "Anybody who underestimates him," a former aide says, "is in for a shock"

When Pierre Trudeau announced plans to resign the Liberal leadership in late 1979, a reporter asked Gerald Regan whether he was considering contesting the party's top job. Yes, he said, and if he didn't make it, at least he would influence the selection of the next leader.

Five years later, Regan can finally go for the job some believe he's been aiming for most of his political life. Does he have a chance?

"Anybody who underestimates him is in for a shock," a former aide says. "He understands party politics, and it will be party politics that elects the new leader."

A former colleague observes that Regan, Nova Scotia's premier in the 1970s and now the federal international trade minister, has always been underestimated. When he took over a decimated provincial Liberal party in the final years of the Stanfield era, many dismissed the one-time sportscaster as a lightweight. When he led a group of political novices against the formidable Tories five years later and won, many saw it as a stunning upset.

In eight years as premier, he ran a competent, forward-looking administration that finally ran out of steam, haunted by ever-mounting power rates. Frustrated in opposition, he switched to the federal scene in 1980 and displayed a knack for quickly adapting to his portfolios and administering them with a firm hand.

A consummate politician, Regan, 54, has nevertheless failed to convince the national media that he has any right to run for the party's leadership, let alone a remote chance of winning. Their assessments of candidates invariably relegate Regan to the also-rans.

"He's been dismissed as a nonentity by most of the parliamentary press," says an Ottawa journalist who covered Regan's administration in Halifax. One of the few times he made the front pages in the past four years was when *The Globe and Mail* accused him of taking his family for jet rides while on government business.

Yet in recent months, Regan's stock and profile have risen significantly. He was spokesman for the government during the U.S. invasion of Grenada while his Nova Scotia colleague, External Affairs Minister Allan MacEachen, was abroad. When Canadians returned from

the beleaguered island, Regan was standing at the ramp to greet them.

His negotiations with the Japanese on automobile import restrictions have shown he can drive a hard bargain.

Last December, in an editorial entitled "A Fair Wind from Canada," the *Wall Street Journal* lauded Regan's attempts to increase free trade between Canada and the U.S. "Indeed, Canada's continued identity problem, having to stand in the shadow of its big southern



Supporters call Regan "a hell of a campaigner"

neighbor, and the strong nationalist sentiment of the Liberal party, show what risk Mr. Regan has taken to pursue so forcefully the free trade issue," the newspaper said.

At the constituency level, the federal government has pumped millions into his Halifax riding, which the Liberals lost briefly to the Tories in 1979.

Regan has been preparing himself for years for a run at the federal leadership. He has quietly established solid political support throughout the country, especially in the west, which he visited regularly as premier on speaking engagements. He is best known in Alberta and Saskatchewan, the home province of his wife, Carole, daughter of a Liberal politician.

"He has worked on the western connection," says a friend. "There are one hell of a lot of expatriate Atlantic Canadians out there. Regan has a facility for knowing where they are, and maybe they can help. He's kept in touch."

Mike MacDonald, an Edmonton lawyer and Regan stalwart, says if no western candidate appears, Regan would have broad support. "He will have creditable support in the west no matter who runs," MacDonald says. "He's a hell of a campaigner."

In the early 1970s, Regan began studying French. Recently, he surprised constituents at a dinner when he spoke in French without notes for several minutes, an improvement over an earlier effort in the Commons that drew laughter from opposition benches. Today, his French is said to be about as good as Joe Clark's.

As the second most powerful Liberal in Nova Scotia (next to MacEachen), Regan had to take his cue from the deputy prime minister, who wasn't about to tip his hand about his leadership plans too early.

Regan launched his unofficial campaign, with no mention of the leadership, in January, when his constituency association threw a \$150-a-plate fund-raising dinner at which his former Commons seatmate and longtime friend, Jean Chrétien, entertained. There was the not-too-subtle indication that, should both run for the leadership, they'd be prepared to help each other.

Halifax lawyer Brian Flemming, who stepped aside in 1980 to allow Regan to run in the Halifax constituency Flemming almost won in 1979, believes Regan is the leading dark horse candidate in the country and may even be a "white horse," a select group in which he includes John Turner, Chrétien, Donald Macdonald and Iona Campagnolo.

About 30% of voting delegates to a leadership convention would come from Atlantic Canada, and they'd constitute a formidable block (550 votes in all) should a majority support Regan.

Ottawa- and Toronto-based journalists insist that Turner has the leadership all but locked up. But some Liberal watchers point to the 1976 Tory leadership convention in which Joe Clark, the compromise candidate, won because there was no strong front runner.

If Turner decided not to run — leaving the field to such lesser lights as cabinet ministers Lloyd Axworthy, Eugene Whelan, Mark MacGuigan and Judy Erola — Gerald Regan could follow Clark's route to victory.

— John Soosaar



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PROVINCIAL REPORT NEW BRUNSWICK

Better times on the Miramichi

For decades, the Miramichi has been the hard-luck story of New Brunswick. Now, that's beginning to change

The folk group Stringband sings a ballad about "George," a down-and-out vagrant from "down on the Miramichi," who corners passersby and panhandles quarters with his story of endless bad luck. "I was the king of New Brunswick," the chorus goes. "Oh look what's become of me."

It has long been an unfortunately apt image. The Miramichi River is perhaps the best-known place in New Brunswick, world-famous for its ruggedly lovely hills and unequalled salmon fishing. Once, it was rich as well. Samuel Cunard and Sir James Dunn founded their fortunes here on shipping and lumber. Lord Beaverbrook's multimillion dollar estate was probated at the Miramichi town of Newcastle.

But the tall pine forests are long gone, and for decades the Miramichi has been among the country's most depressed regions. Unemployment reached well above 40% here in the trough of the 1981-82 depression. It's still about 20%.

Despair, however, is not in the Miramichi character, and the region's 55,000 people are fighting back. Some of the worst blows of the past four years have been reversed. As much as \$170 million may be invested in the region over the next half decade. "We're seeing the rebirth of a community," says Frank McKenna, a Chatham lawyer and MLA.

The Canadian Forces air base at Chatham is a symbol of both setback and new-found optimism. Several times a day, Voodoo jet fighters of 416 Squadron roar down its runway and bank over the cluster of trim brick and clapboard buildings to patrol Canada's eastern air frontier. The Voodoos, however, are 25 years old and of doubtful effectiveness against the newest generation of Soviet air power. For that reason, the Defence Department plans to stand down 416 Squadron at the end of this year, transferring its patrol duties to more modern F-18s flying out of Bagotville, Que., and closing out some 1,500 military and civilian jobs at the Chatham base.

The 1981 announcement left the Miramichi reeling. Pessimists predicted an exodus of one family in 10 from the region. Within months, further blows shook the valley's economy: A panel-board factory and a plywood mill closed down, putting 230 people out of work.

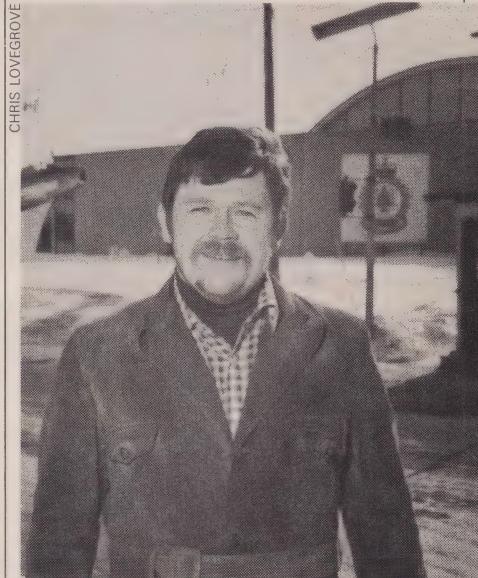
Then, last spring, a lead and zinc mine operated by Noranda was forced to suspend operations, driven to the wall by a worldwide collapse in metal prices.

When the last layoff notice was sent, 600 more men and women had lost their jobs.

"It's no bed of roses," says Nick Lynch, a welder at Noranda's Heath Steele mine for 13 years before he was laid off last June, and acting president of its much-reduced union local. "You can't find a job on the Miramichi. You can't get into the construction locals; I've tried for two years. There's nothing."

More accurately, there's nothing yet. Jobs are returning to the Miramichi. And, like the recent run of bad luck, the better news begins with the Chatham air base.

Within days of the shutdown announcement, Rupert Bernard of



Bernard looks to future with renewed hope

Chatham organized a citizens' committee to fight the decision. In 1982, the town drew 10,000 people to a mile-long parade in support of the base. On a shoestring budget, the committee organized a mail blitz of politicians.

Late that year, the efforts began to show results. The then-minister of Defence, Gilles Lamontagne, announced that his department's payroll division would be transferred to Chatham, creating nearly 400 jobs for former base workers. A radar establishment nearby would also be beefed up.

Since then, there have been hints of other plans for the base once its Voodoo fighters fly out for the last time. Among the more persistent rumors is one naming the base as a prime location for a helicopter factory. And Rupert Bernard

is one of those beginning to view the future with renewed hope: "I'm optimistic there will be 1,500 jobs in place after all this is all over."

Much of the new vigor can be traced to public investments. A \$23-million maximum-security prison is under construction at a former weapons depot at Renous, 25 km up river from Chatham. At Chatham itself, N.B. Power and the federal government are building a \$36-million pilot plant to test new fuel mixtures, and the provincial Research Council will open a \$19-million experimental metal refinery, good for 80 jobs, early in 1985. Across the river in Newcastle, the province is funding a \$12-million French cultural centre.

Most of the new activity on the Miramichi can be traced to government dollars, but not all of it. The sawmills that dot the small up-river towns and villages have come back to life because of the resurgence of house-building. A Newcastle greenhouse may soon double in size to produce vegetable seedlings for some of the province's largest farms. Even the Miramichi's famous salmon are making a contribution. Despite continuing worries about the health of salmon stocks, fishermen spend \$8 million a year to dip their flies in the river's salmon pools.

The new mood, described by one local teacher as "a remarkable revitalization of community spirit," is especially vibrant in Chatham, where the town council recently voted to spend nearly \$9 million over the next five years on a dramatic facelift of the former lumbering town's waterfront. "The biggest thing is to give people hope," Mayor Mike Bowes observes.

Not everyone shares the hope equally. The outlook for former miners like Nick Lynch remains gloomy. "At the beginning of April, there's going to be 300 of them off UIC [as benefits expire]," he worries. "Every two weeks after that, there's going to be more. Either they're going to be on [make-work] NEED grants, or they're going to be on welfare." Lynch's own benefits run out in June.

Rupert Bernard admits concern that 416 Squadron won't be replaced before late 1986, leaving a two-year gap before new jobs become available for Chatham base workers. "A lot of base employees are very worried about what will happen during that time lag."

But apprehension does not translate into fear. At least, not on the Miramichi. "We're prone to harsh conditions, we were born under them," says Newcastle town superintendent Michael Kenny. His neighbors, he says, "may be feeling the pinch, but they're not showing it. The attitude here is, they're going to make it go. That's all there is to it."

The way the folks on the Miramichi see it, that musical refrain, "Oh look what's become of me," should shortly be sung as a boast, not as a complaint.

— Chris Wood

NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

Life after EPA

EPA's decision to move to Halifax has brought economic and emotional pain to Gander. But its citizens are by no means giving up on the town

Walter Vatcher is pretty busy with his going-out-of-business sale. Lumber, plywood and hardware — everything is going at a bargain. The 33-year-old manager and his partners had been planning to expand Spracklin's Building Supplies store in Gander in what would have been its fifth year of operation. But this month, when the first of 300 Eastern Provincial Airways employees begin their move to Halifax, the airport town of 10,000 will be less one building supplies store.

"We're not against EPA moving," Vatcher says, "and we feel Gander will turn itself around in the next few years. But we've also got a fair idea of what this year is going to be like."

Who's going to build a house when some 100 homes are expected to flood the market in the next 16 months? There were 50 up for sale — and few people were buying — when EPA announced it was shifting its entire administration and maintenance centre to Halifax. Many of the pilots and flight attendants transferred to Halifax last fall have not yet sold their homes.

"And out around things aren't that good either," Vatcher says. "A lot of people from around the bay shop in Gander, but the fishery was bad last year, and I doubt too many people are going to be building for a while yet."

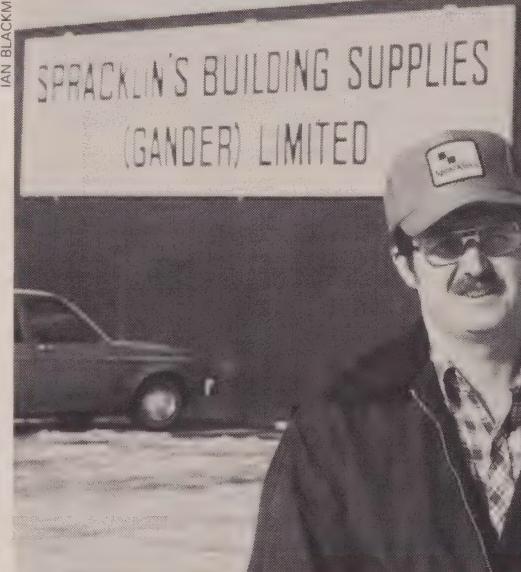
Vatcher's decision to close up shop within weeks of EPA's January bombshell announcement has been one of the more dramatic responses to the question, What will become of Gander?

While no one expects what is now the unofficial capital of central Newfoundland to wither away when EPA takes off, the move will leave a large hole in the local economy. A committee has been struck to "assess the impact," but you don't need a computer to guess that a predictable drop in housing prices will mean less property tax revenue for the town or that the loss of 300 high-paying jobs (average company salary is about \$30,000 a year) will show up in the balance sheets of community stores. Vat-

cher's two local competitors in building supplies don't share his conclusions, but it seems inevitable that other businesses will also choose not to risk big losses in a time which was troubled enough before this latest blow.

The impact of the move will be felt province-wide. The provincial government — which, ironically, could have vetoed just such a move until 1980, when private lenders took over EPA's mortgages — estimates a loss of \$3 million a year, mainly in corporate, personal income and retail sales taxes on all those five-figure jobs. Bernie Beckett, an accountant and president of the St. John's Board of Trade, predicts the EPA move will translate into as much as a 1% drop in Newfoundland's gross domestic product in the next year.

The company plans to carry out the move gradually, over some 16 months, allowing time to prepare new facilities at the Halifax airport. That may soften the



Walter Vatcher plans to open another business

economic pounding, but it will do nothing to ease what might be called the psychological pain of losing such an important corporate citizen. The regional airline, or its predecessors, has had its headquarters in Gander almost as long as Gander itself has existed.

Although never strictly a company town, Gander has always been a one-industry town. The community began as Camp 24 at Newfoundland Railway Mile Post 213, the spot chosen by a joint British, Canadian and American expedition in 1936 for a landing strip to service an experimental transatlantic air route. When EPA was an infant bush service bringing mail and medicine to outport Newfoundland and Labrador, Gander was emerging from the Second World War (an event for which the airport was fortuitously prepared) as a town of several thousand. EPA and Gander grew

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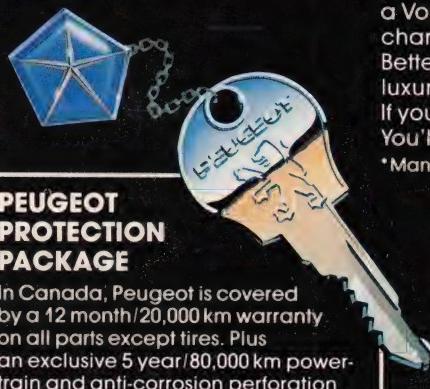
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NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

up together.

It was no secret that the airline was outgrowing its first home, that Harry Steele, EPA's president and dominant shareholder since 1978, felt he could save money by servicing his jets at a station more central to the airline's expanding network. "We were always hearing things," Vatcher says, echoing a widespread sentiment, "but nobody expected it to come like this." The hurt — coming after a year of bitter, dragged-out labor disputes which affected the entire community — seems almost personal. Extraordinary company loyalty and town pride have been replaced, at least for the moment, by mistrust and a sense of betrayal.

"It was sudden, yes, because six months ago Harry Steele told me this move might happen in two or three years," Mayor Doug Sheppard says. A businessman himself, Sheppard questions the economics of EPA's decision. "Harry said it was costing him \$700,000 a year to keep the maintenance in Gander. Now he says he can save \$5 million or more by moving to Halifax, and the move itself is supposed to cost 12 to 14 million dollars. Now that doesn't make sense to me. It makes you wonder what's behind it." He declines to elaborate.

Powerless to change Steele's mind (he doesn't want government aid even if it's available), Gander and the province took to squabbling among themselves. The province should take over the airline, the town council said. It's a federal problem, Premier Brian Peckford cried, and Gander should support our call for an inquiry by the Canadian Transport Commission. When council rejected that strategy, Peckford accused it of having "a Liberal bias."

In the midst of this feuding, 300 people are weighing whether or not to accept a transfer. The move touches at least one family in 10, and for many, it's not an easy decision.

"The single girls are saying 'Look out Halifax,' but if I can find anything at all with half-decent pay, we'll be staying," says a young man who prefers anonymity until he's made up his mind. His dilemma is typical: His wife works with EPA. He's a skilled tradesman, laid off a year ago. "Everyone says we should go to Halifax, that I'll find work there, too. There's no confidence left in Newfoundland." But Gander is home, and he's loath to leave his recently widowed mother, and their investment in their mobile home will be worthless if they go.

"It boils down to — do you want to work?" Gary Taylor says. He's head of the union local that represents most EPA employees, the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers. Most of the aircraft engineers and technicians he works with are trained at the Gander Vocational School, which offers the

only aircraft maintenance course in the Atlantic region. "We're pretty well a bunch of Newfs here," Taylor says. "There're not very many outsiders."

Most workers who'll stay in Gander will be those who take early retirement and those who say they can't afford to move. The price of housing in the Halifax area is two or three times what they're now paying. On the other side is the prospect of unemployment. "We never had much unemployment in Gander before," Walter Vatcher says. He laid off three people in closing his store. "Now it's showing."

Gander will be a long time replacing the jobs EPA takes with it, but efforts are under way. "We've reactivated a number of ideas which had been sitting more or less in neutral," says David Hallett, executive director of the Gander Development Corporation (GDC). "We expect they'll get more attention now."

In Gander, development pretty well means airport development. There's a campaign under way to interest companies in air-freighting fresh fish out of Gander to markets in Europe and the United States. There's a new 100-acre industrial park next door, and for the more distant future, there's hope that some of a new generation of fuel-efficient twin-engine aircraft will stop over at Gander — once they get approval for transatlantic

crossings. Politicians of every stripe are lobbying Ottawa to upgrade the National Defence station at Gander (now at 440 personnel) to a full-fledged base. And a committee, including representatives of EPA, is looking at other ways to diversify Gander's economy.

None of these measures would provide instant remedy for the loss of EPA jobs. "Obviously we would like to see another large company move in here, but that may be unrealistic," Hallett of the GDC says.

Like Walter Vatcher, who's not giving up on his adopted home town — he plans to invest in another business — Gander views EPA's departure as a setback, but not a defeat.

"I don't want to leave Gander," Vatcher says. "I've got a home here, too, you know." For the St. John's-born businessman and his Prince Edward Island wife, Gander is "an advanced town, but with an easy-going pace." In the summer, he parks the family trailer at Jonathon's Pond Provincial Park and commutes the 16 km to work while she and the two children enjoy the country.

"Just about anybody here can get to work in two to five minutes," Vatcher says. "We find everything in St. John's is a rat race now. It takes a half-hour more just to get across town."

— Amy Zierler

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Why is our bank doing this to us?

Why not? "Our" banks sold the Atlantic region down the river in the past. They'd do it again if it served their corporate interests

A peculiar sidelight to the restructuring of the fish companies has been the role of the banks, and public attitudes toward them. When the Bank of Nova Scotia was snarling and threatening to foreclose against National Sea Products, it took a bit of a drubbing from public opinion. Some Nova Scotians were even heard to ask why "our bank" was "doing this to us."

The BNS had also taken a few shots in recent years for its low profile in the province of its birth (there are four bank towers in downtown Halifax; the BNS is not among them, although its nominal head office is Halifax), and in January bank officials held a press conference to defend their honor. The codfish is part of the bank's logo, they said. They swore to the bank's "social responsibility" and its commitment to the Atlantic provinces.

Banks, cultivating the deeper mystique of finance, rarely become visible in this manner. Whenever they do, I dust off a well-thumbed book of mine called *The History of Canadian Business 1867-1914* by McGill University professor Tom Naylor. Printed in 1975, it throws a sharp light on what "our banks" did to us in the past, gives new meaning to "social responsibility" and defines certain financial relationships that exist to this day.

What the chartered banks did was nothing less than lead the charge that destroyed the thriving economy of the Maritimes at the turn of the century. The notion that the Maritimes declined because of the demise of the wooden ships was, I suspect, an invention of the Canadian Bankers Association.

Naylor shows that Maritime businessmen were successfully overcoming the decline of the wooden ships by going into industrial production. Their financial instrument was the "provincial" or "industrial" bank of the type that existed and still exists in the United States — local savings being invested in local industry.

There were 45 of these banks in the Maritimes in 1880 (against only five in central Canada). The last of them — the Bank of St. Stephen — went under in 1910. Shortly after, the two Halifax chartered banks — the Nova Scotia and the Royal, which were part of the cartel of large banks — absconded to Montreal, and by 1913 Maritime banking ceased to exist.

The industrial banks promoted industry. The chartered banks had a dif-

ferent philosophy. Offshoots mostly of London banks, they existed for colonial reasons — to move staples such as fur, timber and wheat. They were biased in favor of established wealth and against upstart industrialists. Some bankers openly argued that industry was bad for them and the country — it was something that should be reserved for the mother country.

But philosophy was only part of it. Confederation itself was at least partly motivated by the desire to use Maritime money to open the west. At first this was done by government-run "federal banks" — mainly the post offices, which took deposits and paid higher interest rates than the industrial banks. By 1886, Naylor says, \$15 million — a large amount for that time — had been taken out of the Maritimes and invested in the CPR. The industrial banks, deprived of these funds, were weakened.

The federal banks were phased out,

"The Bank of Nova Scotia is no more Nova Scotian than the Bank of Hong Kong"

and the chartered banks took over with the formation, in the 1880s, of the Canadian Bankers Association — which then as now pretty well made government banking policy to suit themselves. New banking rules were created and a variety of ruses used to thwart the small banks. For example, the Farmers Bank of Rustico was denied a charter in 1892 and was forced to close despite a perfect operating record.

Weakened, the industrial banks either collapsed, with the chartered banks taking over the territory, or were directly bought out. Prominent among the collapses were the large Maritime Bank of Saint John, the Bank of Liverpool and the Bank of Yarmouth.

The main wave of chartered bank expansion came in the late 1890s and into the 1900s as new infusions of cash were needed to finance the prairie "wheat boom." For example, in 1913 the BNS (then Montreal-based) took over the Bank of New Brunswick, which had earlier swallowed the Summerside Bank. The Union Bank of Halifax took over the Commercial Bank of Windsor (in a deal engineered by Max Aitken, later Lord Beaverbrook) and in turn was gobbled up by the Merchant's Bank of Halifax (the Royal). The Bank of Montreal took over the Exchange Bank of Yarmouth,

the People's Bank of Halifax and the People's Bank of New Brunswick. The Bank of Commerce bought out the Halifax Banking Company and, in 1906, the Merchant's Bank of P.E.I. (P.E.I.'s last bank). The Commerce then, in 1907, refused Island farmers credit to move a bumper crop of corn.

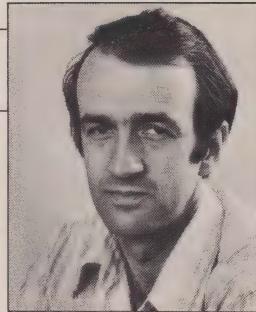
In some cases, the small banks fought against takeovers, but in vain. Although there were complaints about the chartered banks everywhere, Naylor says, "in the Maritimes the complaints were loudest and the damage done most in evidence. The example of Massachusetts, whose industrial development had been encouraged by a plethora of savings and hence of cheap money for investment, was before the eyes of the inhabitants of the area." At Confederation, some had hoped that the Maritimes would be "the future cradle of a Canadian industrial revolution. But with the drain of savings deposits, this hope became sheer fantasy."

The legacy of these events remains — not only the broken economy that is only now starting tentatively to revive, but the continual drain of savings from the area for investment elsewhere. The credit unions and a few small trust companies, controlling only a pittance, have remained as the only locally controlled financial institutions.

It's true that in the case of the Royal and the BNS, the drain has probably been neutralized or even reversed in recent years with the large investments made in the fishery (the BNS is the largest bank in the region with 195 branches — dominating in P.E.I., Newfoundland and New Brunswick; the Royal, with about 145 branches, dominates in Nova Scotia).

But does this make them "our banks?" The way the BNS grabbed its codfish logo and \$75 million and ran from the National Sea restructuring deal (to be replaced, oddly enough, by the Toronto-Dominion), we can presume that in reality the Bank of Nova Scotia is no more Nova Scotian than the Bank of Hong Kong.

Here and there in some towns in the Maritimes, one can still find etched on old stone buildings the names of some of the dead industrial banks of another era. These should perhaps be polished up. They would serve to keep alive the suspicion that although "our banks" have changed many of their ways over a half century, they would likely take the region down the river again if it served their corporate interests.



PHOTOESSAY



Ray LeShane has been fishing since he was a boy. Now he's skipper of his own vessel, working with his son and another guy.

Photographing him was the kind of problem that you get when the subject has known the photographer since he was a boy. Most of them took the project as a joke

A Rock for all seasons

From summer to the following spring, Newfoundland photographer Rob Johnston worked away at these photographs, which record, lovingly, but with acceptance, a way of life disappearing from the province where he was born. He says they will be something to show his grandchildren

Rob Johnston left Newfoundland in 1979 to study photography at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto. He was 20. Born in St. John's, he had spent his summers in the fishing outports around Lower Island Cove, even going out with the fishermen when he was a kid of 14 or 15.

He began taking pictures "just as an amateur" when he was 18. He remembers hearing his grandfather's stories about how Newfoundland had changed, especially how the fishing had changed, and, he says, "as I grew older I noticed it. I wanted to find some way of recording it so I could show it to my grandchildren."

From the summer of 1982 to the spring of 1983, Johnston took the photographs shown on these pages. They may, indeed, be records of a life that will someday seem more foreign to his grandchildren than will satellite photos of the lunar landscape. Johnston is not a strug-

gler against progress. What's happened to his grandfather's world, he thinks, is "a natural progression. It has to happen. But it's a bit of a turmoil for the people."

For Johnston, making this photographic record of a vanishing part of Newfoundland meant flying back home from Toronto every six or seven weeks to shoot. He doesn't regret a moment of it: "It had to be done," he says. "The chance is now." He found the experience of recording the visual traces of an older Newfoundland depressing, sometimes, "but also exciting." He used several cameras for the pictures shown here, including a Mamiya 2^{1/4} C330.

He can't see that the work is over or that he'll be leaving Newfoundland soon, even though eking out a living as a freelance photographer on The Rock is a "pretty slow" business: "I'll be staying," he says. "I can't see myself stopping what I want to do for another 30 to 40 years."





Above:
Ray LeShane's nephew

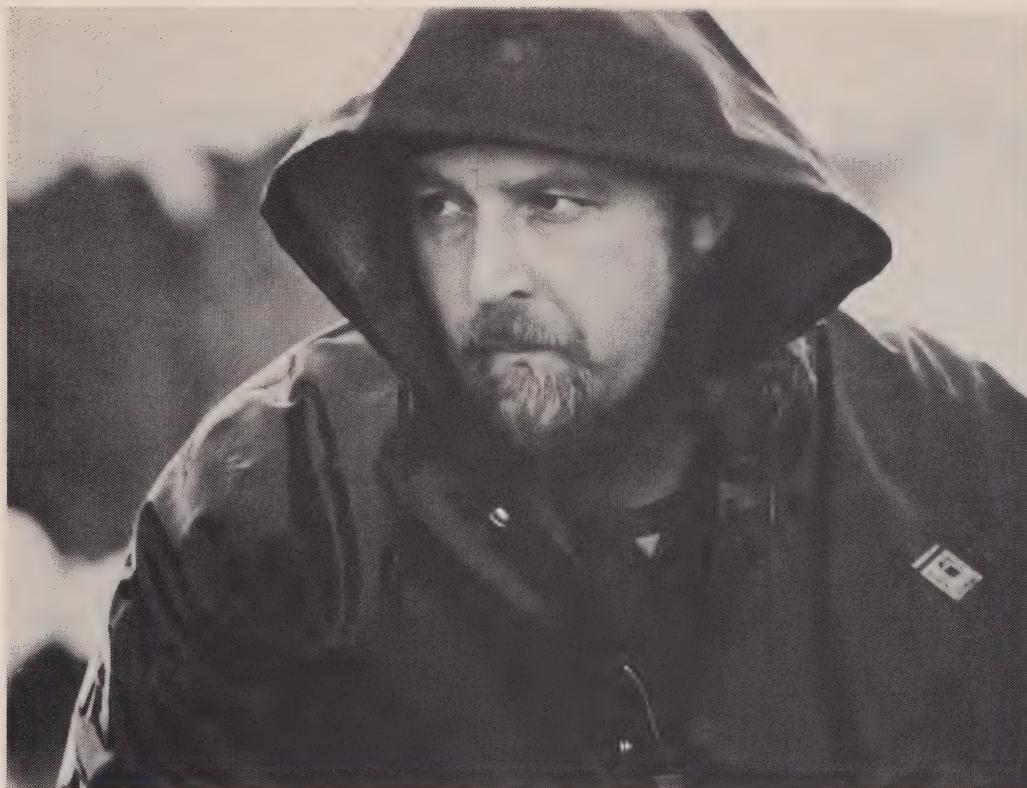


Left:
Even on grey days
there are worse jobs
than hauling in a cod
trap. That's Roy
LeShane up forward in
the red pants, and
Melvin Knapman

Top left:
The houses here are square,
mostly of the same design. It
was the easiest way to make
them. (Most of the houses are
about 40 years old)

Bottom left:
There are about 500 people living here
and the houses are built close together.
You face the wind almost every day. In the
bad weather, when you catch it right on
your face it can be quite the weather





Top left:

Usually you don't find ice in this far but in the late winter, early spring of 1983 it was cold, very cold

Bottom left:

There's a challenge to shooting pictures in the fog but somehow or other you get used to it. Maybe it's through practice. Then the big challenge is learning to shoot in the sunlight. This one was shot in the fall of '82



Left:

Lots of the younger people move away from Newfoundland and come back when they're about 40, after they've had the dash to Toronto. Some of them stay, though, and the ones who do often make a big contribution to communities like these.



Aunt Susie. She's Ray LeShane's mother, about 85 now, and she can tell you about when she used to go down and clean and salt the fish the men brought home. All that is pretty well dead now. About 15 years ago it died

Left:

In this part of Newfoundland the kitchen is where everybody gathers, family and visitors too. There's a thing you see hung up in lots of homes here. It says: "No matter where I take my guests, they always like my kitchen best"



PHOTOS BY ALBERT LEE

Living on the street

The typical homeless person in Atlantic Canada used to be the drunk who hung around skid row. Not anymore

By Susan Murray

Inside the former tavern in Halifax's North End, it's cool and damp. A dozen men, wearing toques and layers of well-worn shirts and jackets, warm their hands on steaming cups of coffee. A few are playing pool or cards, but some, like Ron, just sit around on plywood chairs, staring into space. "I never slept last night," he tells a visitor. "I was just walking around all night."

Ron, a clean-shaven man in his 20s, is wearing blue jeans and a checked shirt. Although his clothes are shabby, he wouldn't stand out in any crowd of working men sharing a pint at the local tavern. But Ron is jobless, and this former tavern, a daytime drop-in centre for men down on their luck, is his only address. Sometimes he finds shelter at night in an unlocked, parked car. Sometimes he lies down in a stairwell, or over a hot-air vent in the city's Scotia Square office-shopping complex. "You've got to keep yourself going," he says, "because if you lay down in the cold, you might never wake up again."

The typical homeless person in Atlantic Canada used to be the kind of derelict you'd see panhandling in front of the Queen Street liquor store in Charlottetown, or dozing on a park bench in Sydney, N.S. But the number of

homeless people is growing, and they include more and more women and young men, some of them highly skilled or educated but unable to find jobs.

Throughout the region, emergency shelters and soup kitchens are springing up, but there's never enough money, never enough beds to go around.

"Our numbers have doubled in the past year," says Mike Humphreys of the Halifax Neighborhood Society, which runs the drop-in centre and an emergency shelter for homeless men. "It's been a bad winter."

The shelter, a former service station on Barrington Street, contains an old television set, a

shower and 20 beds covered with plastic sheets. It has to turn away homeless people every night. "What can you do?" Humphreys asks. "It's better to turn one away than 21."

When the shelter opened two years



Camaraderie, as well as food, draws men to Hope Cottage

ago, workers expected to serve Halifax's skid row vagrants. But people looking for a bed for the night have included unemployed plumbers, carpenters and white-collar workers. And there've been many teenagers, such as the 16-year-old who'd lived in 19 foster homes and one correctional centre and now bums money on the street and drifts from shelter to shelter.

At Hope Cottage, a soup kitchen on Brunswick Street in Halifax run by the Catholic Church, 200 to 235 men line up for food every weekday. Brother Peter McKenna says about a third are down-and-out men addicted to alcohol, Lysol and glue. "A third are from mental institutions or falling apart, unable to cope. And the other third are victims of the current economic situation. We get lots in that 18-to-24-age high unemployment group. Some are even drifting in from the west. We had one with a PhD in microbiology."

In the region's small towns and

a quarter are private rooms for long-term residents; 15 are tied up for an alcohol and drug rehabilitation program, and a few more are booked by social agencies. Every day, the Army gives out about 50 yellow slips — tickets to getting beyond the locked lobby to the bunks in back of the chapel. They're usually snapped up by 4 p.m. "We turn away 25 to 50 people every night, depending on how cold and wet it is," Captain Iain Trainor says.

Humphreys of the Neighborhood Society says homeless people spend much of their time just planning how to survive. "They have to figure out where to eat, where to sleep, how to get a bed, what they need to steal, how to get their hands on a cheap pair of shoes."

The society operates a used-clothing service; unlike the Salvation Army's, it's free. "Some of these guys just don't have a quarter to spend on a shirt," Humphreys says. "And we're desperate for shoes. Look, they have to keep walking to survive, or lie down and die. And they

beaten, raped and robbed.

For decades, churches have provided homes for unwed mothers, and temporary homes for battered women have sprung up recently throughout the region. Now, social agencies are reporting an increase in the number of homeless women who simply can't find a job or who have drug, alcohol or psychiatric problems. "Survival is the name of the game for these women," says Sister Evelyn Pollard, founder of Adsum House, one of two women's shelters that opened in Halifax in the past five months. "They are usually frightened, confused, lonely and bitter. Some are originally from good homes, even upper middle class, but there has been a breakdown in the family unit; maybe one or both of the parents is an alcoholic or has been mentally or physically abusive. Some have mental problems where they've been institutionalized, and now family and friends have rejected them. Some are on parole or probation with no



Adsum House provides shelter for women

villages, the down and out can often rely on relatives for help. The biggest problem is in the cities, which tend to attract people escaping broken homes, looking for non-existent jobs or simply drifting into the skid row subculture. Sometimes they can't get welfare; sometimes they blow welfare cheques on booze. Often they can't find housing they can afford, or are rejected by landlords.

Workers at the Neighborhood Society estimate 400 to 500 homeless men are wandering the streets of Halifax. Many find their way to the Neighborhood Society's shelter or to Halifax's other emergency shelter for men, run by the Salvation Army on Gottingen Street. The Salvation Army shelter, a red-brick building just down from the liquor store and across from the rough-and-tumble Derby Tavern, has 116 beds. But about

have to walk miles for jobs that aren't there just to make out job search forms for welfare."

On Sundays, they can get a free meal from the Neighborhood Society or the Salvation Army, and on weekdays from Hope Cottage. "We find many of them are too high on things such as Lysol to keep any food down," Brother Peter says. "What they come in for is the camaraderie. I remember when a volunteer touched a guy by the elbow and he started to cry. He said he hadn't been touched in two years."

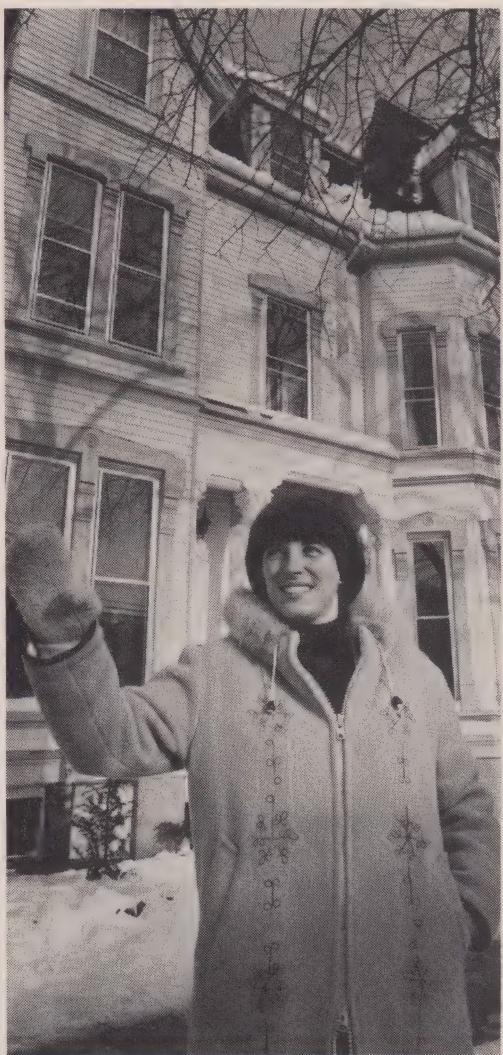
Although Hope Cottage is for men, it will hand out food to women at the door. Workers there have noticed a recent increase in indigent women — such as the middle-aged woman who'd been living on the streets of Halifax for years and who eventually was found in a gutter in the South End after she'd been

support system to turn to. Some just can't cope."

Adsum House was launched by five Halifax-Dartmouth religious groups who leased a rundown building on Brunswick Street from the city for \$1 a year and got \$100,000 in government grants for renovations. The shelter now has 15 beds. Sister Evelyn says many of the 50 volunteer workers at Adsum House are shocked by the backgrounds of the transient guests. "They can't believe the stories, can't believe a 17-year-old has gone through so many of life's hurts."

Before Adsum House came along, she says, the women might have slept in washrooms or shopping malls, or sat in a railway or bus station. "I know some deliberately break the law so the police will pick them up, or they'll cut themselves to get medical attention. But a lot are forced to find a man to get off

CITIES



Pollard: "Survival is the name of the game"

the streets. They drift into prostitution."

Mary, a woman in her 20s from Dartmouth with a three-year-old daughter, agrees that, when there's no alternative, women will exchange sexual favors for a bed, a meal and companionship. "You'd be surprised how many young prostitutes there are in Halifax right now," she says. "They had nowhere to go or stay, and a pimp comes along and treats them like a queen."

Carol, a single mother in her 20s from Charlottetown, says she has an 18-year-old friend with a baby and nowhere to go. "So this pimp gives her and her kid gorgeous clothes, a warm place to stay. All she has to do is spend a few hours on the street in return."

Mary and Carol found short-term housing at Collins House, a shelter for women with children that opened in November in Halifax's South End. It was founded by the Women's Emergency Housing Coalition, a group of women who believed that Halifax's housing shortage hits women with children hardest: They're often on welfare,

and landlords tend to be reluctant to rent to the unemployed and people with children. (In the past three years, the vacancy rate in Halifax has been less than 1%, and 1,000 people have been waiting for more than two years to get into public housing.)

Collins House, with space for 24 people, has been filled since it opened. The day before Carol and Mary showed up at the door, executive director Elaine Bishop had to turn away five other women. "It's not the horror stories," she says, "it's the ongoing drudge, the doubling up, the distress on children. Homelessness is a particular crisis for children."

Carol, who'd been kicked out of her parents' home by an alcoholic and abusive father after her baby was born, arrived in Halifax with \$100 in her pocket. She stayed in a friend's apartment until the landlord told her to leave the all-adult building. At Collins House, she was making 15 to 20 calls a day, looking for a place to rent. "It's so frustrating," she says. "I had the highest marks in Grade 9 and thought I would



Collins House has been filled since it opened up

be a lawyer some day. I got pregnant, and I didn't want to have an abortion, and the father took off. The whole problem is that fathers get off so easily. Society should force them to be responsible."

Mary took the father of her daughter to court, but was awarded only a token \$1 a year. Because the father is black, her parents rejected her and her child. "I always thought families were supposed to be close," she says. "But I've got nowhere to go. Sometimes I think I'll crack up."

Aside from houses for battered wives and children, there's practically no emergency shelter for homeless women elsewhere in the region. In Saint John, N.B., the Salvation Army's Evangeline House has 19 beds for post-psychiatric patients and teenage girls in trouble with the law, and has set aside one room with four beds and a crib for emergencies.

The Army's hostel for men in the south end of the city, however, has 56 beds. "We need double that," says Captain Ed Pearce. "We turn people away every night, and where they go, I don't know. Maybe they freeze. It's strange."

insight

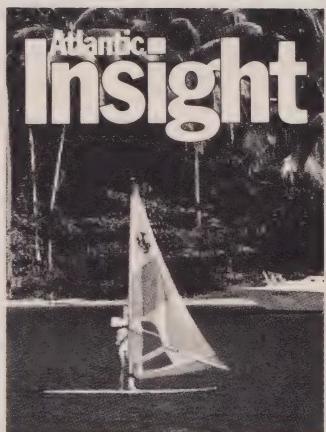


Travel Insight

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MORE THAN JUST A NEWS MAGAZINE



CITIES

The newspapers say the economy is up. But at Christmas, there were 25% more food baskets delivered to destitute homes. Even at our poor man's dinner before Christmas, it was surprising to see so many young people. You know, even at Woodstock, they served 500 dinners."

Saint John's Romero House soup kitchen serves 200 free meals a day — based on leftovers and day-old bread from hotels and restaurants — and administrators plan to set up a hostel, as well.

Unemployed men have always drifted to Saint John to look for work

on the docks, and they still do, Pearce says, although the waterfront is mechanized and plagued with layoffs. To expand the shelter, he says, "we need thousands and thousands of dollars. But donations aren't keeping up with the growing need. We're a poor province."

In Moncton, Captain Walter Howells is directing the establishing of a 43-bed shelter this spring, but he's also finding it a hard struggle. It will cost about \$400,000 to renovate the building, and neighbors have opposed setting up a hostel in their area.

Moncton already has some emer-

gency accommodation: In 1979 Sister Rita Barrieaux converted an old store into a shelter called Nazareth House, and she now administers two other homes that will welcome men, women and children for a few days, so long as they are sober and willing to attend prayer meetings every night. But she says, "I still see people sleeping on park benches and going through the garbage."

Even affluent Fredericton, N.B., has a soup kitchen, set up in the basement of an old Pentecostal Church, and serving 50 to 70 free meals a day. Community groups and churches also joined forces to open an emergency shelter last November with space for 24 people.

In Charlottetown, Salvation Army Captain Jack Strickland says he's noticed a 15% to 20% increase in the past year in the number of people showing up on the Army's doorstep. The organization doesn't have an emergency shelter on the Island, but uses a youth hostel and tourist homes. "Most of our problems are not people with no address but people who have been turfed out from an address for the time being," Strickland says. "We do see the odd derelict sleeping in public buildings, but our biggest problem is in the summer." That's when hordes of young people head for the Island to enjoy the beaches and look for farm work, and sometimes end up penniless and homeless.

St. John's, Nfld., has also been seeing more transients in recent months. The Salvation Army, which runs an institution for alcoholics, has set up a few cots for desperate transients. "It sounds pretty rosy down here," says Major Don Ritson. "They're coming from the outports, and even from Alberta and Saskatchewan, hearing about the offshore oil situation. Every day, we turn away about half a dozen. I often wonder where they go when we turn them away, and where they come from. I just don't know."

In Sydney, N.S., where the Nova Scotia Drug Dependency Commission identified 400 people in the late Seventies without suitable shelter, there's a church-run soup kitchen downtown, but no emergency shelter. "We tried to entice the Salvation Army here, but no luck," a social worker says. "All we can do is find them a place in the odd flophouse. The landlord takes their entire welfare cheque and gives them a room and some cheap wine. What can you do?"

Cape Breton does have a long-term rehabilitation centre for people addicted to alcohol or drugs. Founded by a Catholic priest, Talbot House is a farm outside Sydney financed partly by the Nova Scotia government and partly through cottage industries such as the manufacture of grave markers and Christmas cribs. Residents also cut pulp and raise their own meat and vegetables. Talbot House has 25 beds for six-to-

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eight-month stays, but it's become a full-time home for people such as the former mental patient police found sleeping in a culvert in Sydney. "How can I turn him out?" asks manager Rev. Bernie MacDonald. "The horror stories I could tell you about people leaving mental institutions with no place to go — it's insane."

Workers at the region's other long-term rehab centre, the 950-acre Lonewater Farms outside Saint John, share Father MacDonald's frustration. Both places have long waiting lists.

Throughout the region, social workers say there's a desperate need for both emergency and long-term housing for addicts and former mental patients. Because of overcrowding, mental institutions, jails and detoxification centres are dumping inmates and patients back on the streets — and back to a self-destructive way of life. "There's no follow-up," says Mike Humphreys of the Halifax Neighborhood Society. "They're in the detox centre for five days, are barely sober, and are out in the streets again with their skid row buddies. They don't have a chance."

"It's really often a social need more than an alcohol problem," says one drug counsellor. "Give me the three essentials of food, shelter and clothing, and then we can get at the alcoholism. Any change in the social situation, and the liquor often takes care of itself."

In an effort to provide permanent shelter for alcoholics, the Neighborhood Society has set up a boarding house for 16 men in Halifax. And the city is having success with supervised apartments for people just out of institutions. Tenants share apartments, and a city worker drops by occasionally to help out.

Harold Crowell, director of social planning for Halifax, says there's a pressing need for more such facilities. "It gives them a chance to live like most others in the community and be anonymous," he says. "But perhaps most important, it also helps them socialize. It gives them something to do."

Crowell fears "a real disaster" for social services if offshore development goes ahead and more transients move to Halifax. But he also worries that the city is already providing so many facilities for the homeless, it's becoming a mecca for homeless people from other areas.

Lack of money is a constant worry for people trying to find some solutions to problems caused by family breakdowns, high unemployment and personal crises. "We spend billions on nuclear arms buildup," says Sister Evelyn Pollard of Adsum House. "Money so we can blow each other apart and reduce civilization to nothingness. But they won't spend money on social services, money to help cope to meet tomorrow."



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"The master in your midst" now struts his stuff

For six weeks, beginning in mid-April, the Dalhousie Art Gallery is showing more art by Alex Colville than anyone will ever get a chance to see again. Don't miss this exhibition. You helped pay for it

By Harry Bruce

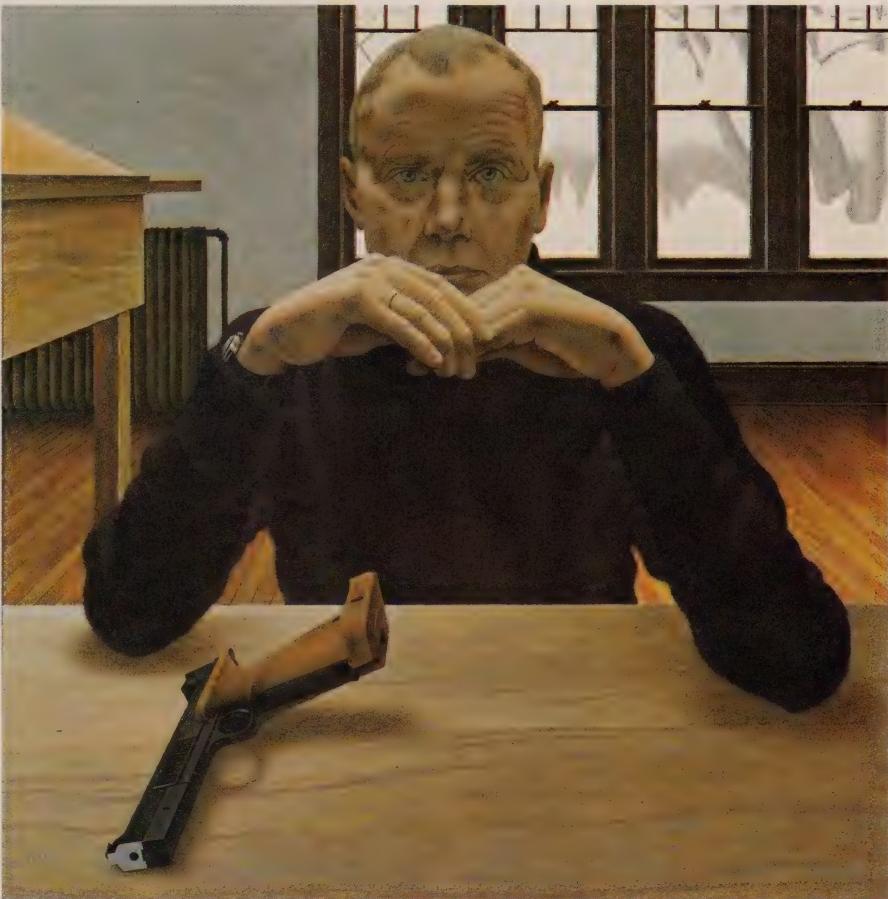
The cost of the Alex Colville exhibition that opens soon at the Dalhousie University Art Gallery widens even Colville's eyes. He says his paintings now fetch "a hundred grand" each, but he's talking not about his prices but about the cost of researching, assembling, mounting, promoting and circulating a show that's already inspired Gillian MacKay of *Maclean's* to write, "As Canadians come face to face with Colville's lifetime achievement, it will be clear that they have a master in their midst." Most people think of an art show as just a matter of hanging pictures on a white wall, but Colville says this exhibit "must have cost millions." Much of the money was taxpayers', so even if you dislike the works of the master in your midst, you owe it to yourself to visit the Dalhousie gallery while his creations are hanging there (April 15-May 27).

But of course it's not just a matter of getting your money's worth. It's also a matter of understanding both your region and your nation. As critic Robert Fulford wrote last summer, "Colville, by setting himself apart from what is most obviously acceptable and most easily praised, by devoting himself doggedly to an obscure corner of the art world and an obscure corner of Canada, has finally become our national painter and his art has become the visual embodiment of whatever is enduring in the Canadian imagination of this period." That obscure corner of Canada is your corner of Canada and, unless you leave it for less obscure corners, you may never get a chance to see a more important exhibition of art than this one.

It is the biggest showing of Colville's ever assembled, and even though he intends to paint for 30 more years — he's 63 — it may well remain the biggest of his life. It includes seven serigraphs, almost 60 paintings, and more than 60 sketches, mostly in pencil, ink, crayon, watercolor. "The paintings span 37 years, beginning with "Tragic Landscape" (1945), which belongs to the Canadian War Museum, and ending with "At Grand Pré" (1982), owned by Fischer Fine Art Ltd., his dealer in London, England. Between those two works, the exhibition packs in all the Colvilles that Fulford called "icons of Canadianism, the visual expression of our spirit":

ally was from New Brunswick, is the fellow who knows all about those behind-the-scenes costs.

Consider the little matter of borrowing the paintings for the show. That meant dealing with public and private art museums in New York, London, Paris, Rotterdam, and cities across Canada; with huge corporations such as Canadian Industries Ltd., Consolidated Bathurst Inc., Hallmark Cards and the Toronto Dominion Bank; and with well-heeled



"Target, Pistol and Man," 1980, collection, Dr. Garth Edwards, Calgary

"Horse and Train," "Family and Rain-storm," "To Prince Edward Island," "Dog and Priest," and so on. This show may be a last chance to see all of them at once, not in small or muddy reproduction, but the way he painted them, in different kinds of tempera, in oil and synthetic resin, in acrylic polymer emulsion.

No less than 7,000 people showed up at the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto on the day the exhibition opened there in July, and they were followed by tens of thousands more throughout the summer. The organizer of the show was David Burnett, the English-born curator of contemporary Canadian art at the AGO, who also wrote the text for the fat, informative and beautiful book that the gallery and McClelland and Stewart published to coincide with the Toronto opening. Burnett, whose father incident-

and sometimes prickly collectors not only across North America but also in West Germany. People and institutions who've shelled out tens of thousands of dollars for the privilege of owning a painting are unlikely to let it go casually. Indeed, some threaten not to let it go under any circumstances. "I have three priorities in my life," said the owner of a major Colville. "My family, my wife and this painting." Removing that painting for a full year leaves a conspicuous space on his wall. Burnett had to visit such collectors, talk to them persuasively, beg them to entrust their Colvilles to his care for the general good.

Owners want assurances regarding the safety of their possessions, guarantees that the galleries on the tour know what they're doing, that the insurance is foolproof and the packing professional.



"Night walk," 1981, Fischer Fine Art Ltd., London

"The crates alone cost thousands and thousands," Colville said. "They're beautifully made. The wood is all planed smooth and painted. They used screws and hinges, and every painting is protected with plexiglass." When the show moved from Toronto to Berlin, Colville and his wife, Rhoda, went along, too, and so did Burnett. He checked each painting as it came out of its crate, then checked them all again a month later as they proceeded to the opening in Cologne. From there, the exhibition went to Montreal, and from Montreal it comes to Halifax. Its

last stop, right after Halifax, will be Vancouver.

If the show is a triumphant representation of Colville's life work, it's also the fruit of the years that Burnett put into it, not to mention the money from Norcen Energy Resources Ltd. and assorted agencies of assorted governments. Maritimers, incidentally, can thank the National Museums Corp. for the fact that they'll be able to see the exhibition on their own turf. NMC made its appearance in the region a condition of their financial support.

"Verandah," 1983, Mira Godard Gallery, Toronto

A retrospective is so resounding an event in the life of an artist that people keep asking Colville, "What next? What does the future hold? Is there going to be some new departure?" But, he says, "I never think of departures. I just work away at one thing till it's finished, and then I say, 'What'll I do next?' That's about as far ahead as I think." He averages three paintings a year. If he does manage to plug away in his attic studio in Wolfville till he's 93, he's got 90 more paintings in him. It would be a fine thing to live long enough to see them all. ☒

"At Grand Pré," 1982, also Fischer





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PROFILE

"Halifax," he says, "is my sandbox"

Developer Bob Stapells is just a kid at heart, but don't let that fool you. In his fast-talking, hard-driving, pressure-cooker style, he's changing the heart and face of a city. He's also worth millions

By Peter Cheney

My company follows the golden rule," says the man in the dark blue suit and glossy black shoes. "The man with the gold," he says evenly, "makes the rules." With gunfighter eyes, he scans the students. There are no challengers.

The location is the Technical University of Nova Scotia, Halifax. The topic is entrepreneurship, and the speaker is Bob Stapells, entrepreneur. If any of the 35 corporate and industrial relations students take exception to Stapells' brand of labor relations, they keep their mouths shut. They seem to sense that an argument would be about as much fun as an arm-wrestling contest with a chainsaw.

The quickest way to describe Bob Stapells' career is as a game of Monopoly. He plays it well: 18 years ago, he had a hard time scraping together \$140 for rent. Today, he owns millions of dollars' worth of prime real estate. If you live in Halifax, chances are you work, bank, shop, eat — or even get your furniture refinished — in a building owned, built or managed by Bob Stapells.

"You can't go to college and take Entrepreneurship 100," he counsels. He reads a list of 21 qualities that define an entrepreneur, including impatience, egotism and harshness. The students strain forward as he goes down the list, eager to see how they rate. Not so long ago, students took philosophy and wanted to be like Bob Dylan. Today they go to business school — and they want to be like Bob Stapells. A Trottskyite would stand

about as much chance in this room as a rump roast in a shark tank.

Take a tour of downtown with Stapells and you'll get an inkling of what he owns, and how he got it. He drives the way he does business — nervy, rabbit-fast, hyperkinetic. Gunning his truck past a line of cars, he hooks the wheel with his elbow, leaving his hand free to clutch a can of diet Coke. His other hand transports a hamburger to his rapidly working jaws.

"That's mine!" he cries as we careen past an office building. A bank flashes by the window. "That too!" he exults. Stapells points out properties with his hamburger-laden fist as we weave through slower traffic. We halt in the middle of Granville Street to admire a magnificently restored building. A line of cars instantly grows behind us. "Cleaned that by hand," says Stapells.

"Took three months." Exhaust rises from the chain of cars, but suddenly we're off again, Stapells goosing the truck fast and loose up the slippery streets, furiously pointing out the far-flung ingredients of his real-estate portfolio, a speeding, burger-wolking, one-man tornado of fast talk and fast food.

In 1966, he was a 21-year-old radio advertising salesman with a taste for expensive clothes and fine liquor. He was a sales-manager's dream: Smooth as Chivas, energetic as a hive of bees, and persuasive as a 20-pound sledge. If you wanted to unload a truckload of birth control devices at a convent or dump a case of swastikas at a bar-mitzvah, Stapells was the man to call. Here was a born hustler, young, hot, full of hell, with a knack for outrageous stunts.

His friends never knew what he might do next. Once, he stuck a makeshift Press sign in the window of his car and barged past a five-hour lineup for a P.E.I. ferry. Another time, he walked into a country church dance dressed in a smoking jacket and plaid shorts. It looked like a massacre in the making as the locals fell silent, and Stapells' companions left him to his fate. Returning later to pick up the garishly clad remains, they were greeted instead by the sight of Stapells whirling a series of lovelies around the dance floor to the approving smiles of the elders. An hour later he was playing in the band.

He liked taking chances. So it wasn't surprising that he'd buy a half-finished Spryfield apartment building. What was surprising was that he managed to get the money. Ex-roommate Harris Sullivan remembers: "I asked Bob if he had \$140 for rent. He said no. Then he shoved a Royal Bank cheque for \$68,000 in my face." How Sta-



A far cry from the days when Stapells' office was a pickup truck

PROFILE

pells convinced the bank to lend him the money remains a mystery. He says he put up his possessions as collateral. Others think a mentor backed him.

Standing before the half-built low-rise, his mortgaged car idling at the curb, Stapells faced facts: He was in serious debt, he owned a building that needed a lot of work, and he didn't know how to drive a nail. It was the beginning of his career as a developer. But now, as he looks at Halifax from his glass-walled office on Brunswick Street, those days seem long gone, and \$68,000 sounds like a drop in the bucket. He's bought and sold millions of dollars' worth of real estate. His projects include the Continental Bank, the Marble, Kaye, St. Paul's and Wrathall buildings, the North American Life Centre, and the old Bank of Commerce building. It's a far cry from the days when his office was a pickup truck. "I kept the receivables on one side of the dash, and payables on the other," he says. His development company, the Canterbury Group, is negotiating about \$40 million worth of

15 rounds with Ali," he says as he locks up for the night.

Information is the raw material of his business. He has to know everything from the price of bricks to future demand for office-space. "Information becomes currency," he says. "You've got to know something the other guy doesn't." The main weapon is the telephone, and he uses it incessantly. His yearly phone bill can hit \$23,000. During a typical 12-hour day at the office, he makes and takes 50 calls. Then he goes home and makes more. "Sometimes," says his wife, Fran, "I think the phone grows out of the side of his head."

Stapells' life may be like Monopoly, but the money, risks and rewards are real. With million of dollars on the line, this isn't a game for the weak of heart. "There's no guarantee of profit, and no protection against loss," he says. "The riskiest part is the 'up-front' money that must be spent to get a project ready for presentation to potential investors. 'The up-front money is a crapshoot,'"

pressure-cooker: You're either hard-boiled, or you burn out. Stapells has a motto: "He who snoozes... loses." With One Government Place under construction and a \$30-million Hilton hotel nearly off the drafting board, he has little time to doze. The Hilton project is a classic illustration of the Catch-22 of development: To win the contract, Stapells must convince the hotel chain he has the money. To get the money, he must convince the financial community he has the chain's backing.

"This isn't Dallas or Houston," he says. "It can be tough borrowing for Halifax projects." Stapells has jetted to Europe and Japan in search of funds. "It's always tough borrowing big money," he says. The funding and construction of a major project would be more than enough headaches for most, but his problems don't end when the last brick is laid and the curtains are hung. The Canterbury Group's North-American Life Centre on Brunswick Street is a case in point. Though the doors opened in November, 1983, the \$5-million building is just 65% leased, and forecasters say sagging demand for office space may mean even worse times ahead. According to the most bearish estimates, Halifax office buildings will have a 15% vacancy rate next year. So why is Stapells raising cranes over One Government Place?

He says the time is right. With gloomy prospects for construction, the price of building materials is rock-bottom, and interest rates "are as low as they're going to get." Armed with these convictions, he forges ahead, eager to beat his competitors to the punch, confident he can fill his \$9-million building. "We'll certainly have it half-rented before completion," he says.

Stapells has little time to enjoy the rewards his business has brought him. Sometimes he has to dictate a tape to his children if he wants them to hear his voice. "It's very frustrating at times," his wife says. "We've often had to cancel holidays because of business demands." He accepts it all philosophically: "You can control your own destiny," he says, "but sometimes you have to let it go out of control — you get it all out and let it roll."

To understand why Stapells does all this, you must understand something: He never grew up. "Bob was always a life-of-the-party, lampshade-on-the-head kind of guy," Harris Sullivan says, "and he's never changes." At 40, Stapells retains the incandescent energy and enthusiasm of a child — a hyperactive one. Kids like that play hard, and Stapells has come up with the best game around: Business. "Downtown Halifax," he says, "is my sandbox."



"There's no guarantee of profit and no protection against loss"

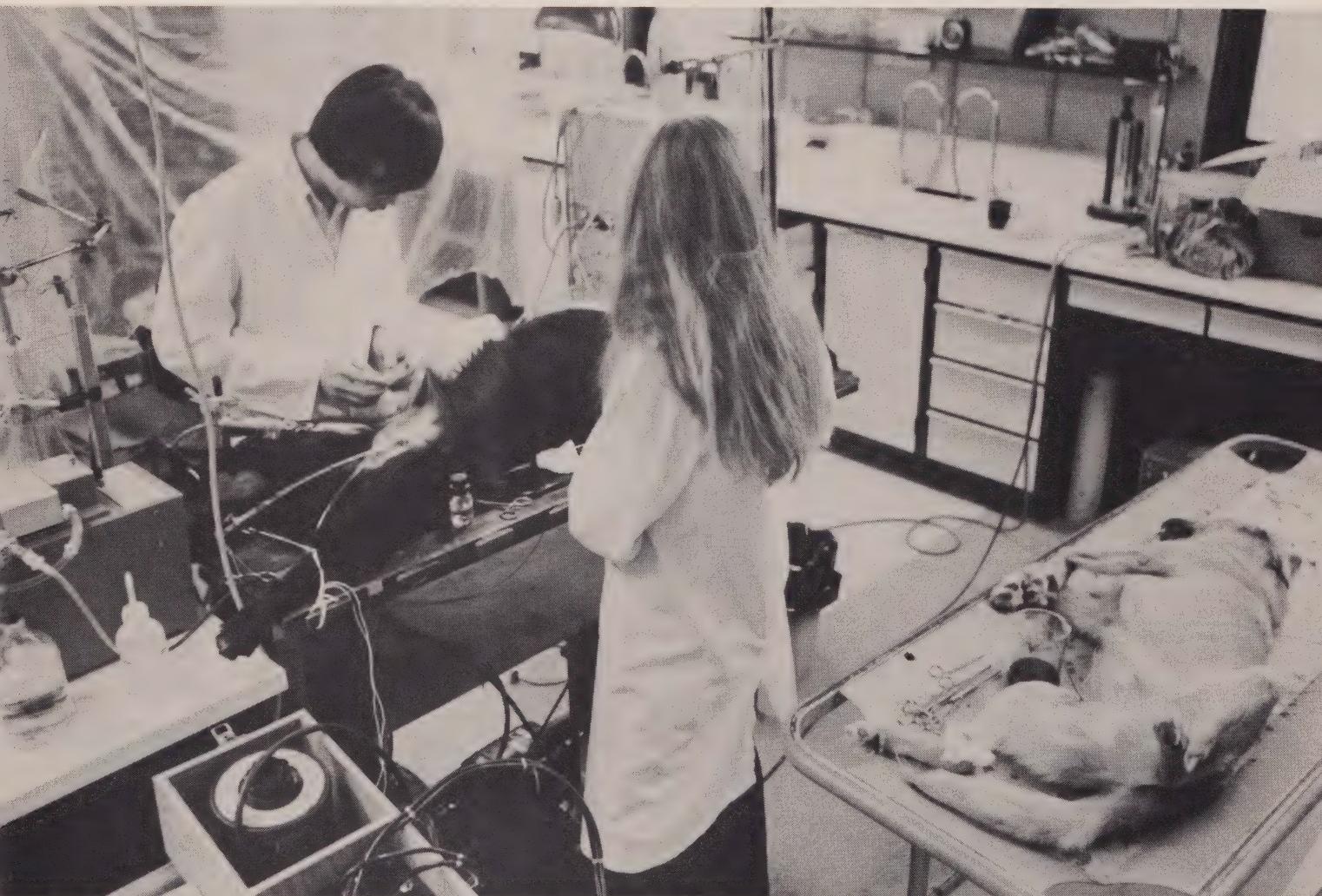
new downtown construction. Work has already begun on a \$9-million office complex called One Government Place, and a \$30-million hotel is in the advanced planning stages.

An entrepreneur like Stapells faces countless hazards, but boredom isn't among them. His day may open with a 7:45 breakfast conference. Skipping coffee ("It gets me too wired"), he gets down to business. Between bites of toast, he authorizes a \$4,500 advertising campaign, then rushes downtown to his office. Snatching his silver dictaphone, he rattles off letters, scuttles next door to a board meeting. His concerns range from interest rates to grafitti, both major headaches to a developer. The construction fence around One Government Place is a favorite for spray-can artists, and Stapells has thus far shelled out over \$1,000 to paint over their masterpieces. Wrapping up the board meeting, he moves on to conferences with his architects, broker, secretary and comptroller. Sometimes the pace is too much, even for him. "I feel I just went

Stapells says.

Five years ago, things came up snake-eyes for him. He'd invested three years and \$625,000 in a project called Times Square, a mirrored tower to be erected by Citadel Hill. The logistics of such a project are a nightmare. The developer must piece together a jigsaw puzzle of construction estimates, architectural problems and financial arrangements while picking his way through a web of building codes. All this must be done while the clock ticks, and in competition with rival developers. Stapells has worked as a salesman, stockbroker and one-man band — good training for getting a project like Times Square off the ground. It didn't work. Times Square was killed by a citizens' action committee intent on preserving the view from Citadel Hill. Stapells says he lost \$250,000 in legal and architectural fees, interest charges and travel costs, as well as nearly three years of "sweat-equity." Maybe that's why he wakes up every morning with a knot in his gut.

The development business is a



NEAL LIVINGSTON

Dogs used by Dalhousie researchers are anesthetized

Rematch: Dal Med School vs. outraged animal-lovers

The school feels it has good reason to "sacrifice" 20,000 creatures a year. Anti-vivisectionists feel no reason could possibly be good enough.

By Marc Clark

Life for Ernest the Mouse is a cycle of shredding tissue, fussing over bedding and preening his fur. But there's something odd about Ernest. He staggers from bedding to water bottle with a drunken wobble. When he stops to test the air, his entire body shudders and vibrates softly. Ernest's shimmy is the result of a genetic fluke. In non-scientific terms, he suffers from faulty wiring. His trembling stops only when he sleeps, as though he were a human victim of Parkinson's disease. A lab technician says Ernest used to be much worse.

Why his kind get better with age is a mystery.

Ernest is a C-57 Black/6J, an exotic strain of mouse marketed under the trade name "Trembler" by a scientific breeding company for research on nervous disorders. Ernest happened to become a coddled laboratory mascot, but some 10,000 other mice — delivered last year to the Sir Charles Tupper medical building in Halifax — weren't so lucky. The 15-storey Tupper building, nestled amid a warren of hospitals in the city's South End, looks like a misplaced office tower. In fact, it is the

heart of the Dalhousie University Medical School and the site of some of the most advanced medical research in the country, about \$6 million worth last year. One research team is painstakingly perfecting the surgery for liver transplantation; another is probing heartaches; yet another is using tissue-culturing techniques to determine how various chemicals cause cancer.

All of which uses up more than test tubes and pencils. Last year, roughly 20,000 animals (all but 2,000 of them were mice and rats) were killed — "sacrificed" in scientific language — in research and teaching at the Tupper building. The basement boasts a spotless animal care centre, a vast underground ark sheltering cats, rats, dogs, pigs, rabbits, sheep, goats, guinea pigs, mice, even a few baboons.

The man in charge is Dr. James Love, a soft-spoken, Irish-born veterinarian responsible for 13 employees and a \$700,000-a-year budget. Conversations in his office are interrupted by the barking and yowling of caged dogs. In the corridor outside sit insulated cardboard

SPECIAL REPORT

boxes containing the latest shipment of mice. The smell of fresh wet paint on the concrete-block walls masks but fails to eliminate the heavy scent from 1,000 animals. "We keep the place as clean as possible," Love says, "but some smell is unavoidable. You get used to it pretty quickly."

On the wall are photos of specially bred mice which, like Ernest, suffer from genetically induced maladies. Under every photo there's a descriptive trade name and an explanation of each strain's problem: Staggerer...a recessive neurological mutation; Opossum...semi-dominant lethal mutation affects hair on skin as well as viscera; Hypophosphatemia...sex-linked mutation affecting the skeleton. The last-mentioned is a bloated specimen riding on its belly like an overfed seal, dwarf-like limbs hanging limply in the air.

The Tupper building's appetite for animals — dogs, in particular — has opened old wounds and rekindled a debate Dalhousie would prefer to avoid. Curiously enough, the university itself



drew attention to its use of animals last November when it approached Kings County council with an offer to buy up to 500 stray dogs a year from the county pound for \$50 each. About 90% of the dogs are used in experiments on heart function, and the rest for transplant studies of liver and pancreas. All are anesthetized for surgery, most so heavily the anesthetic amounts to euthanasia.

Despite pressure from outraged dog breeders and animal-rights advocates, the council agreed in February to provide the animals at no charge if Dalhousie agreed to cover certain pound costs. What Dalhousie gains is clear: The university, which previously imported dogs from Montreal at a cost approaching \$200 apiece, stands to save up to \$100,000 per year, and avoids the threat of rabies. (Agriculture Canada maintains there has never been a confirmed case of rabies in Nova Scotia. In Ontario and Quebec, it remains a problem. Last year, the University of Western Ontario unwittingly acquired a rabid dog from an Ontario pound.)



Psychologist Mitchell and Electrolux, the kitten: Two major vision centres in the animal's brain have been destroyed

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

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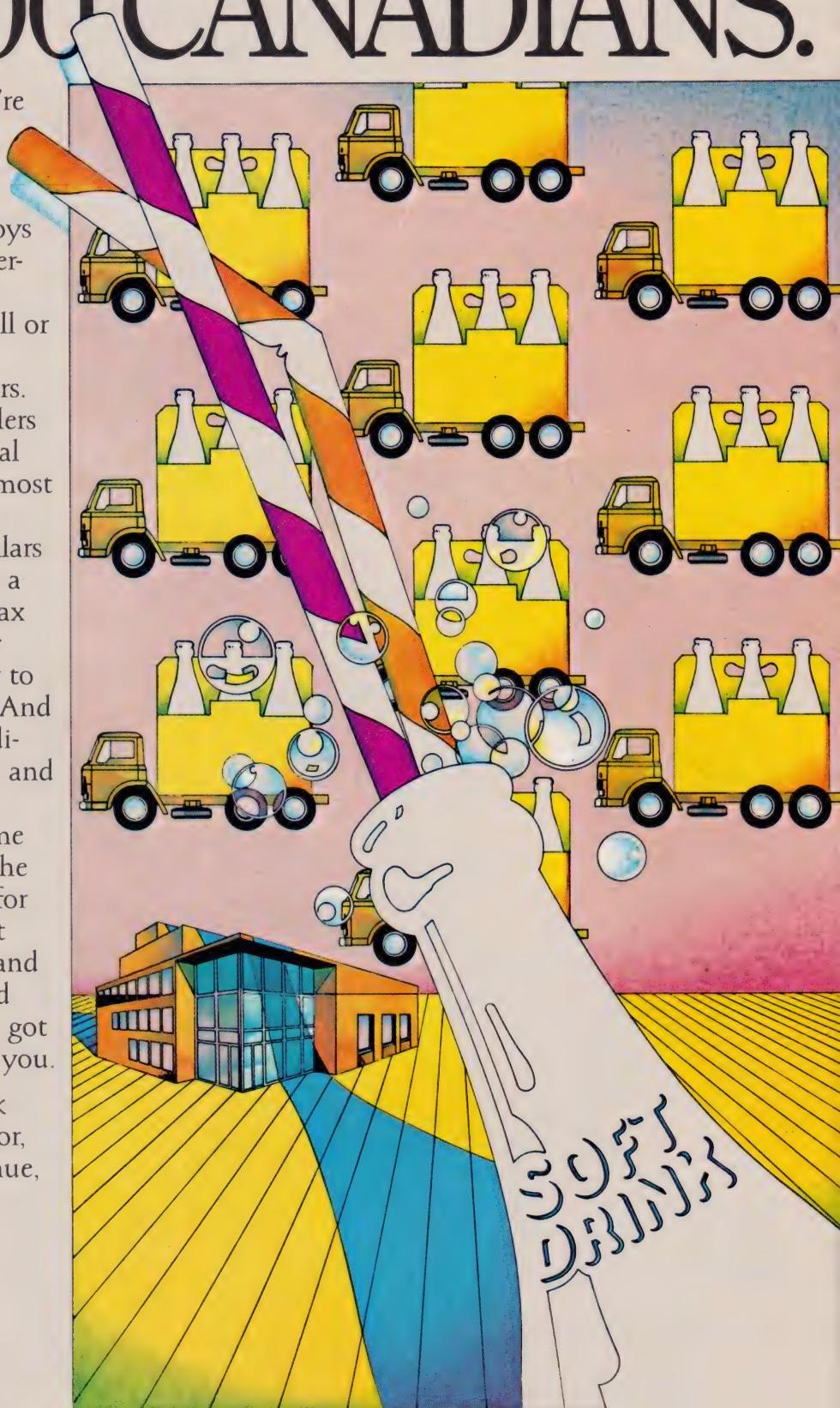
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SPECIAL REPORT

What Dalhousie lost is harder to say. Opponents of the deal publicly denounced the university as a cruel and soulless research factory. They accused it of lying about the dogs' fate, challenged its willingness to examine alternatives to use of live animals, and questioned the value of the research. In January, 2,000 county residents signed a hastily organized petition opposing the sale of dogs. By focusing attention on its use of animals in experiments, Dalhousie may have given a monumental boost to the local anti-vivisectionist movement. Carol and Bill Long, kennel operators in Middleton, N.S., are committed anti-vivisectionists, and she says, "There may be a silver lining to all of this.... The anti-vivisection movement in Nova Scotia has been pretty lax, but this has alerted many

Researchers in the Dalhousie psychology department have twice found "cat butcher" and "cat killer" scrawled on the doors of rooms housing cats they use for experiments

more people than we could have done on our own. We've got a stack of letters from all over Nova Scotia. We hope to have a province-wide organization together soon."

The prospect of a vigorous anti-vivisection movement chills the hearts of medical scientists. Such groups in Britain and the U.S. abuse scientists (verbally and sometimes physically), conduct commando-style raids on laboratories to free animals, and pressure governments to crack down on research. The Ottawa-based Animal Defence League of Canada and the Mississauga League for Animal Rights are fighting an Ontario law that forces pounds to give unclaimed strays to research institutions. Last year, the RCMP opened a file on the Animal Liberation Front, a clandestine group which conducts property-damage raids on fur stores, meat-packing plants and laboratories. The office of the animal care co-ordinator of the University of British Columbia was fire-bombed in 1981.

Dalhousie has so far been spared such drastic attack, but it hasn't escaped unscathed. University officials are reluctant to discuss it, but technicians at the Tupper building report incidents of ex-

pensive lab equipment being smashed. Don Mitchell and Max Cynader, researchers in the Dalhousie psychology department, have twice found the words "cat butcher" and "cat killer" scrawled on the doors of rooms housing cats they use for experiments. Marks on the doors indicate the vandals tried to break into the rooms. Mitchell is philosophical about the attacks: "I look on them as the acts of individuals who, in their own minds, feel justified in what they're doing."

He and Cynader are recognized worldwide for their work on the development of vision, particularly as it relates to amblyopia, commonly known as "lazy eye." Mitchell renders kittens amblyopic by closing one eye for three to five weeks, usually by sewing shut an eyelid or the membrane beneath the lid, sometimes by forcing the animal to wear an opaque goggle or by severing a small muscle so the eye turns in. "It doesn't really matter which of these techniques you use, except that they keep knocking the damned goggles off, which ruins the experiment," Mitchell says. "It's easier to get compliance by sewing the eyelid shut."

After the first eye is opened the other eye is sewn shut for up to 20 weeks, forcing the animal to use the weakened eye in the same way as does an amblyopic child whose good eye is covered with a patch. Such eye patches have been standard treatment for amblyopia for two centuries, but Mitchell's work suggests that covering the amblyopic eye produces only short-term improvement, while possibly damaging the good eye: "It means this whole procedure [of using eye patches to treat amblyopia] is fraught with danger," he says.

A visit to Mitchell's cat colony shows a brood of sleek, seemingly normal animals. Most look up lazily when we enter, many of them with one eye shut, then go back to dozing. Mitchell pulls out a rambunctious kitten, a pound-and-a-half of wide-eyed fur and ambition named Electrolux. The kitten has about 45% of normal visual acuity — surpris-

ingly good, considering two major vision centres in its brain have been destroyed by surgery. Surprisingly, the animal appears normal. Electrolux crawls over experimental apparatus, discovers the wonder of shoe laces, and assaults unsuspecting door hinges, all in the best kitten tradition.

Mitchell is adamant that his animals do not suffer: "All surgery is done under full anesthetic, just as it would be for a human. These cats are better fed and better cared for than most house cats.... While they're being run [in the experiment], they're played with and handled

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SPECIAL REPORT

for a solid hour every day — that's probably more than most house cats get." Like other scientists, Mitchell jumps through bureaucratic hoops each time he proposes an experiment on animals. Two organizations monitor the use of animals: A university review committee and the Canadian Council on Animal Care, which consists of representatives of government and private money-granting agencies, and the Canadian Federation of Humane Societies. Anti-vivisectionists dismiss this system as window dressing, a cynical public-relations exercise in which committees dominated

by research scientists rubber stamp other scientists' requests.

Only one of the seven members of Dalhousie's review committee is an outsider. But the numbers are misleading, says Shinshu Nakajima, head of the Dalhousie psychology department's animal ethics committee: "The committee does not work on the basis of majority vote. If she [the outside member] says, 'This is going to be too cruel,' then that's it — you cannot argue. You have to change the design of the experiment." The same, he says, is true on the national level: "The voice of the humane societies

in the CCAC is very strong. You cannot ignore it." CCAC guidelines have been drawn up for everything from the relative humidity at which to keep sheep to the number of teeth on surgical forceps. The council is proud of its 1978 Code of Ethics which, among other things, prohibits use of curare, a drug that leaves animals fully conscious but unable to move.

Frank Flowers, the CCAC's director of assessments, admits more needs to be done, but says radical action is not the way to do it: "Far more is going to be achieved if the more responsible members of the [anti-vivisection] movement support the approach of the Federation [of Humane Societies]. You achieve damned little by confrontation with the scientific community. No one likes to be pushed." The humane societies are caught in the crossfire. The Halifax SPC is still reeling from battles over vivisection fought years ago.

Until 1981, when it lost the contract for animal control in Halifax and Dartmouth, the SPC sold stray cats and dogs

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Teachers of Atlantic Canada



One key SPC officer has won the enmity of anti-vivisectionists by supporting properly regulated vivisection

to Dalhousie for research. Angry pet-owners accused the SPC of showing more interest in selling strays than in helping them. Rumors abounded of SPC trucks scouring city streets in search of unleashed dogs and cats to sell to Dalhousie. Ugly stories circulated of animals left at the animal shelter to be destroyed, only to end up on laboratory tables. The SPC has consistently denied the charges, but public mistrust lingers. SPC officials still wince when questioned about their position on vivisection. "We don't sell animals to Dalhousie anymore," says Fred Sturmy, provincial president. "What's past is past. We just want to forget about that whole thing."

One key SPC officer has won the enmity of anti-vivisectionists by supporting properly regulated vivisection. "These animals are euthanised and given the proper anesthetic when they're put down," says Don Marston, a former RCMP dog master and the society's chief inspector. "I've walked in there and seen the head anesthetist from one of the local hospitals training the liver

transplant team." Marston walks in on Dalhousie unannounced five or six times a year: "If they're cruel to an animal, I'm going to take them to court. They know that.... My job is not to jump on the side of the anti-vivisectionists or the side of the universities. I have to call the shots as I see them, and there's been no cruelty as far as I'm concerned."

In January, Marston took several county councillors to Halifax for a tour of the Tupper building. James Love recalls one councillor asking to see the sub-basement. Somewhat surprised, Love did indeed show them the sub-basement, which contains, among other things, an electronic microscope, the building's heating plant and workshops. The councillor was surprised. He'd been told he'd find medical students practising on hapless dogs. Another councillor commented on the yowling and barking of caged dogs. He'd heard their vocal cords were cut to keep them quiet. ("Perhaps it is done in other institutions — I've heard the rumors too," Love says. "But it isn't done here.")

An accusation that particularly frustrates Love is that Dalhousie's \$50-a-dog offer was a bounty that would encourage dog theft. "I don't know how we can make people understand that we don't want anybody's pet," he says. "All we're interested in is stray animals that nobody wants and that the pound has decided to put down.... We do not buy animals from just anybody on the street."

The councillors heard more than rumors. Two hastily formed groups, CDAD (Canine Defenders Against Dalhousie) and SAFE (Save our Animals From Experiments), presented a barrage of anti-vivisection arguments: Dalhousie could develop alternative techniques, such as tissue culture, to cut down their use of animals; animals are so different from people that the result of animal tests, particularly with drugs, can never be safely applied to man (penicillin, for example, kills guinea pigs); much medical research is repetitive and provides little new information.

But the anti-vivisectionists apparently failed to impress the councillors. Carol Long complained that the councillors "accused us of caring only for dogs, and nothing else. They said our presentation was hogwash and garbage. It was appalling. I've never seen such a display of arrogance."

The questions remain largely unanswered, partly because Dalhousie shies away from addressing them. "They have a bad way of sitting in their ivory tower and thinking, 'We don't do any wrong,'" Don Marston says. "They have a very superior attitude about how they do things.... If they don't want to show responsibility, if they don't want to come out of their ivory tower to tell people what they're doing, the anti-vivisectionists will win the game." But Dr. Gerald Klassen, Dalhousie's vice-

president in charge of medical research, says, "I can't compete with a puppy-dog banging his tail on the side of a cage." Dalhousie, he says, can only lose by being drawn into the argument over vivisection.

Like most scientists at Dalhousie, Klassen refuses to acknowledge (at least publicly) that any suffering is inflicted on animals during the course of research, preferring instead to concentrate on the progressive regulatory measures taken by the CCAC and the university. He regards anti-vivisectionists as a kind of semi-professional malcontent, like seal hunt protesters or peace activists, dismissing their agitation as "a distraction" from "work that must be done."

Nakajima doesn't take the anti-vivisectionist argument so lightly: "Some of them are misled, but some of them have a very good rational basis [for their beliefs]. If someone says rationally that I have no right to take the lives of animals then I cannot argue.... For example, my wife is against the use of animals in psychology. She simply thinks it is cruel."

And some times, he admits, she's right: "There are times when you have to make the decision whether you should be sympathetic to the animal or strive for discovery.... Some people say we have had enough and that any further development in science is useless. I just don't agree."

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Give us the dirt sooner, please

Thirty years is an awfully long time to wait for the truth about a prime minister

Once upon a time, from 1948 to 1957 to be exact, we had this tiny, perfect prime minister. That's what most of us thought at any rate. His name was Louis St. Laurent but since he was a uniquely Canadian blend of stiffness and folksy charm, we gave him a loving label: "Uncle Louie." He was a French-Canadian prime minister, our first since Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but that didn't bother us anglos. He was our kind of French-Canadian. He ran a tight ship in boom times with a heavyweight cabinet.

"He was Canadian," Bruce Hutchison wrote, "the most truly Canadian of all our prime ministers up to his time. He felt no nostalgia for the old lands of Europe nor any sense of isolation from the rest of his country in Quebec." Peter C. Newman described him as "a sort of universal, slumped father figure, chatting to voters as if they were members of his own family." But he was also reserved. His spectacles, tailoring and careful speech all declared, "This is a distinguished gentleman. Approach with respect." His hair, eyebrows and moustache were white, his skin rosy, and the thing about Uncle Louie was that he oozed integrity.

Now suppose it's 1954. The Korean War is over, U.S. Senator Joseph McCarthy is nailing good men and true to his anti-Communist crosses, and many Americans think there's a Red under every other bed. Paranoia has infected those crazies south of the border, but we're all right, Jack, because Uncle Louie and his boys are running our country. The Liberals' fat majority in the election of '53 proves we love him more than ever. For he can do no wrong.

OK. You're sitting in a hotel bar, happily minding your own business, and then Art Rumorsniffer joins you. He buys you a drink, and thus your ear. Rumorsniffer's type is older than prostitution, as widespread as hatred. He knows all the filth about eminent churchgoers; and he knows, too, that the press is so gutless it'll never print the disgusting truth about the likes of... well, of that elderly fraud, St. Laurent. Rumorsniffer now tells you dirty absurdities about Uncle Louie.

First, the St. Laurent government gave asylum in Canada to Count Jacques de Bernonville, a French war criminal with the right connections in Quebec. Before the count sneaked into Canada as a fake priest in 1947, French courts had sentenced him to death for betraying some Resistance fighters to the Germans,

and torturing and shooting others. He'd been a Gallic henchman of the Gestapo. Uncle Louie knew all this, and he also knew that the French government wanted Canada to deport the count to France to stand trial. So what did St. Laurent do? He waited till he might have to succumb to public pressure to send the count home, and then he had his secretary quietly advise the wanted man to leave Canada. The count, Rumorsniffer leers, is now living it up in Brazil.

"Sure, sure, Rumorsniffer. What else is new?"

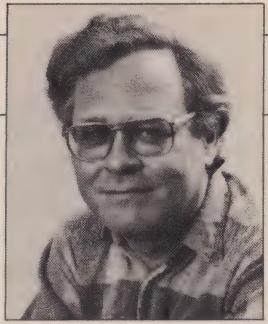
"You think St. Laurent's lily white, don't you?" he sneers. "What if I were to tell you he's personally up to his clean, pink, shell-like ears in a patronage

ing patients, Rumorsniffer confides in his creepy way, endure violent, electroconvulsive shock treatments to destroy their memory. Psychiatrists stick them in isolation chambers to dissolve their resistance to thought-control; use drugs to plunge them into comas that last for weeks; and then, to seed their brains with selected information, make them endure taped messages for up to 16 hours a day, day after day.

Rumorsniffer blabs on about "psychic driving" and "dynamic implant" and claims the federal government not only approves of the experiments but also helps finance them. When he insists that the guy in charge of all the horrors is none other than Dr. Ewan Cameron, one of the world's most respected psychiatrists, you wonder if Rumorsniffer himself isn't due for a little shock treatment. Any minute now, you fondly hope, guys in white coats will come for him, and you'll no longer have to endure his evil codswallop.

Now jump ahead please, to 1984. You open your paper and what do you find? It seems that throughout the St. Laurent years and, indeed, right down to the Sixties, the Canadian government helped pay for brain-washing experiments at a psychiatric clinic in Montreal that a certain Dr. Ewan Cameron ran. Moreover, the CIA was in on the act. No sooner have you recovered from that shocker than you read that the Public Archives have just released old papers revealing that St. Laurent and his son played what might now be called "a hands-on role" in the federal Grits' thoroughly corrupt patronage machine. And what's this? The smut about Uncle Louie's avuncular treatment of a heinous French traitor also turns out to be dead-on. The count survived in Rio de Janeiro till 1972 when someone murdered him. St. Laurent died a year later.

All along then, it wasn't you who knew the real poop about St. Laurent, it was the loathsome Rumorsniffer. You feel conned, suckered by an image, more cynical than ever about the way politicians dupe us with smoke, mirrors and trap doors. Why is it that, before learning this sordid stuff, we had to wait till St. Laurent had been 11 years in the grave? I'd like to have heard him defend himself. Why is it that there's a statutory period, *30 years long*, in which governments may hide the truth about our leaders? Why must I wait till I'm 80, in the year 2114, to discover what our prime minister's up to right now?



Why is there a statutory period, 30 years long, in which governments may hide the truth about our leaders?

system that makes Tammany Hall look like a strawberry social? Listen, his own son lobbies him to get jobs and contracts for all their Grit buddies in *La belle province*."

Rumorsniffer's next blob of scuttlebutt about Uncle Louie's government is specially vile. He says the feds sponsor hideous brainwashing experiments on unsuspecting patients at a reputable psychiatric hospital in Montreal; and that, before long, the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency and our own bureaucrats will be obscene partners in these same grisly efforts to "reorganize the behavior of human guinea pigs." Trust-

COVER STORY



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

Singing the title role in *The Merry Widow*

The "Acadian nightingale" starts to soar

She's soprano Rosemarie Landry of Caraquet, N.B., "the strangest combination of iron determination and joie de vivre." Atlantic Insight caught up with her at Quebec City, but her voice has carried her to concert halls around the world. And she's only beginning

By Harry Bruce

She's "the Acadian nightingale" but sometimes she eats like a wolf. Now, with her blonde curls, powerful eyes, scarlet dress, black buttons, scarlet and black earrings, and white and black necklaces of pearl, she is flashy, but tastefully flashy, precisely as flashy as a diva should be, and she's eating wet, red rib steak without remorse. Her silky coat, made of black mink, occupies its own chair at the round table. Animal lovers may object to fur coats but, she jokes, mink are nasty, destructive creatures who deserve no better fate than to keep her warm. Besides, Fernand Doucet gave her the coat. He's her husband, and she misses him. She's on the road eight months of the year. She's on the road right now.

At a plain café in stone Quebec, she engorges good lunch. She's within singing range of the old Laval campus where her father-in-law studied medicine, and she studied music. She's so close to the rented room where she and Fernand once

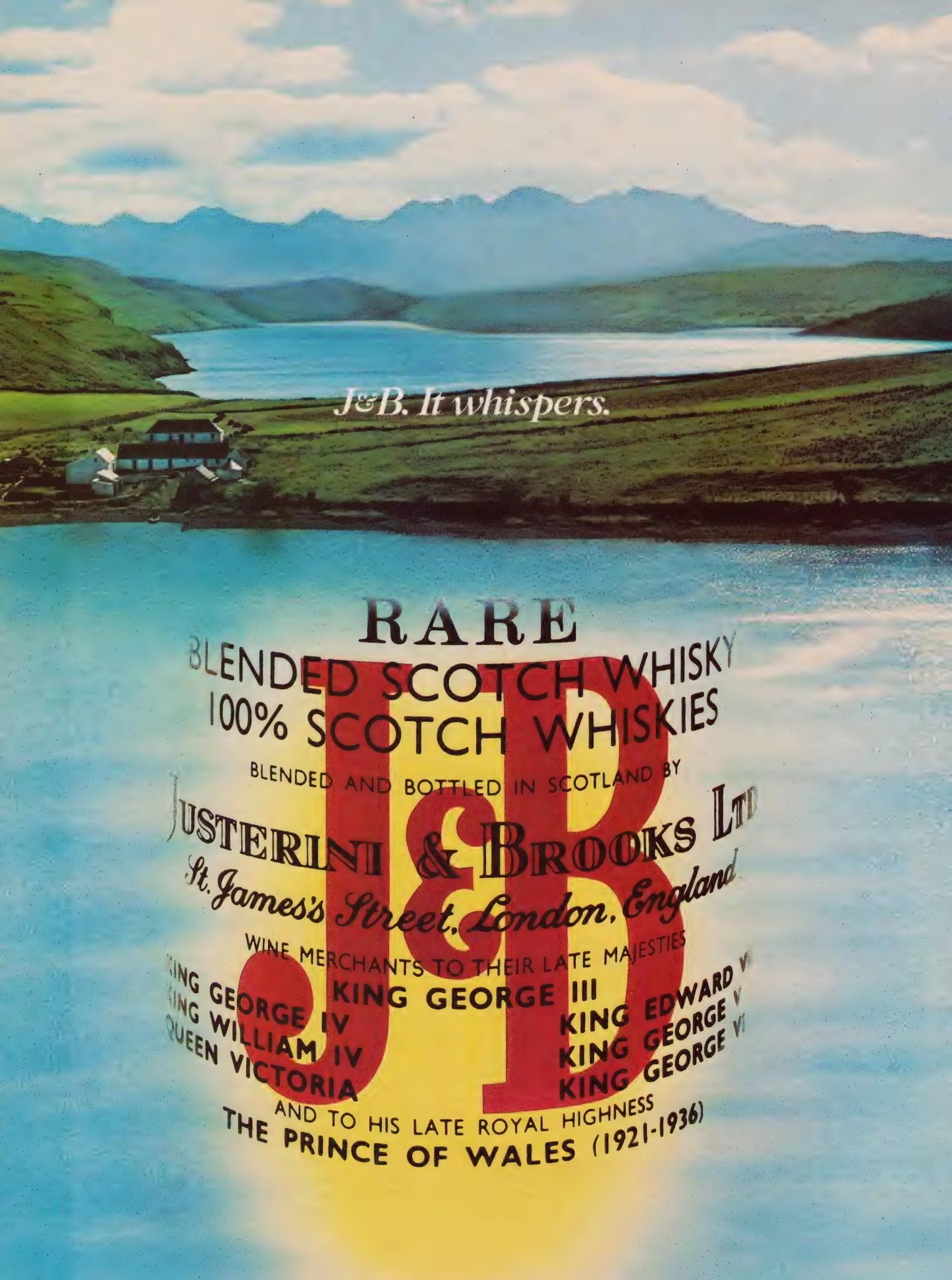
met for pre-marital trysts that, if the street revellers would only shut up, she might reach it even with her soft floating *pianissimo*. After all, a critic wrote in Tokyo, her *pianissimi* "go on spinning a thin silk thread of words and melodies, across space and across time."

She is Rosemarie Landry, globe-trotting soprano, and here in Quebec City, during the excessive winter carnival, she feels she belongs. That's how she felt as a girl on long-gone Sunday evenings at her grandfather's house in Caraquet, N.B. Her grandfather played fiddle. So did her father. He had three brothers and two sisters and, what with the fiddles, guitars, a mandolin and piano, they amounted to "an Acadian chamber orchestra." Two of her six cousins played piano, and they all sang. At five, she was studying piano. At nine, she was competing in music festivals throughout northeastern New Brunswick. "My mother used to say the two most important things in life were going to school and practising piano," she

says. "I loved piano. It sure beat washing up the dishes." Moreover, although not all nuns were nice, "there were nice nuns in Caraquet," and they fanned her love of music.

The soup's gone, the steak shrinks, the cake with whipped cream and chocolate sauce is doomed. ("I am addicted to Belgian chocolate," she volunteers, rolling her eyes. "Ah, it is to die!") At 12:30 p.m., the Acadian nightingale needs her energy. "Energy" is one of her favorite words in English. For hours before a performance she eats nothing because she does not want the act of digestion to absorb even an ounce of her onstage energy.

"Discipline," to Landry, is an even more important word. She believes in discipline for herself the way Captain Bligh believed in discipline for the Royal Navy. Her back is straight, her gestures as quick as her broad smile. She is stubborn, studious, single-minded, abstinent. Yet, she is vivacious, and almost fluffy feminine. ("Is that the queen?" an awestruck girl asks while a photographer grabs a shot of Landry outside the restaurant. It is a flattering question. The queen of the Quebec Winter Carnival, chosen last night, is a teenager. Landry's in her mid-30s.) To an anglo male, she



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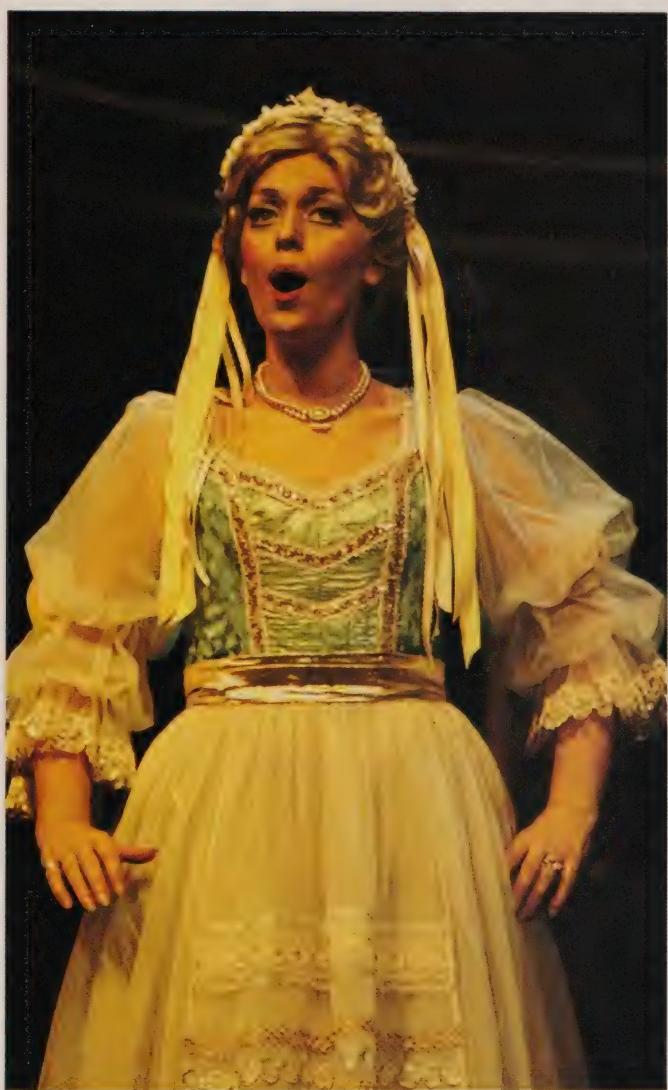
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Landry and husband's romance blossomed in Quebec City



Critics praise her voice for its "sensual elegance"

is the strangest combination of iron determination and *joie de vivre*.

No Canadian could possibly have come by these qualities more naturally than Landry. From her painted fingernails, to the planes of her forehead, to the roots of her singing heart, she is Acadian; and the story of the Acadians is a story not just of determined survivors but also of joyful survivors, lyrical survivors. On both her father's and mother's sides, Landry is a descendant of Alexis Landry. Born in the Annapolis Valley in 1720 and ejected by the British in the Great Expulsion of 1755, he settled at Caraquet around 1760. British raiders drove him out in 1761, but he soon returned. Stubbornness runs in the family.

Historian W.F. Ganong called Alexis "the most prominent and no doubt the earliest" of the Acadian founders of Caraquet. In 1784, just 200 years ago, the government granted land to 34 French-speaking families in Caraquet, and among them were Cormiers, Gallants, Boudreaus, Poiriers, Thibodeaus

and, already, no less than six sets of Landrys. Rosemarie's parents, seven generations after Alexis, still live on his land grant. That's where she grew up, and that's where she goes when she comes home to see her family. The telephone listings for the Caraquet neighborhood include nearly 400 Landry households.

She was not an entirely good little Acadian girl. Her parents, Hedwidge and Adelbert Landry (lumber, pulpwood, construction) sent her to a convent school in Moncton, but she was so unco-operative the nuns kicked her out. "I hated it from the moment I went in," she says. "I am too much of an individualist." If she refused to attend mass it was because she wanted to go in her own good time, not when the nuns commanded. "I don't like people telling me what to do." (Folksinger Edith Butler was a schoolmate in Moncton, and novelist Antonine Maillet taught at the same school. Landry still sees not only them, from time to time, but also singer Angèle Arsenault and actress Viola Léger, and what is it about the Acadian

culture that has lately spawned so many creative women?) Her parents now tried a similar school in Montreal but, once again, nuns expelled their "stubborn girl."

It was in Montreal, however, that she met the right nun at the right time, a voice teacher named Sister Rolande Ouimet: "Before I met her, people thought I was gifted, but I was nothing special. I did not discipline myself. She taught me how to work, how to make my work effective, and how to love the ideal of perfection." While studying voice, piano, music history and theory at the Université de Montréal, Landry endured a schedule so tight that Sister Rolande Ouimet insisted on giving her voice lessons at 8:30 a.m. "That's almost unheard-of," Landry says. "Your body's just not ready in the early morning. I know singers who won't open their mouths till two in the afternoon..."

"Sometimes I would just hate her. I met her when I was 19, and I became a workaholic. For four years, I didn't live except to train to be a singer.... But she

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believed in me. That woman gave me a love of discipline, and it has never left me. She was a very, very special woman, a wonderful woman." The nun's in Haiti now. They keep in touch.

After graduating from the Université de Montréal, Landry earned her master's degree in voice from Université Laval. Meanwhile, she had met Fernand Doucet, a fellow Acadian from Campbellton, up Chaleur Bay from Caraquet. They married in August, 1970. The reception was at her parents' house on the ancient Landry property, and naturally the family orchestra performed. The couple stayed at a friend's house for a three-day party. "The amount of liquor was absolutely astonishing," Landry recalls. "It was just an in-credible party. We still talk about it."

They've lived in the heart of Toronto for 10 years, ever since Landry won a Canada Council scholarship to study opera there "so my voice could grow and expand." Doucet, a civilian employee of the Department of National Defence, teaches courses in career development to the military. He's a trim, engaging man with a dark, full, neat beard. It makes him look like a rising young naval officer in Edwardian England. Doucet's father's people are from the Chéticamp district of Cape Breton Island. "I love it there," Landry says. "A big part of his father's family is there, and when they meet him, they go back through four generations to decide, 'Now we know you'...." Quebecois sometimes point out that New Brunswick French is charmingly archaic, but Landry says Chéticamp is "so removed, the French language didn't grow and change there. It's like the 17th century still. The accent and the use of verbs, it's so beautiful."

Landry's own accent appalled the late Pierre Bernac when she first took lessons from him in Paris. He was a master of the French art song and, she explains, "it requires a very specialized form of language, and purity of tone. He said I could talk with whatever accent I wanted, but I could not sing French art songs with an Acadian accent. We worked on nothing but my vowels for months on end." Along with Gérard Souzay, "one of the great French singers," from whom Landry has also taken lessons, she is now among the dwindling handful of superb interpreters of French art song. Her recitals, however, are not quite like those of any other classical soprano. For in response to cries of *encore* in concert halls round the world, she returns to the stage to toss off an Acadian folk song. Soon she'll be performing with the Singapore Symphony, and it's not every day that steamy Singapore gets a dollop of culture from cool Caraquet.

But here in Quebec City, downriver



"If I am very careful not to abuse the voice... I should be performing till I am perhaps 55"



To anglo males — and others — Landry combines iron determination and *joie de vivre*

from the Plains of Abraham, she talks not about Singapore but about what it takes to be a singer. Dessert disappears down the little red lane and aromatic coffee arrives in a creamy cup, but she refuses cognac. Nor did she take even a teaspoon of wine with her steak. She likes cognac and wine, but "they dry the throat, and also make me talk too

much," and that's bad for "the voice." Ah, "the voice." Sometimes she simply means the human voice, "the most beautiful and delicate of all instruments"; but more often "the voice" is her voice, the Rosemarie Landry voice, the voice that requires pampering, coaching, the attention of specialists, and ceaseless motherly concern. It is as though the voice were

COVER STORY

the last, fragile child of a reigning monarch. "I must keep the voice healthy," she says. And, "I make sure the voice gets regular check-ups."

The voice. A Montreal critic praised its "sensual elegance"; a Toronto critic lauded its "soaring purity"; another Toronto critic referred to Landry's "beautifully limpid line and deft skill"; and a writer in the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record* said the voice was the "ideal medium" for the songs of Richard Strauss. It was "warm, effortless and vibrant, but never heavy or aggressive." Overseas, *Music & Musicians* responded to her London débüt with praise for her "highly polished platform manner... exuberant singing, and finely spun tones"; *Le Monde*, Paris, described her "superb interpretation" in an opera première in Lyons; and a critic in Tokyo confessed that, after hearing a Landry recital, "I was filled with happiness on my way home." Even this tribute was restrained beside that of the Icelandic music lover who, after her recital in a place called Austurbaejarbio, wrote that her renditions of songs by Gounod, Debussy, Strauss and Poulenc proved her soul was "as deep and beautiful as theirs." Landry remembers Iceland. "I sang in a movie theatre," she laughs, "between two thrillers. We had a packed house."

The voice has taken her to Italy, Czechoslovakia, Ireland, Hong Kong, North Dakota, Colorado, Arkansas, New Jersey; to the glitter, black ties and bejewelled crowds, all smelling of money, at Toronto's Roy Thomson Hall; to good old boys and girls down home at Caraquet during the annual Festival Acadien; to vice-regal splendor at Rideau Hall, where her singing for the out-going Governor-General, Edward Schreyer, was nationally televised; to a concert hall in the Quebec City neighborhood of Ste-Foy where she will open tomorrow night in the title role of a French version of *The Merry Widow* (*La Veuve Joyeuse*). For the first time in her life, she'll dance onstage. At tonight's dress rehearsal, she'll waltz with her romantic lead, tenor Daniel Cassier, but she'll scarcely sing at all. The voice, you know. One must always look after the voice.

"If I am very careful not to abuse the voice," she says, "I should be performing till I am perhaps 55. Sometimes one has to quit earlier, but I studied at university for 10 years, and I created a very good foundation of technique. If I can sing 20 more years, I'll have time to really build a career. To build a career, that is a life investment." And it means ruthless scheduling and restraint.

"I don't smoke, of course," she says. "I rarely drink anything alcoholic, and in the weeks of rehearsing or performing, I never touch it at all. Sometimes, I talk as little as I can. I may be talking too much now. I work extremely hard,

from morning to night, and I am fortunate to have excellent health. It's so good I rarely even suffer jet lag." She dislikes team sports, can barely swim, and detests jogging. Yet she endures an exercise workout program that eats up two hours of every second day. Why? "I decided I wasn't going to grow up as an old flabby woman." Also, and more important, "for my singing. It helps my stamina. It was excruciating at first, even when I did it slowly. I was ready to die. But now I feel so much better. It improves my performing. I feel better and can do more. In rehearsal, I sometimes have to stand for hours, and now my legs are more fitter to hold me."

She flirted with tennis as a route to fitness, actually liked it, then quit. She knew she'd never have time to get good at it, and couldn't stand being mediocre. "I cannot do anything by halves," she explains. She could not be a good singer and, at the same time, a good mother, so she denied herself children. Singers with children felt guilty while away from them, and guilty while away from their work, "and I couldn't live like that." The fact that Maureen Forrester could amazes her. Landry has often performed with the celebrated contralto — and mother of five — and marvels that "some years, she's been away eleven months. It's bringing up children by telephone. She is just an incredibly strong, healthy woman. I have never known anyone to have such energy."

Landry is not so fond of everybody in her business. Sopranos, she suggests, don't get along all that well. Percussionists sometimes hang around together, or violinists, or woodwind players, but you're unlikely to find sopranos who meet regularly for lunch. Indeed, opera stars often loathe their rivals. On PBS TV, Grace Bumbry and Leontyne Price sing a sisterly duet of unearthly beauty, but unless you're privy to the trade gossip that a Rosemarie Landry hears, you'd never know that these two great, black divas "absolutely detest each other." But what about Landry? Is she temperamental? Does she occasionally find she's not exactly hitting it off with a rival?

That, she suggests, is a naughty line of inquiry. All she'll allow is that she's glad she's not one of the two performers in *The Merry Widow* who can't bear each other; that temperaments must inevitably clash in her business; that professional singers "are individualists. We have strong egos. You need a strong ego to protect yourself." Moreover, not liking someone is finally irrelevant. The complete pro knows that, no matter what's bothering her — a fight with a manager, a sleepless night, a wounding review — she must always strive "to be better than the last time." Sometimes, "you have to sing a duet with a man who has a terrible,

garlicky breath, or who is otherwise totally disgusting." It doesn't matter. You do the best you can with the voice.

"I know many people with just beautiful voices," Landry says, "but they cannot face the pressure of being onstage and revealing your soul like that." The human voice is not a manufactured instrument like a clarinet, violin, or piano. It is a God-given expression of yourself. It is *you*. That's why nasty reviews cut so deeply. The two nasties that Landry's endured appeared in Ottawa and Montreal, a fact that won't surprise critics who believe Canadian artists suffer most at the hands of Canadian critics. She kept telling herself, reasonably enough, that no one could please everyone, "but I could not face the fact that people did not like my voice, did not love me. It just destroyed me. It's really silly."

Lunch consumed, she strolls up St. Jean Street, then down to the historic neighborhood where she first lived with Fernand Doucet. "I have a very supportive husband," she says. "I trust him very, very much." She hopes that some day they'll be able to afford to have him join her in all her travels as her personal manager. "That I would love." She picks up her rented car at the Chateau Frontenac, and drives to the house in St. Augustin where she's been staying with Pierre Pouliot, a prominent Quebec City lawyer, and his wife, Hélène. They've been friends of Doucet's for two decades, of Landry's for 16 years; and now, in their living room, she unlimbers the voice. She stops. "I knew it," she says. "I talked too much at lunch. I spoke too much today."

But she continues for 45 minutes, clowning for a photographer, singing to the Pouliots' canary ("my competition"), flashing her eyes and teeth, offering snatches of *The Merry Widow* and snatches of old Acadia, and only occasionally letting the voice soar till it threatens to lift the roof. She is enjoying to the hilt every second of the late, darkening afternoon, but at 4:30 sharp it's time to report to the concert hall for a dress rehearsal that'll last till midnight. She is punctual to a fault. As she leaves, Hélène Pouliot gives her a snack in an orange, plastic lunchbox, decorated with a familiar mutt. "My God," someone will soon marvel in the dressing room, "a diva with a Snoopy lunchpail."

Tomorrow night, Saturday night, *The Merry Widow* will open to a full house, and the tension is building. Rosemarie Landry need not worry. When the curtain falls at midnight and it's her turn to bow alone, the crowd will jump to its feet, the clapping will turn rhythmic, screams of *bravo* will mingle with approving whistles, and up in the balcony a man who's come all the way from Toronto will be doing his bit to keep the sweet applause rolling, a man named Fernand Doucet. He'll be more than welcome at the backstage party, you may be sure. ☑

Buctouche, N.B.

A century ago, the town gave birth to the industrial empire of K.C. Irving. Today, Buctouche is pinning its hopes for the future on the creation of another famous native — Antonine Maillet's dirt-poor charwoman

By Chris Wood

The first image is startling and dramatically out of place: An immense cubist structure in reflecting glass and dove-grey concrete, set in a field immaculate with fresh snow. To the visitor driving up Route 11 from Moncton, it looks like a surrealist joke on modern architecture.

The joke, in fact, is on the ambitions of an Ontario microelectronics firm. The gleaming, \$10-million building was meant to house 1,000 workers making switching gear for Mitel Corp., high-flying darling of the Canadian high-tech industry when this project was announced in 1981.

Mitel has since stumbled on the fast tracks; its Buctouche plant sits unfinished, an empty shell looking for a buyer. The lobby, modern and impressive in the artists' conceptions, is an unlit cavern walled in bare steel studs. Two bored and lonely security guards occupy the four small offices that are the only habitable space in the building.

The real Buctouche (Buctouche, as the village's 2,500 predominantly French-speaking residents spell it), is over the hill and across the river. It is less pretentious than the monument to over-zealous sales forecasts out on the highway. Less aggressively modern, too. White, Victorian Gothic homesteads run out along the line of Buctouche Bay. The main street presents a solid, mid-century facade of commercial buildings. Even the relatively new Ecole Polyvalente (vocational high school), up the hill above the centre of town, seems self-effacing.

It is a modest village. It has seen fortunes made, true enough, but it has watched them dissipated, as well. Life here has been hard as often as it has been sweet, and *la survivance* is a measure of success. Mitel's failure to graft its gleaming vision of Silicon Valley East onto the village of Buctouche seems unsurprising, if regrettable.

The roots of the place are more enduring.

Indians knew the area as Chebookootsoosh (apparently describing its "little

big harbor," one of the finest along the Northumberland Strait). The Acadians who began arriving in 1785 dropped the first syllable. The Scottish and Irish settlers who followed in the early 1800s merely consolidated its spelling.

In short order, the English-speaking late arrivals also managed to take over the commerce and industry of the fledgling settlement. By 1887, when a spur of the Inter-Colonial Railway connected Buctouche with Moncton for the first time, businessmen with names such as McNairn and McMillan had launched most of the ventures common to 100 other Maritime villages — shipbuilding, lumbering, grist and sawmilling.



Mitel plant: Monument to over-zealous sales forecasts

Acadians, for the most part, lived on farms beyond town and worked the bush camps in winter; the poorest fished clams for pennies a peck, and came home to shacks along the waterfront, literally below the tracks.

An exception was the energetic Rev. François Xavier Michaud. Michaud wasn't a local son but a native of Madawaska who arrived in Buctouche in 1876 after a stint at the Saint John diocese. But he was, from all accounts, a tough-minded motivator of the local Catholic population, and a shrewd businessman. He was instrumental in promoting the rail line to Buctouche; he founded (and may also have held shares in) a butter and cheese factory, mills, a model farm and a general store.

Michaud also supervised the building of a convent school, where Sisters of Charity and later Soeurs de Notre Dame du Sacre Coeur educated generations of

Acadian daughters. A feminine sensibility lingers yet in the delicate ivory altar and the soft green and gold vaulting of the convent chapel. But a January visit to the former convent's unheated third-floor dormitories gives bone-chilling evidence of the rigors those young *Acadiennes* endured for the sake of learning.

Despite Father Michaud's efforts, turn-of-the-century Buctouche was an English-speaking village, with a pronounced Scots accent. And among those clans of Presbyterian Scots was one called Irving.

By 1899, when second-generation pioneer James D. Irving fathered an infant to be baptized Kenneth Colin Irving, the family controlled a broad stretch of the north shore of the Buctouche River, and Irving interests already included a sawmill, a gristmill, a wool mill, a company store and substantial woodlands.

The Irving influence in Buctouche is inescapable. Where the string of mills once stood along the waterfront east of the centre of town, the Irvings' general store is still in business. Renovated and

expanded over the years, and twice rebuilt after fires, it is still one part supermarket, one part hardware and appliance store and one part family clothing store, although it probably suffers badly from the competition provided by Moncton, only 30 minutes away on Route 11.

Across the main street — formally named Irving Boulevard in 1975 — is the corner where a 25-year-old Kenneth Irving opened his first garage in 1924, pumping Imperial Oil gasoline and selling Ford automobiles. The garage is gone now, the corner restored to lawn and young trees. But

you can look east to a small tank farm farther up the road, where squat, white cylinders bear the name of the oil empire young K.C. Irving founded four years later in Saint John.

Closer at hand, set back from Irving Boulevard among a protective grove of elms, is a small house in white clapboard and the green shingles favored by Buctouche builders. Its twin gables and broad front windows offer a spectacular view of the Buctouche estuary. Kenneth Irving, now 85, returns every summer from his retirement home in Nassau to this disarmingly tiny cottage.

"You'll meet him on the street now and again," says Laurie Boucher, mayor of Buctouche for all but three years since 1970. "He visits his old friends."

As elsewhere in New Brunswick, the Irving presence in Buctouche is ambiguous. The family's property holdings have sometimes frustrated would-be

SMALL TOWNS

commercial investors. Attempts to develop the magnificent, 12-km beach formed by the Buctouche Bar, a sand-spit that defines the outer limit of Buctouche Bay, are complicated by the fact that the Irving family holds title to it.

But Irving investment is also responsible for the presence, on part of the former family farm, of Kent Homes Ltd., the village's largest employer. Between mid-February and mid-December every year, 150 tradesmen turn out as many as 300 ready-built homes from the company's vast green shed of a building. Assembly-line principles govern the operation, with raw lumber entering the toe of the L-shaped plant, to be transformed on three production lines into floors, walls and roof trusses. Walls are set on floors and trusses on walls, as the home-under-construction moves up the line. Specialists wrap the frames in insulation, and install a complete set of doors and windows in a single day.

"We can build a home in eight production days," boasts plant manager Gabriel Robichaud. "The site work, excavation and foundations take longer to get ready than the houses themselves." Finished homes are shipped from Buctouche to buyers throughout New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and the Gaspé coast of Quebec.

Irving philanthropy has occasionally been more direct than merely providing jobs. When Laurie Boucher, then an ordinary citizen on a committee raising money for a village arena, approached K.C. Irving for help in 1969, "he wrote us a cheque for \$70,000." Earlier, the Irving family had contributed a carillon, one of the most resonant in Atlantic Canada, to the Buctouche church. More recently, Boucher says, "when the senior citizen's complex [completed in 1983] needed a prime spot, they gave the land, more than was needed."

"You read all these things about the Irvings," Boucher muses, "but that's not the Irving I know."

The Irving connection with Buctouche is fading, however. The family chieftain may return every summer, but his sons and grandchildren seldom appear on the village streets. They prefer to relax out of public view, at the expansive, beachfront compound along the bay, with its private airstrip, swimming pool and carefully preserved security.

The other Scots families have disappeared, drawn away to better prospects in Moncton. By 1960, the Presbyterian Church in Buctouche was no longer used. Today, of several Protestant churches built in the area, only one still stands — a tiny and unpainted Anglican Chapel across the river from the village.

The names remain. Street signs that mark Rue McLaughlin or Ave. Sheridan. Gravestones, half-buried in the undisturbed snow of the small Presbyterian cemetery, read "John Hutchinson. Died

1903," "Lt. Col. John Sheridan," "McNairn," "Ward."

Buctouche today is 95% French-speaking. As in much of New Brunswick, it is a French laced heavily with anglicisms. At Le Comptoir Lunch in the small local mall, men in work clothes and bush jackets fill the idle weeks of winter with conversation. A hand-painted sign down the road advertises "Herreng fresh."

Irving interests aside, most Buctouche commerce is now in Acadian hands. The Mills brothers, Gérard and Roger (Acadian despite the name), employ 100 men and women at the peak of the season, packing clams, scallops, smelt and oysters for sale to American buyers. Buctouche Fish Market, under proprietor Omer Duplessis, last year won a provincial government award for its success at exporting seafood.

Increasingly, though, Buctouche is a bedroom community. More than 100 of its residents commute daily to jobs in Moncton. Most make major purchases there. And for the young, opportunity beckons from away. "Most graduates who choose to continue their education," observes Jean-Paul LeBlanc, guidance counsellor at the Polyvalante, "will have to find work somewhere else."

Those who stay face mixed prospects. Jobs at Kent Homes are steady, but new openings few. The village's complement of services — a pair of restaurants, one drugstore downtown and another at the mall, an auto parts store and a home hardware, a variety of fast-food places — offer more opportunity, but lower wages. And most of the other jobs, on local tobacco farms or in the fish plants, are seasonal.

Unemployment is high in Buctouche and surrounding Kent County. "Making your stamps" to qualify for unemployment insurance "is an obsession" for many people, a local UIC counsellor says. Some residents with regular jobs complain about that obsession. "A lot of them could find work and don't," a government employee says. "I don't think that's nice."

Perhaps so. But Laurie Boucher objects that "it's easy if you're in a government office, where it's nice and warm and well lighted and you have a good view and four coffee breaks a day, to say 'These people are lazy, they don't want to work.' But you go out oyster or smelt fishing [through the ice] on that bay when it's 20 below, with a cross wind of 30 miles an hour. It's no coffee break!"

And the seasonal economy has its compensations. While other areas suffered record numbers of business bankruptcies and mortgage foreclosures during the trough of the 1981-82 recession, Buctouche escaped virtually untouched.

These days, snowmobiles have re-

placed the horses that once dragged box-shaped sleds out on the ice to hold the winter catch. But the long-handled rakes used to pluck oysters from the shallow bottom of Buctouche Bay are much the same as the ones Acadian fishermen used a century ago.

It is a lifestyle immortalized by another famous Buctouche native, writer Antonine Maillet. The harsh life and indomitable spirit of Acadians are personified in her stories of the aged cleaning woman La Sagouine. She won the coveted French literary prize, the Prix Goncourt, for her novel about Acadians returning from exile in Louisiana, *Pélage-la-Charette*.

Maillet returns to Buctouche in summer to a cottage at the north end of the bay, where she writes in a lighthouse-



Sarah Cormier was one of the models for La Sagouine

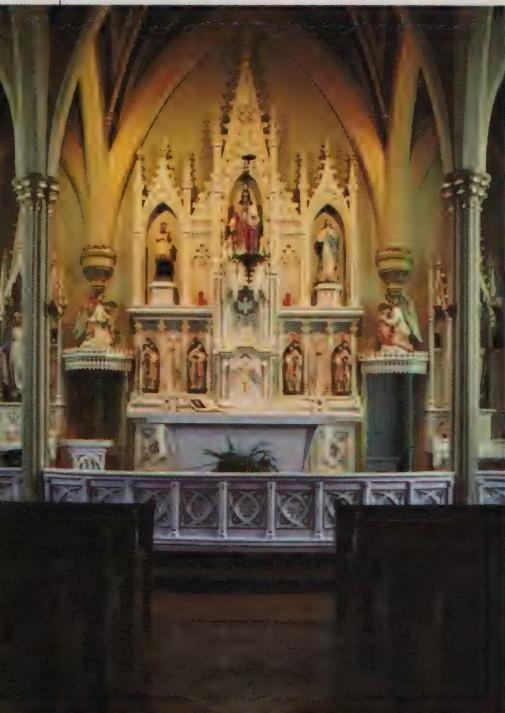
inspired turret overlooking Northumberland Strait.

La Sagouine's fame has inspired local business people to envision a tourist attraction based on the character, recreating early Acadian life. "We have the nicest beaches in the world here, and they go right by at 70 miles an hour to Prince Edward Island," says Ralph Gaudet manager of the local Royal Bank branch. "If we have something to stop the tourists here, then we can have the restaurants and the motels and so on."

A "Sagouine theme park" is being studied by a consultant. It's not the only whiff of tourist development in the sea breeze that ruffles Buctouche Bay. The province has its eye on the miles-long unspoiled beaches of what locals call La Dune, the Buctouche sand spit, as the site of a new provincial park. It doesn't hurt that the local MLA, Omer Leger, happens to be New Brunswick's minister of Tourism.

If the dreamed-of Sagouine park does blossom on the Buctouche shoreline — complete with souvenir shop and

Université de Moncton co-eds dressed as Acadian charwomen — the steamy aroma of canned *poutine rapé* and *frites* rising from the snack bar will carry a strong scent of irony to some of Buctouche's older residents. Because, while Maillet's famous character may be a composite of several women, the life she



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

describes is no fiction, and you can still find a flesh-and-blood Sagouine living in Buctouche.

Sarah Cormier is now in her late 60s. A small, grey-haired woman with few teeth and a long memory, she's lived for decades in a mean, three-room house down by the river. The house where she bore 19 children, and lost nine to malnutrition and other complications of poverty, now has a fridge and a black and white TV. But its walls are chinked with scraps of plywood; its floor is an undulating patchwork of old linoleum through which the river damp rises.

"I remember going to bed hungry when I was pregnant," she tells a visitor. "We'd have a Christmas dinner that was only clams and flour. No *pain-doux* [cakes], no meat. It wasn't an easy life. That's why I speak of courage."

Cormier no longer takes in washing. But she does eke out her social assistance income with occasional card-readings for locals curious about their future. She treasures a fistful of yellowed newspaper clippings identifying her as one of Maillet's models for La Sagouine, but she complains bitterly that the character's fame, which has brought fortune to Maillet and may do the same for Buctouche, has produced little benefit for her, beyond attracting the occasional curious visitor to her door.

Irony aside, tourism will be welcome in Buctouche for another reason. It celebrates summer, and Buctouche

comes alive in summer.

Unlocked from the winter's ice, the marshes gleam green and gold under the sun, vibrating with the seasonal congregation of waterfowl. The wharf ceases to be a dump for snow, and becomes a diving board for kids and a fishing-platform for anglers.

An influx of cottagers — there are 1,500 summer camps in the area — doubles the population. Sun-baked Saturdays bring carloads of teenagers to cruise the length of Irving Blvd., to the despair of the local RCMP and the delight of youthful admirers parked on front porches and garden walls. Sunday afternoon finds the field beside the village's oval harness track bumper-to-spoke with sulkies and horse-trailers from local farms (it being Sunday, there is, officially at least, no betting).

In summer, Ralph Gaudet sneaks away from his bank at noon to dig a few clams and cook them on the beach just below his cottage, getting back in time for the afternoon's workload. "What more could a fellow want?" At sunset, village administrator Jacques Bourque goes walking with his wife along La Dune. "My god, it's lovely there when the sun goes down."

In summer, the people of Buctouche can put the lure and disappointment of ventures such as Mitel out of mind in the contentment of sun-warmed sand and the savory steam hissing from the clampot.

Summer in Buctouche, they will tell you, makes everything worth while. ☒

(above) Chapel of former convent; (below) Buctouche, seen from the river

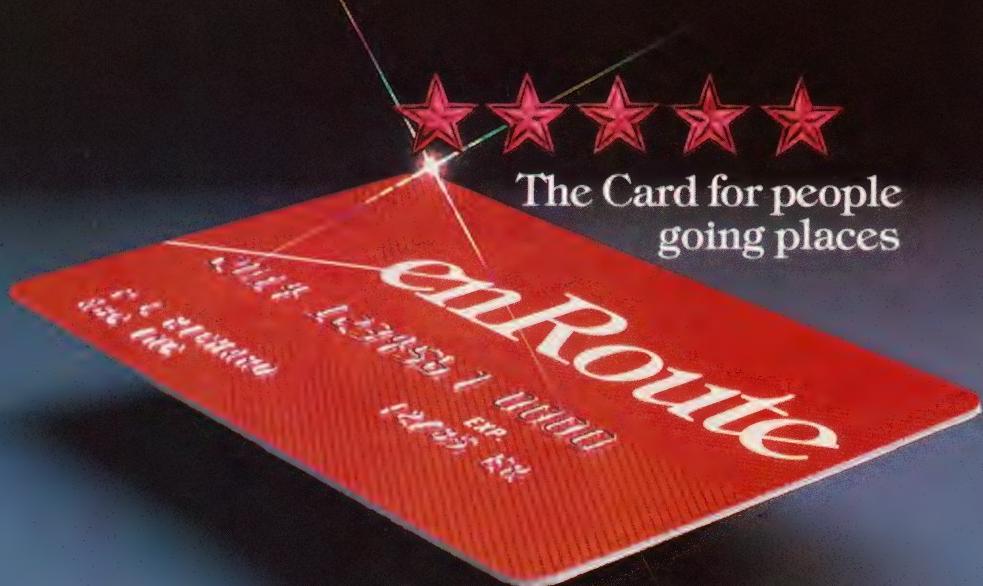


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BUSINESS FORUM

New Brunswick: Potash revives mining sector

The Business Forum this month concentrates on a number of specific success stories, from the potash industry in New Brunswick, to the development and marketing of a needlessless, personal injection device by a firm in Prince Edward Island.

Every one of these articles underscores the fruits of a consistent belief in the economies of Atlantic Canada.

In future issues such success stories will be counter-balanced by examinations of the policy options available to the region as it copes with the present and prepares for the future.

J. M. Daley
Publisher

If it weren't for the vast deposits of potash now being mined near Sussex, New Brunswick, eastern Canada's mining industry would be in the doldrums.

The arrival of the first rail cars of postash in Saint John early in January to await shipment to Denmark climaxed more than a decade of drilling and testing.

But the real story of potash in New Brunswick goes back even further, more than three decades, to the early 1950s when it was discovered, and subsequently ignored, for more than 14 years.

Potash Company of America, the first of three companies in the Sussex area to announce it planned commercial production (Denison Mines Ltd. in partnership with the Potash Company of Canada, and BP Resources Canada Ltd. are both still in the exploration stage), has so far spent more than \$220 million developing the potash mine at Plumweseep. Denison has spent \$240 million to date, and hopes to bring commercial production on line in 1985. BP Resources have confirmed finding large deposits but are at least a year behind Denison.

The future potential to the companies and the province, which receives royalties on each tonne mined, are an exciting base on which the currently slow mining industry of New Brunswick is building for tomorrow.

But it wasn't so exciting when prospectors first discovered the deposit existed.

In 1954, a group of geological prospectors stumbled on a small salt spring close to the town of Sussex. The discovery was interesting, but really nothing to dance about. There were already several salt mines in the Atlantic provinces, and another one might be more than the market could bear. But the searchers were interested enough to order an analysis of the spring water, just to see what the earth below might have to offer.

When the analysis was completed, they became a little more excited. The readings pointed, not only to the

presence of potentially large sodium chloride (salt) fields in the area, but to traces of potassium chloride (potash). Though potash, used mainly in fertilizers, was then — as it is now — seven times more valuable than salt, it was not visualized as being present in large enough quantities for mining.

For 14 years the geologists and the New Brunswick Department of Mines tried to attract investors. The response was nil and the province — at that time — had no money to gamble on so uncertain a project.

In 1969, with dust gathering on the analysis of a decade and a half earlier, the provincial Department of Natural Resources talked to the newly formed federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion (DREE). Eager to show its willingness to help the provinces, DREE decided the findings in the dusty old files were right up their street. Evidence from the analysis was convincing. There was enough justification for test drilling. DREE offered to pay the entire cost of 10,000 feet of drilling up to a maximum of \$185,000.

One year later, on November 24, 1970, three submissions, from companies hoping to do the exploratory work, were opened in Fredericton.

A North Bay, Ontario, company with offices in Bathurst, N.B., Inspiration Drilling (now Ideal Drilling Ltd.) was awarded the contract with a bid of \$126,349.50, covering a total drilling depth of 9,250 feet.

Gravimetric surveys, intricate and technical machine readings, were made by the advanced geological searchers placed at the site, in an attempt to pre-judge the area covered by the salt deposit, even before the drilling started.

A discovery hole was drilled at Plumweseep, close to Sussex, on January 9, 1971. By the time drilling ended on February 18, 1971, the geologists knew they had hit the jackpot.

Thirteen years later, in February, 1984, Basil Small, the original DREE representative on the scene, recalled clearly the cool and calm comment by J. K. Worth, geologist in charge of the project, as he examined the first core samples brought to the surface from

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BUSINESS FORUM

below the 900-foot mark.

"I believe we've cut some potash," he said.

This simple statement, which soon turned out to be the understatement of all time, was the signal for intensified drilling. Between 909 feet, where the potash was located, and 1,001 feet, a total of 68 feet of potash was intersected.

Working from the gravimetric survey results, a second hole was started on March 11, 1971, at Penobsquis, eight kilometers from the first site. They found lots of salt but, as was discovered later, they missed a rich deposit of potash by a matter of feet.

But enthusiasm was high and the drillers were not deterred. When drilling ended on April 28, 1971, a joint decision by DREE and the provincial government had already been made to put the mining rights out to tender.

When November 1, 1971, rolled around, the tender closing date, everyone's hopes had been exceeded. The invitation to bid advertised in Canadian and United States newspapers, and in world mining journals, brought a response from seven highly reputable and experienced companies and consortiums.

By this time salt was a minor player in the game. Potash was the mineral being sought.

In January, 1973, the Potash Company of America was awarded the rights to drill in designated areas near Plumweseep. DREE and the province, anxious for the project to go ahead, agreed to provide and pay for a geologist with knowledge of the area, to assist PCA in any way possible.

On October 26, 1977, 23 years after the first discovery was made, Premier Richard Hatfield announced that PCA had decided to invest \$106 million of its own money in establishing a mine and potash refinery at Penobsquis, six kilometers east of Sussex.

By the end of 1981 the PCA investment had ballooned to \$150 million and the hoped for 1982 production date was delayed to early in 1983.

PCA's decision to go ahead acted as a magnet to other potash producers. International Minerals and Chemical Corporation (Canada) Ltd. was awarded a second lease. It was subsequently transferred to Denison Mines Ltd. and in 1980 Denison sold a 40-per-cent interest in its lease to the Potash Company of Canada. The site was at Salt Springs, some 20 kilometers from Penobsquis. Shortly afterwards, BP Exploration Canada Ltd., was given the nod to make

tests at a third point on a triangle, 20 kilometers from both Penobsquis and Salt Springs. This millstream site has subsequently proved to be rich in potash.

Each site has provided construction work to more than 400 semi-skilled workers. Each will employ in excess of 300 workers when in full production.

As the production date grew closer for the first mine, Gordon C. Moulard, National Harbour Board manager for the Port of Saint John, announced an agreement in September, 1981. A special terminal was to be built at Barrack Point, on the south-eastern end of the Saint John south-end peninsula.

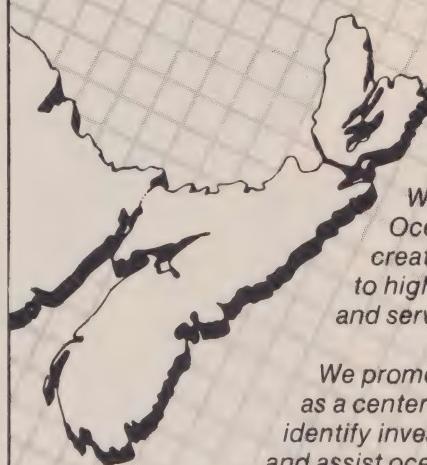
With the potash now moving, the province is starting to look for its share

of the revenue. Both PCA and Denison, will pay a tonnage royalty that could net the province in excess of \$12 million each year when both mines reach their hoped-for production of 900,000 metric tonnes.

Fears existed in Sussex that the arrival of large numbers of year round jobs would deny the farms, which dominate the economy of area, the vital manpower needed in the summer months. So far this has not happened, and a Sussex bylaw that does not permit trailer homes, has driven the majority of the mine workers to sites outside the town on the edge of the mine sites.

But the miners are spending their money locally. A large new mall was built, mainly as a result of the new source

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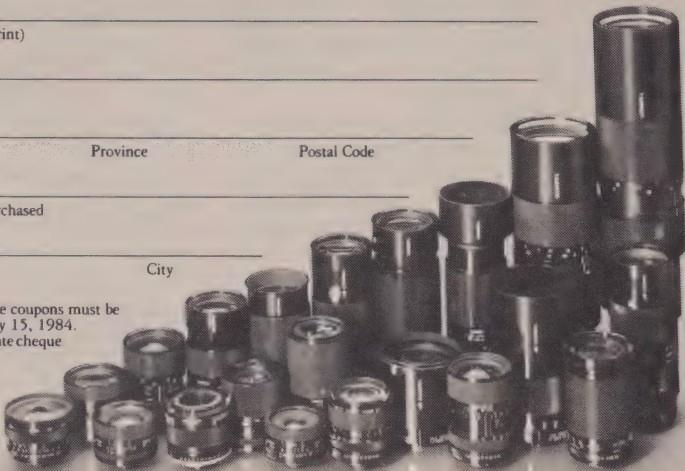
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BUSINESS FORUM

of revenue. A club outside the town that was close to going under is now flourishing. Merchants in Sussex report large increases in sales.

At the moment, potash is a major factor in the New Brunswick economy, and it can only be more important as prices for potash rise, as all three drilling companies anticipate.

While mines like Heath Steele, near Newcastle, remain closed, waiting for lead and copper prices to improve, and Brunswick Mining and Smelting Corporation Ltd. has put a temporary halt on plans to build a \$360-million zinc smelter at Belledune, there are other indications that the mining industry is on the verge of a revival that could create thousands of jobs.

Billiton Canada Ltd. and Brunswick Tin Mines Ltd. have completed a \$120-million tungsten-molybdenum mine and are almost at the production stage.

The antimony mine operated by Consolidated Durham Mines & Resources Ltd. was closed in 1981, but as Canada's only producer of this deposit, the company confidently hopes it will be reopened soon, with a newly located ore body on stream.

The federal government, through the Department of Regional Industrial Expansion (DRIE), which started the entire potash ball rolling, and the New Brunswick department of Commerce and Development announced, in May 1983, a joint decision to build a \$18.75-million Sulphation Roast Leach Pilot Plant at Morrison's Cove, near Chatham. Part of the Special Recovery Capital Projects program announced by Finance Minister Marc Lalonde in his April, 1983, budget, the project will experiment with a new process which will improve metal extraction from the complex base metal ores of New Brunswick.

If successful, the project could lead to enhanced productivity in existing mines, as well as to the opening of several new mines not considered viable with current extraction methods. As many as 3,000 new jobs could be created in the mining industry.

Potash mines are brightening New Brunswick's mineral horizon, perhaps setting the stage for an industry revival that New Brunswick's Natural Resources Minister Gerald Merrithew estimates could generate annual revenues in excess of \$1 billion by 1990. ■



By Charlie Foster

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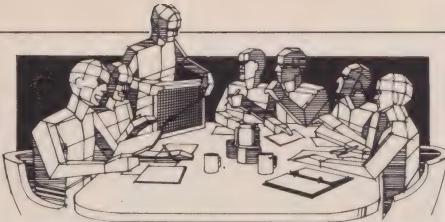
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BUSINESS FORUM

Nova Scotia Offshore spur to high-tech

Tucked away in Halifax/Dartmouth's industrial parks, or scattered along streets lined with the usual shops and businesses, a new industry is emerging in Nova Scotia. High-tech has arrived developing technologies for what some people consider the last frontier — the ocean.

The ocean is an environment every bit as hostile as space, and the technology to explore it bears striking resemblances to space technologies. With the needs of an emerging oil and gas industry spurring them on, local Nova Scotia businesses are fast developing the means to make us *aquonauts*.

Hugh Plant, director of the federal government's Ocean Industry Development Office, says that more than 200 oil and gas related companies have moved to the Halifax/Dartmouth area in the last twenty-four months.

"We won't be a Houston or a Calgary, but the offshore activity gives Nova Scotia a chance to create technologies that can be sold worldwide," says Plant.

Since offshore oil wells supply a third of the world's oil, the market for products that overcome complex ocean engineering problems, or increase safety underwater, is considerable. In June, Plant will — as part of his mandate to assist Nova Scotia ocean industries — take twelve Nova Scotia entrepreneurs to China to explore potential markets there. Plant and his staff have represented Nova Scotia firms at trade fairs in Houston, Aberdeen, and Tokyo.

CanDive Services Limited is one of those local firms with international ambitions. With its joint venture partner — California's Deep Ocean Engineering — and federal assistance, CanDive has developed a new ocean vehicle, the Deep Rover. It looks like a one-man helicopter and is as easy to drive as a sportscar. It also has manipulator arms — like the Space Shuttle — which can pick up an egg or a 200-pound weight and can sense force, speed and texture.

Deep Rover designer Graham Hawkes, who drove a similar vehicle in



The Deep Rover represents the first generation of one-man underwater vehicles

the James Bond movie *For Your Eyes Only*, says it's safer than a small airplane. He refers to it as the "Model T of the ocean", seeing it as only the first generation of vehicles which will allow engineers and scientists to examine oil rigs or underwater phenomena.

Another local firm, Lobsiger Associated Limited, has developed an underwater camera system. Company founder Ulrich Lobsiger, a consultant in oceanographic research and development, recognized the industrial potential of a camera designed for ocean conditions. His computer-programmed cameras now inspect erosion around oil rigs and assist in fish inventory surveys.

Not all companies go it alone. Bedford entrepreneur Hugh MacPherson has struck an arrangement with Dalhousie University to develop the marine applications of fibre optics. Their venture, Focal Marine, has received federal assistance from the OIDO because it is an excellent example of technology transfer from the research institution to the private sector, says Plant.

Fibre optic cable is so superior to other materials, particularly underwater, that all new vessels will be cabled with fibre optic material, rather than copper wire, within ten years, says MacPherson. It's lighter, cheaper and transmits a signal under the noisy conditions found on ships and rigs. It's also thinner (about the size of a spaghetti strand) than copper; yet it can transmit more information.

As more and more people work at sea, safety systems are becoming big business. Crockett, McConnell of Bridgewater and Narwhal of Bedford are, essentially, in the business of buying time; they manufacture survival equipment. In man-overboard situations, sometimes the difference between life and death is measured in minutes.

Robert Crockett and his partner Fred McConnell build aluminum rescue boats

with jet-propelled engines. McConnell constructed Canada I, the aluminum yacht that was a challenger in the American Cup Yacht race; so, you can bet the rescue boat is fast.

How long can a person last in the icy cold waters of the North Atlantic? "If he's mean," says Narwhal's Larry Bell, "he can last 15 minutes, if he hasn't already drowned." With the survival suit, which Bell took six years to perfect, he may have an extra 20 hours until a rescue is made. In some cases, people have survived for more than thirty hours with the suits. Narwhal's market is fishermen and, with increasing safety regulations in the oil and gas industry, offshore workers.

A social club is next, says Bell. "That's for the survivors — those who made it back to land thanks to survival gear."

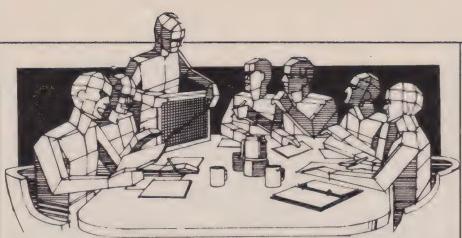
High-tech ocean industries are a natural for Nova Scotia, since the Halifax/Dartmouth area boasts one of the world's largest concentrations of oceanographic institutions and personnel. The area ranks third, after the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Woods Hole facility and the Scripps Institute in California. The Bedford Institute of Oceanography, the Nova Scotia Research Corporation, the Defence Research Establishment Atlantic, Dalhousie University's Department of Oceanography, the National Research Council's Atlantic Research Laboratory and Technical University of Nova Scotia, are the major.

The challenge, according to people like Plant, is to develop the commercial applications of oceanographic research.

A new breed of entrepreneurs is taking up that challenge in Nova Scotia and their innovative efforts are being noted around the world. ■



By Winifred Desjardins



BUSINESS FORUM

The oil boom and education

What are Nova Scotia's universities doing to prepare for the oil boom? In the Geology Department at Saint Mary's University in Halifax, Associate Professor Dr. Georgia Piper indicates that all courses in geology are relevant to offshore enterprise.

"Offshore geologists face the same problems as land geologists. They must all have the same basic knowledge of geological formations."

"In fact, many past graduates are now employed as loggers, recording data on board the oil rigs, and elsewhere in the oil industry."

Courses at the university directly related to the oil industry include Petroleum Geology, a study of the principles

of hydrocarbon (oil and gas) accumulation and methods of hydrocarbon exploration. Next year, geology students will also be able to choose a course in Geophysics with emphasis on offshore exploration and the geophysical methods of hydrocarbon exploration. Another course on Micro-paleontology (using fossil remains to date rocks) rounds out the options.

Fossils, skeletal evidence of the decomposition of ancient vegetable and animal matter, can also be indicators of the possible presence of suitable organic material to form oil or gas.

Dr. Piper's own research also touches on the oil industry. For some years she has been analysing volcanic rocks offshore on the Scotia Shelf and the Grand Banks.

"Rocks tell us about the geology and the evolution of an area as it relates to the accumulation of hydrocarbons," says Piper.

Evidence of volcanic activity some 120 million years ago may indicate there was sufficient heat to mature hydrocarbons. Time and the intensity of the generated heat are critical. Insufficient time for maturation means no oil or gas. Too little heat means no maturation; too much means gas rather than oil.

Even the most thorough geological surveys can do no more than provide a starting point for exploration. Likening the geologist's work to providing a framework, Piper continues, "It is difficult to know where within that frame to drill. You might hit it in the middle or you might be a few kilometers off. What the geologist does is tell the oil companies where to start looking; where to try a wildcat well."

Analysing rock samples provided by oil companies, Dr. Piper is not specifically looking for evidence of hydrocarbons. Rather, she is trying to determine the immense geological forces that long ago formed the Atlantic seaboard and provided the frame within which hydrocarbons have accumulated.

On another front at Saint Mary's, final testing is underway in the installation at the university of an X-Ray Fluorescence Analytical Centre to analyse the elements in rock samples. Sponsored by Saint Mary's, Dalhousie, Acadia, St. Francis Xavier and Mount Allison universities, as well as the Nova Scotia Department of Mines and Energy, the facility is being funded by the Natural Sciences and Engineering Research Council (the science funding arm of the Canada Council) with a grant of \$300,000. While the facility will not be able to detect hydrocarbons in rock samples, since hydrocarbons are too light, it will be able to record the presence of other elements that may, in turn, indicate where to look.

Replete with computers and other high technology, the room-sized facility looks awesome. But the principle is fairly simple, explained geology technician Kevin Cameron.

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Electricity, amplified to 100 kilovolts, is forced through an x-ray tube, causing x-rays to scatter and penetrate the rock sample. This, in turn, releases electrons from the sample, which bombard an analysing crystal. From the crystal the electrons are reflected onto a moveable detector. That detector records the data on the sample. Each element has its own wavelength, its thumbprint. The points at which the electrons released from the sample hit the detector indicate the wavelengths of the elements within the sample.

"This is qualitative analysis," says Cameron.

By taking the process one step further, one can record the quantities of the elements in the sample. By comparing a known sample, with a known concentration of a particular element, with a similar sample of unknown concentration, it is possible to determine the concentration of the second sample.

The potential of the facility is significant. Some bugs remain to be sorted out, but once on-line, it will be an invaluable tool for Atlantic geologists — both land geologists and those concentrating on offshore who are trying to decide where to start the search for hydrocarbons.



By Alexa Thompson

Newfoundland: St. John's Port remains vital

Since the time of John Cabot, who sailed into this *fine haven* on June 27, 1497, St. John's has continued to develop because of its excellent natural harbor and strategic location.

The Port of St. John's has been a veritable service station for ships of many nations plying the North Atlantic. This famous seaport, the closest North American port to the European Continent, has, for centuries, been of vital importance as a supply centre for the fishing fleets of the world. The Port City of St. John's supports the marine industry with superior repair facilities, a plentiful supply of fresh water, provisions and marine fuels.

The Port of St. John's is the main distribution centre for Eastern Newfoundland, serving approximately 62% of the island's population. Increased commercial and offshore oil exploration activity has amplified the importance of having the latest equipment. In addition to an ongoing, facilities improvement

program, the Port and City have responded to the modern trends in transportation and handling including facilities for containers, roll-on/roll-off, dry and liquid bulk, and offshore exploration servicing.

The Port of St. John's is part of a well-organized transportation system, with ample warehousing close at hand. The airport, metro area arterial highway system, rail and highway links, as well as many industrial sites with open storage, warehouses, freezer and office facilities, complement this Port City as a Total Service Port with ample room for expansion.

Numerous marine firms are established in St. John's, offering a wide range of services, including ocean research, offshore support services as well as complete equipment and vessel repair. The recently completed Newfoundland Dockyard Syncrolift is a massive marine elevator designed to lift ships of up to 3640 metric tonnes from the water for repairs. This facility is in addition to the 175-metre graving dock. New companies are opening offices, while established firms are expanding and diversifying their operations to participate in oil and gas exploration and development.

With a diverse economic base, a wide variety of skilled labor is available. There is a resource of well-trained workers with a broad spectrum of special skills to match the most exacting demands. Pro-

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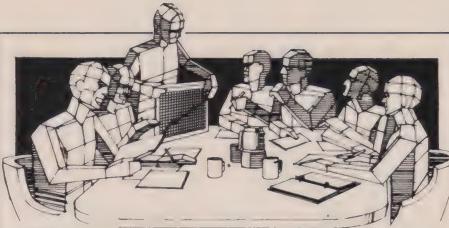
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BUSINESS FORUM

ductivity is good and the St. John's labor force is stable and responsible.

St. John's is rapidly gaining prominence as the Canadian centre for the development of marine and northern technology. This is attributable to the close proximity to the Grand Banks and the Labrador Sea, which are the foci for both offshore oil exploration and development, and a revitalized Atlantic Fishery.

The Engineering Facility at Memorial University in St. John's has earned international recognition for its research on sea ice. This program, started some years ago, has taken on new importance with the discovery of offshore hydrocarbons.

Studies carried out by research institutes are providing valuable scientific and technical data for industries concerned with marine resources. Key sources of such expertise and information are the Centre for Cold Ocean Resources Engineering (C-CORE) and Newfoundland Oceans Research and Development Corporation (NORDCO). The National Research Council has made a major investment with Memorial in the development of the world's largest Arctic vessel and Marine Research Institute.

The university also maintains a major marine sciences laboratory on the eastern outskirts of the city, where valuable biological data are collected on Atlantic marine life. Additional ocean resource research is conducted at the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries Centre operated by Environment Canada.

New businesses establishing in St. John's can avail themselves of the services and facilities of a wide range of professional consultants offering expertise in such diverse disciplines as engineering, market research, socio-economic research, feasibility studies, public affairs and community relations.

Corporate decision-makers find there are many advantages in locating in the City of St. John's.

St. John's is said to be a Port with a City. This city is a city on the move; growing, building, developing, creating and distributing wealth. The City of St. John's is at the leading edge of Canadian industry and economic growth. As the most easterly city in North America and situated a mere 310 km from the Hibernia oil field, the Port commands strategic access to vast offshore resources.

The city has a broad economic base. It is the financial as well as the political capital of the province. As the ad-



The Port of St. John's, Canada's oldest, is prepared to meet the challenges of today and tomorrow.

ministrative centre for most businessmen operating in Newfoundland and Labrador, it has always been a major warehousing and distribution centre. The industrial sector is varied, from resource based activities, such as fishing and farming, to manufacturing, processing and packaging. It is the province's largest retail centre, with a consumer market extending far beyond the metropolitan area.

Airport facilities capable of handling the world's largest aircraft are located only 10 minutes from downtown. In addition to scheduled commercial passenger and cargo handling facilities, several companies operate flying schools and charter services of fixed wing aircraft and helicopters.

Future plans for St. John's Airport are presently under consideration by Transport Canada, who has prepared a master plan for upgrading and extending present facilities. When approved, implementations will include construction

of a new air passenger terminal, new air cargo handling facilities and improvements to runways and taxi-strips. Transportation requirements of offshore oil and gas development are major factors in the move toward these improvements.

A number of major industrial parks are located within the St. John's Urban Region. These are connected by modern, efficient highways to the Port, airport and city core. Full services for light industry, transport operations, office complexes and warehouses are provided by these industrial parks, while heavy industry and open storage yards operate around the city's perimeter; and there is ample room for expansion.

Unlike many North American cities, St. John's offers a wide choice of housing. Modern houses are available in the new residential developments while the historic downtown area offers the older Victorian and Edwardian styles. There are many excellent secondary schools

throughout the city with sound academic programs and interesting activities in sports, drama, music and art. Six hospitals serve the city including the Health Sciences Medical school complex on the Campus of Memorial University.

The Port City of St. John's is a unique and delightful blend of contrasts. It is a modern, cosmopolitan and sophisticated city with the busy social and cultural life one would expect of a large provincial capital; on the other hand, it has a happy pace of work, friendly people, quiet neighborhoods, and a charming old world philosophy. It is an ideal family city, large enough to provide a complete range of services and amenities, yet human enough to be friendly and caring.



By A.W. Budden

Breakthrough in med-tech for P.E.I. firm

The idea of a self-administered hypodermic injection that causes no pain whatsoever sounds like the futuristic musings of a science fiction writer.

The fact, that such a revolutionary device would be manufactured on Prince Edward Island sounds equally unlikely.

Yet both ideas have become reality.

The Preci-Jet Needleless Injector is a remarkable new product developed by Preci-Tech Ltd., a highly respected manufacturer of surgical instruments and sophisticated aerospace component parts. Preci-Tech has plants in two locations, Montreal, and the West Royalty Industrial Park near Charlottetown. The company has established a solid reputation for dependability in precision work for the aerospace and telecommunications industries and for research, development and manufacture of surgical instrumentation.

Preci-Tech president, Raymond Grunwald, who is directly involved in the company's research and development activities, says the Preci-Jet Injector represents a significant technical improvement over other methods attempted so far.

"Needleless hypodermics have been around for some time," he says "but they are normally bulky instruments used for injecting many people, one after another, on a one-time basis. The Preci-Jet Injector can be easily carried and can be used repetitively."

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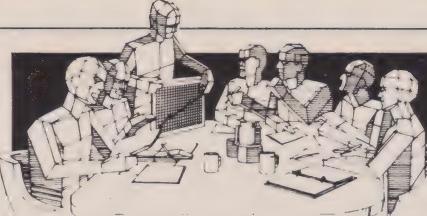
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BUSINESS FORUM

Until now, injection devices for administering drugs and medicines subcutaneously without skin piercing needles have proven to be too cumbersome, expensive or, in some cases, dangerous. These methods have included the use of explosives, hydraulic pumps, carbon dioxide cylinders and steel springs.

The problems inherent in these methods have been overcome by the Preci-Jet, according to the company. Preci-Tech's device weighs only 250 grams, is small enough to fit into a purse or pocket, and requires no support devices or auxiliary equipment. These features, coupled with an affordable price, should bring welcome news particularly to diabetics requiring regular insulin injection treatment.

The fact that most of the manufacture of the Preci-Jet will take place on Prince Edward Island — a province not usually thought of as being on the leading edge of High-Tech can be traced directly to Raymond Grunwald and his feelings for the Island.

Grunwald's affection for the pro-

vince began in the mid 1970's, when he was supervising the establishment of the metals-industry curriculum at Holland College. He built a family home in the picturesque fishing village of North Rustico, only a few miles from Cavendish Beach. Although the house was originally intended to serve only as a summer cottage, it has become a second home for the Grunwalds. They spend as much time there as possible, including Christmas and Easter.

"We fell in love with the Island and its people right from the start," says Madeleine Grunwald. "It was because of the people that my husband decided to establish a business there. He is very impressed with the character and skills of his employees."

Mr. Grunwald's decision was influenced, as well, by offers of financial assistance from the federal and provincial governments. A grant from the Department of Regional Economic Expansion was applied to the establishment and equipping of the plant in 1980, as well as to a portion of wages and salaries of employees to be hired over a three year period. Ever mindful of critical importance of competent employees to a success, he has hired primarily from among most people whom he had and his plant manager had trained at Holland College.

In 1983 federal assistance was provided again under Industry, Trade and Commerce Enterprise Development Program, to develop an injection device that will permit an increased frequency of doses, reduced skin trauma, and have little or no pain associated with the administration of insulin. The resulting Preci-Jet Injector, when ready for manufacture, could mean as many as thirty jobs in the Prince Edward Island plant over the next ten years.

Currently the instrument is nearing the completion of testing and clinical evaluation that will provide the necessary data required for registration with the Canada Department of Health and Welfare and for approval by the United States Food and Drug Authority. The successful completion of tests will permit the company to deliver its first commercial order — an \$86,000 federal government contract to provide Preci-Jets to be used in Veterans Affairs hospitals across Canada.

Raymond Grunwald, who says the instrument is "...so simple to manipulate that a child or blind person can use it with total ease and reliability," believes the Preci-Jet has tremendous market potential. When asked in a CBC interview in Charlottetown whether he had made medical history, Grunwald replied, "from all indicators, and the patents we have received world wide, yes, we have made medical history." •



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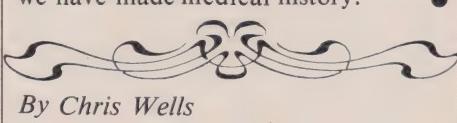
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By Chris Wells



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The Swedish chef

By Pat Lotz

Friends of Anne-Marie Thor speak of her meals in the tone of voice most of us reserve for memories of fine music or beautiful works of art.

It's not surprising that she's such a good cook. As a child growing up in Soderhann, 300 km north of Stockholm, where her parents had a hotel and restaurant, "I was in and out of the kitchen all the time." Later, she took her turn helping out. "That way, you learn to cook, whether you want to or not," she says with a chuckle. Her father was a member of the prestigious international Chaine de Rotisseurs. Both her brothers are chefs.

Anne-Marie and her husband, Ake, woodlands manager for Nova Scotia Forest Industries, came to Port Hastings, N.S., from Sweden seven years ago. "We hope to stay here for another three years, until Ake retires," Anne-Marie says. Then they plan to return to Sweden.

In the meantime she enjoys entertaining guests with meals like the one pictured here. The colorful woven runner, by the way, is the work of Ake Thor. He bought a loom as a gift for his wife but started using it himself. "I'm glad he did," Anne-Marie says. "It's a very relaxing hobby for him."

Beet Timbale

1/2 lb. beets
1 cup whipping cream
1/2 tsp. salt
pinch black pepper
1 egg
1/2 cup stock or consommé
2/3 cup butter
1-2 tbsp. finely chopped chives

Peel and slice the beets and boil with the cream until tender. Pour mixture into blender and blend until pureed. Add salt and pepper. When mixture has cooled slightly, stir in egg and blend. Then pour the mixture into well-greased individual moulds. Bake at 350°F. in a *bain-marie* (an oven-proof pan for holding hot water in which the dishes are placed to cook) for 1 hour. Meanwhile, bring the stock to a boil and let it reduce until half the amount is left. Then add the cold butter gradually while beating. Unmould the timbales on heated plates and pour the sauce around them. Garnish with chopped chives. Serves 4.

Poached Beef with Dill Sauce

1 3/4 lbs. stewing beef (or veal)
1 carrot
1 parsnip
1 onion

1 celery stalk

1 bay leaf

Peppercorns

4 cloves

Put beef into pot, cover with water and bring to a boil. Remove pot from stove and rinse meat in cold water. Put beef back into the pot, cover with cold water and add vegetables and spices. Bring back to the boil and simmer until tender. Using a slotted spoon, transfer beef from pot to serving platter, pour dill sauce (recipe follows) over meat and serve with boiled potatoes, carrots and green beans. Serves 4-6.

Sauce

1 bunch fresh dill, stalks removed
2 tbsp. butter
3 tbsp. flour
1 3/4 cups beef stock
1/2 cup white vinegar
2 tbsp. sugar
1/2 cup coffee cream

Put dill stalks into small saucepan with sugar and vinegar. Simmer for 5 minutes, then strain. Make a white sauce from the butter, flour and cream. Add the vinegar and sugar mixture and stir well. Chop dill finely and add to sauce.

Russian Crêpes

2 eggs
2 1/2 tbsp. flour
1/2 cup coffee cream
1 tbsp. melted butter
1 lb. stewing beef
1 carrot
1 parsnip
3 onions
1 celery stalk
bay leaf
peppercorns
salt and pepper

Blend together first 4 ingredients and



Anne-Marie cooks and Ake weaves

let stand for a while. Put beef into pot, cover with water and bring to a boil. Rinse beef in cold water. Return beef to pot, cover with cold water and add carrot, parsnip, 1 onion, celery and spices. Simmer until meat is tender. Let cool in stock. Finely chop remaining 2 onions and sauté until golden. In a food processor, process meat, onions and enough stock to make a smooth, moist stuffing. Salt and pepper to taste. Fry the crêpes until golden, then put a tablespoon of meat stuffing on each crêpe and fold into envelopes. (You can prepare the dish in advance up to this stage if you wish.) To serve, fry the crêpes slowly in butter until thoroughly heated. Serve with sour cream on top. Serves 6.

Jansson's Temptation

5-6 medium potatoes
2 onions, thinly sliced
10 Scandinavian-type anchovies (available in most delicatessens)
2 tbsp. butter
1 1/3 cups whipping cream

Peel and cut the potatoes into julienne strips. Put into a bowl of cold water for 10 minutes, then pat dry with paper towels. Gently sauté the onion until golden. Clean the anchovies and remove backbone. In an ovenproof dish, layer potatoes, anchovies and onion, beginning and ending with a layer of potatoes. Pour cream over and dot with butter. Bake at 350°F. for at least 1 hour or until potatoes are soft. Serves 5-6.

Cranberry Parfait

1/2 cup cranberries
2 shots cranberry liqueur
1/2 cup icing sugar
3 egg yolks
1 cup whipping cream

Simmer cranberries, icing sugar and the liqueur and then strain it through a sieve. Beat egg yolks until frothy and mix them into the strained cranberry purée. Let the mixture cool while continuing to beat it. Whip the cream and fold it into the cranberry purée, then pour into individual moulds and chill for 4-5 hours in the freezer. Serves 6.

Swedish Almond Cookies

3 3/4 cup ground almonds
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 lb. butter
1 tbsp. flour
2 tbsp. milk

Mix all ingredients in a pot and simmer for about 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Onto a greased cookie sheet, drop dough in 2-tsp. portions, making sure there is space between cookies. Bake in a preheated 425°F. oven for 4 minutes, until golden. Let cookies cool on the sheet for a few minutes. Remove with a thin knife and curve each cookie on a rolling pin (you can leave them flat if you wish). Makes 30 cookies.

Stirring things up in Atlantic journalism

After years of journalistic muck-raking, Walter Stewart has taken on a much tamer assignment. Or has he?

Walter Stewart will be taking up his duties as the new director of the School of Journalism at the University of King's College in Halifax on July 1 — unless he's in jail. He mentioned that potential nuisance casually, over dinner, in Toronto recently. It would be the penalty for refusing to reveal his sources of information for a *Maclean's* article about the "trust companies affair," an international intrigue involving a series of apartment building sales. Stewart didn't seem disturbed at the thought of an action that might land him behind bars, even though a judge had alluded to the matter in court. Early in his journalistic career, he decided to live dangerously.

Well-placed sources are vital to Stewart's stock-in-trade, and he must go to any lengths to protect them. As a crusading journalist, he doesn't bother to rake the muck of the merely criminal corrupt — Mafia lieutenants and the like. He stalks politicians and financiers who betray the public trust, and he's tangled with some of the world's most powerful crooks in high places. His

adopted journalistic credo, he says, is to "comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

To some, the notion of this upstart 53-year-old teaching journalism amid the comfortable gentility of King's College is somewhat bizarre. "I'm a bit surprised myself," he confesses.

The appointment was first suggested to Stewart and his wife, Joan, in Halifax last summer, while they were having dinner with their friends, George and Marion Bain. Bain, the present director, was saying he'd like to give up the journalism chair soon; he was nearing the retirement age of 65 and wanted to spend more time writing and less administering. "Why don't you come down here and stir things up?" he asked, apparently on the spur of the moment. Stewart's spontaneous response was, "Terrific." Joan was "wide-eyed," he recalls. "It was the first time I'd never consulted her about taking a new job. On the way home she said she was going to buy a Winnebago and keep the engine running."

Stewart first stirred things up as a re-

bellious modern history student at the University of Toronto. After dropping out in his final year, 1953, disillusioned with the vast, impersonal nature of the place, he damned it in a controversial piece in the student paper, *The Varsity*, as a "sausage factory." Two people, in particular, were impressed by the outburst. One was an editor at the old *Toronto Telegram*, who hired Stewart as a reporter. The other was Joan Finley, in her final year at high school, who moved a debating motion condemning him as an irresponsible critic of a worthy educational system. Joan met Walter, quite coincidentally, that summer in the Ontario cottage country around Sturgeon Point. They were married within months and built a cottage at Sturgeon Point that was to become Stewart's most reliable address over the next 30 years, as he moved through nine jobs and a few stints of freelancing, and wrote nine books.

He has been author, editor, parliamentary correspondent, columnist, radio host and television commentator, but, most indelibly, scourge of "the comfortable."

One evening in 1964, when he was Ottawa editor of the old *Star Weekly* magazine, Stewart found himself among a select group of journalists invited by the late Lester Pearson to one of the prime minister's cosy gatherings at 24 Sussex Drive. The tacit understanding on these occasions was that the journalists would receive important background information in exchange for attributing it only to "sources."

This time, Pearson wanted to leak something about his plans for the Maple Leaf flag. Stewart, furious at being used, told the papers. John Diefenbaker raged in Parliament. Later, in *Maclean's*, June Callwood wrote that "the Prime Minister's office treats Walter Stewart like a tick-



Stewart composes much of his revealing prose in the back seat of his car while his wife, Joan, drives

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for two decades. Then, through a strange twist of fate, Nancy was forced into fighting and winning her husband's parliamentary seat, and in 1919 she became the first woman M.P. to enter the House of Commons. The impact she made on this hitherto exclusively male preserve was never forgotten, and through her campaigning for wives and children Nancy became a worthy champion of rights for womanhood.

Nancy was a mercurial and dominant personality and the series also portrays her private life as a mother and wife, the destructive conflicts within the family and ultimately her poignant decline as a public figure.

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MEDIA

ing mailbox." He wants that, he says, in his epitaph.

He has been sued for millions (never successfully, apart from one minor out-of-court settlement) from coast to coast.

A few of his crusades have taken place in the Atlantic provinces. When the late Charlie Van Horne was running for premier of New Brunswick in 1967, Stewart wrote in the *Star Weekly* about Van Horne's trail of unpaid debts. He churned out some of the revealing passages — as he frequently does — in the back seat of his car, typewriter on lap, with Joan driving. When the 10-cent magazine hit New Brunswick, it sold out, and people were offering \$1 apiece for copies. Van Horne, who subsequently lost his own seat, sued for \$5 million but later dropped the suit.

When Stewart predicted in a 1970 *Maclean's* article that New York financier John Shaheen would walk away from his Come By Chance refinery and leave Newfoundland with a ruin, Shaheen sued for \$40 million. He subsequently offered to withdraw the suit if Stewart would write a retraction. But when, by agreement, Shaheen previewed the "retraction," he changed his mind. Forget setting the record straight, he said; in turn, he'd forget the lawsuit. Later he telephoned and invited Stewart to New York. Why? Stewart asked. "I want to shake your hand," Shaheen told him.

The Atlantic conquest that gave Stewart the most pleasure was in Stephenville, Nfld., against another glib financier, John Doyle. In the late Sixties, Doyle had plans to build a linerboard mill with the help of a \$19-million federal grant. After Stewart suggested in a *Maclean's* article that this fugitive from American justice shouldn't be trusted with public money, the feds backed out of the deal. "That was one of the few times in the career of a journalist when he can be proud of having accomplished something," Stewart says. "So much just winds up in the bottom of the birdcage."

That's one of the sobering truths he'll teach the journalism students at King's College. He'll also tell them the job is a lot of fun, especially if one manages to stir things up. Does that prospect unsettle the administration at King's College? "I know they thought at first that Bain had lost his marbles," he says. "But I have a proven record of administration, and I'm more comfortable talking to academics than George is. Oh, there'll be times when they'll say, 'God, what have we done?' And there'll probably be the odd rude editorial in the Halifax Comical Horrible. But I don't think there'll be any serious confrontations." Besides, he says, Bain is just as incisive a journalist. "The difference is that he does it quietly. He slides the stiletto in and out

before you know it." Stewart, on the other hand, uses a blunt scalpel, to the inevitable accompaniment of loud cries of protest.

He'll barely be in Halifax, I suggest to him, when he'll start stirring things up — going after people like Nova Scotia Premier John Buchanan. Instead of demurring modestly, he flashes a mischievous grin that seems to reach all the way to the bald crown of his head. "Oh yeah," he says, in his distinctive high voice, a touch less than shrill. "Oh yeah!"

— John Doig

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The bottom line on buying a home

Home ownership — it's still a priority for most Canadians. However, in the face of rising real estate values and relatively high interest rates, even a so-called starter home now represents a sizeable investment for the average person. If you are considering the purchase of a home, you need to give some serious thought to financial matters to make sure that this investment is right for you. With proper preparation, you can avoid problems in the future and ensure that the house you buy remains yours until you decide to move on.

Before you start to look for your dream house, you need to answer a fundamental question — how much home can you really afford? As a house is a financial commitment that will be with you for a number of years, you need to look closely at your income and expenses — both now and over the long term — to find the level of payments that you can comfortably support.

To do this, you first add up your monthly income from all sources, and then deduct from it all monthly expenses — groceries, power, charge accounts, loan payments, and so on. Make sure that this monthly budget is realistic. Next, estimate the expenses that you will have to pay as a result of owning the home, excluding the mortgage payment. These expenses will include such items as taxes, insurance, fuel, and property maintenance. The amount that you have left over from your income after deducting all these expenses is the maximum that you can afford for a monthly mortgage payment.

Keep in mind that this amount is a maximum — and it's advisable to build a financial cushion into your estimates to ensure that you will be able to cope with unexpected expenses and emergencies. In fact, as discussed later, most lending institutions have restrictions in this area which will come into play when your eligibility for financing is calculated. As well, you have to give consideration to the long term: think about where your salaries are going, and what major commitments, such as a new car, a child or a leave from work, are coming up in the future.



PHOTOS BY DAVID MACKENZIE

priced above \$50,000 to \$80,000, a higher percentage of equity will be required. Second, the lender must calculate the percentage of your income that will be taken up by your total house payments (including mortgage, taxes, and in most cases, heat). The maximum that most lenders will accept is 31% to 32% (without heat 29% to 30%).

For example, if the family income for the year is \$30,000, the maximum amount that the lender would allow for mortgage, tax and heat payments would be \$9,600 a year (32%). On a monthly basis this amounts to \$800 and if we assume taxes and heat mount to \$200 per month, the maximum payment for the mortgage would be \$600 per month. At a rate of 12% over 25 years, this works out to a maximum of approximately \$58,000.

Finally, the lender calculates the percentage of your gross family income that is devoted to debt payments. In determining your total debt the lender includes mortgage, taxes, heat, personal loans, charge accounts, and the like. In most cases, the maximum permissible percentage is 39% to 42%. Thus, if we go back to our previous example, our mythical family could not have total annual debt payments of more than \$12,600 (42% of \$30,000), or \$1,050 per month, and still qualify for the \$58,000 mortgage. As you make these calculations with the lender, you should remember that your monthly mortgage payment can also be adjusted by changing the length of the mortgage. The normal mortgage term is 25 years, but you should at least consider a 15 or 20 year mortgage, which can save you significant amounts of interest if the monthly payment is within your budget.

If, at this stage, you find that your monthly income is not sufficient to support a single-family house, you could consider buying a home that has a source of income, such as a duplex or a basement apartment. This type of arrangement increases your monthly income and should certainly assist in purchasing a home. However, there are several practical matters and income tax implications involved in renting, and you should investigate these before undertaking this type of venture.

Once you have completed your financing arrangements, you will be in a position to buy your new home. However, there are several other items that you should be aware of before signing the agreement to purchase.

Various levels of governments provide rebates and tax savings to assist the buyer and to stimulate the home market. It is very important to inquire about these programs, as they can help you in financing your home purchase. Most (Continued on page 85)



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Now, the R-2000 home

With features that set new standards for comfort, low energy costs, and lasting value

The R-2000 home is a super energy-efficient house incorporating energy-saving features that will be standards until at least the year 2000.

These features include high levels of insulation, airtight construction with heat recovery ventilation systems, improved double- or triple-glazed windows, and energy-efficient appliances and heating equipment.

The super energy-efficient home is designed to allow the occupants to use minimal amounts of energy without compromising their lifestyles or the comfort they have come to expect.

Airtight construction

If all the various cracks and holes in a typical house were located within one area, you'd be facing something like a two-foot square hole. Imagine how much expensively heated warm air would escape through a hole that big! The average home may experience a total air change every 2 hours, which adds up to a 30% - 40% heat loss.

Usually, with the R-2000 home, the interior features a continuous airtight vapor barrier. Possible drafts created by open doors are minimized where possible by the use of air-lock vestibules.

Insulation. And more insulation

Insulation in its various forms is the single most important factor in retarding the escape of heat from our homes. It is a matter of fact that the greatest amount of energy saving for the smallest dollar expenditure can be realized by insulating the full height of the basement walls.

The R-2000 home would have walls that are twice as thick as the typical home of today, to accommodate the extra insulation. Overall, the R-2000 home has two to three times more insulation than the average new home being built today.

Heating, lighting and appliances

Airtightness, high levels of insulation, and the utilization of solar energy means that the R-2000 home doesn't require a large heating system. The overall energy efficiency is enhanced by the installation of properly sized and energy-efficient space and water heating systems. Appliances would have low Energuide energy consumption ratings.

Fresh, warm air

With airtight construction there has to be some mechanical means of providing fresh air indoors. At the same time, it is

very wasteful simply to exhaust heated stale air to the outdoors.

With the R-2000 house, an air-to-air heat exchanger or some similar device is used to transfer heat from the stale air to the incoming fresh air.

Solar energy is free

Where possible, the R-2000 home is designed and sited to take full advantage of solar heating. The majority of windows face south and improved double- or triple-glazed windows maximize heat gained from the sun.

Windows on the north side of any house are inherently energy inefficient.

So window areas are minimized on the north wall and are triple- or even quadruple-glazed to reduce heat loss.

High quality construction

The R-2000 home must achieve an energy performance standard that is verified by computer simulation and airtightness testing.

Clearly, the aims of the R-2000 home cannot be achieved without a very high level of care in construction. There can be no air leakage around doors and windows, electrical boxes and plumbing pipes, and the numerous other openings we must have in our homes.

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Obviously, the R-2000 home is a quality construction.

Living with energy-efficiency

The R-2000 home offers substantial energy savings, but to a great extent, these can only be fully realized if the homeowner cooperates.

There are four checkpoints, and these do apply to all home situations: — 1. Open windows and doors only when necessary 2. Make sure appliances and heating systems are operating efficiently 3. Turn off lights in areas not in use 4. Don't overheat hot water, and don't waste it. ■

R-2000 in Atlantic Canada

At the present time, there are probably about 40 homes in the region that qualify as R-2000.

In Atlantic Canada, a region of high energy costs, further involvement with the R-2000 home seems one proven way for homeowners to be relieved of some of that heavy financial burden. It is reassuring to know that builders in the region are demonstrating increasing interest in the program.

Remember, the R-2000 is not a house

plan. It is a set of building and insulation standards and techniques that can be applied to most existing house plans. Obviously, because of the increase in the amount of some materials involved, there is an increase in the costs, estimated to be between \$3000 and \$5000. When you consider the potential for energy savings, that amount will easily be recaptured, time and time again, over the life of the house.

For more information on the R-2000 super energy-efficient home, please contact your local office of the federal Department of Energy, Mines and Resources. ■

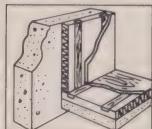
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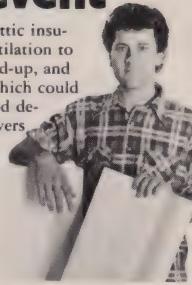
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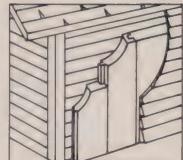
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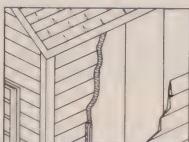
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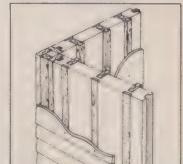
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Remodelling and renovating

It can pay double dividends

You can enjoy two pay-backs when you remodel an older home.

One, you make it more closely suited to your family's needs,

Two, you enhance its value.

If you are making changes mainly to improve the quality of your own lifestyle, you will probably be more willing to look first to improvements in the basics (insulation, plumbing, wiring), before bothering with the more cosmetic changes.

Obviously, the bigger the project the greater the cost. While some of those costs might be recovered at a future sale, you still have to decide how much money you can afford to put into the project and where the money will come from — savings, a bank loan, or re-financing.

Start with a plan

No matter how small or how big your project, start a file and keep all your notes. Make rough drawings. Nothing fancy, but just enough to help you see where you're headed, and to help you explain to others when you are shopping for assistance or materials.

Your planning file should also contain clippings, pamphlets, ads and anything else that can give you information. Home shows are happy hunting grounds for people with renovation in mind.

Another practical reason for advance planning is to help with the budgeting. Before you start out, you will probably have little knowledge of the costs involved. How much are studs? How many nails in a kilo? Become an avid reader of ads placed by hardware and building supply dealers.

During the planning stage is the best time to check on what permits or licences are required. Building inspections are usually required when you are involved in wiring and plumbing. Be sure you have all the permits and licences *before* you start.

Basic vs cosmetic

It's easy and fun to show off your new bathroom or kitchen, or celebrate your new patio with a party. Somehow, it's not quite the same when you've sunk your money, effort and time into a new heating system, or rewiring.

But when you think about it, unless you're planning to move out in very short order and leave someone else to

face up to the problems, the basics must come first.

Most homeowners get into the habit of making regular checks throughout the house. Checking for signs of water leakage, damp spots on walls or ceilings. Tracking down drafts around windows and doors that could just call for caulking but could also show that window and door frames are warped out of square and need replacing. Missing shingles on the roof, signs of insect or rodent intrusion in the basement, are problems that cannot be ignored.

If you have a major "basic" job to do, use that project as the basis for your future planning. For example: if you need a new roof, consider getting one in a different color and changing the whole exterior color scheme of your home. When you're up on the roof could be the right time to change the roof-line, incorporate the porch roof, add dormers or skylights.

You may be all set to install a super new bathroom, but old, faulty plumbing might lead you to being forced to rip out the new work to get at an old, unattended problem. A colorful new toilet is certainly something to contemplate, but the whole thing could backfire if you don't first fix that drainage problem.

Always bear in mind that small repairs cost less than big ones, and that preventive maintenance certainly beats emergency service.

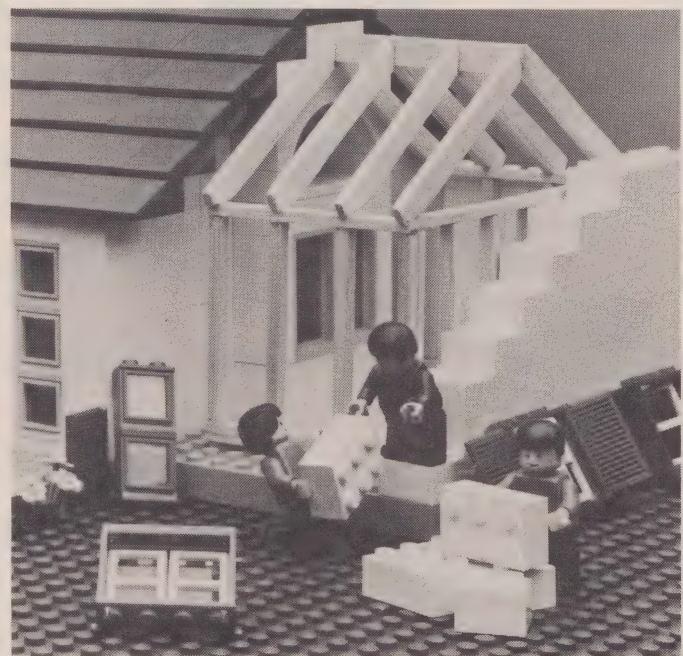
Do it yourself

There are many home projects that can be handled by the semi-skilled amateur. There are step-by-step picture books to lead you through many household repairs and projects.

But if you are looking at something major, you should ask yourself some serious questions. And you have to be honest about the answers:

1 Am I skilled enough to do the job. Not just to do it, but to finish it to professional standards?

2 Have I the time to do the job, so that a three-day project won't stretch out over weeks or even months?



3 Have I the patience to go through with it without becoming an ogre to live with?

While labor is one of the biggest costs involved in any project, you must decide, probably in consultation with the family, whether you might not be better off contracting out the whole job or even parts of it.

If you do decide on a contractor, you cannot be too careful about making the selection. Generally speaking, the best way is to hire someone who has done work for people you know personally. Even then, beware. Building kitchen cabinets does not absolutely qualify one to install a picture window.

As the project progresses, your original planning file should expand to include records of costs, times and anything else pertinent to the project.

You may be able to claim against your income tax for some costs, but only your accountant knows for sure.

Be that as it may, your records and receipts could help when you want to sell the property. It's one thing to say that you've upgraded the insulation, had the place rewired, and installed a new heating system. It means a whole lot more when you can show invoices and receipts.

Don't start the job until you are absolutely ready. While there will probably be surprises along the way, they shouldn't be major surprises. Not if your planning was all it should have been.

And remember, once you start the job, finish it. Or get someone else to do it. A half-finished job is a whole lot worse to look at and to live with than what you started from.

Remember too, an old, inefficient house may be a nuisance, but a hammer flattened thumb is a real pain.



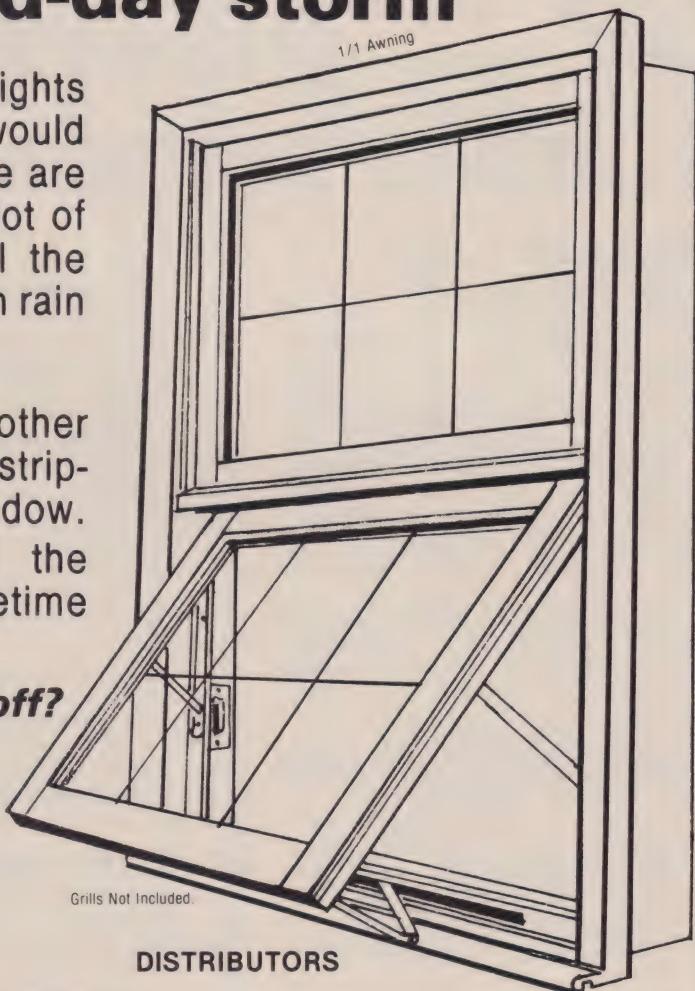
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How to get the home you really want

While you recognize the importance of the home purchase, you will probably agree that all too many people still approach it with more than a bit of "by guess and by golly."

They consider some of the costs, usually little more than whether or not they can handle the mortgage; they count the rooms and consider the location. Very rarely does anyone prepare as fully as they should for this most major of major purchases.

Getting the right house is a project to be taken very seriously. Not for one minute would anyone suggest you forget emotional considerations, how you "feel" about a particular place. But you shouldn't let that get out of hand. Putting everything down on paper helps establish a proper perspective, including a serious comparison of owning and renting.

At one time, it was more or less taken for granted that sooner or later everyone would own their own home. Successive governments have supported that notion, sometimes encouraging expectations that were never fully realized.

Renting can and does make sense, for a lot of different kinds of people, and for different kinds of reasons.

When you rent, you have greater flexibility than if you own. So it is relatively easier to make a move if a better job opportunity arises somewhere else. It is usually less expensive to rent than to own, and you don't need a big cash investment up front. When you rent, you have no responsibilities for maintenance, including snow shovelling and grass-cutting. You may also be able to take advantage of joint amenities — swimming pool, tennis courts, sauna and games room.

Obviously, the major argument against renting is that none of your housing expenses can be reckoned as an investment.

But whether you plan to rent or buy, the first step to getting your ideal home is to identify your needs. Those needs will be unique to you and your family. Others may come close to matching them, but it is highly unlikely that anyone anywhere, will have identical special needs.

Recognizing that you have a special and unique status does not mean that there are no fundamental similarities between the needs of various families. And working from that premise, the CMHC has developed a home selection planning

guide that anyone looking for a new home will find invaluable.

It doesn't matter whether you are a young couple looking for your first home, a growing family looking for more living space, or a member of that quaintly-styled group called "empty-nesters," searching for less living space.

A home selection guide

That's the title of the 36-page brochure published by Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation. It's a working/planning guide for everyone in the

market for new accommodation.

The guide covers four main areas, starting with help in making a detailed analysis of your present accommodation. It then presents you with a series of questions (with space for answers) that will help you more fully establish your special

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housing needs.

The second section tackles the business of renting. It offers the advantages and disadvantages, discusses the legal and insurance concerns in renting, and helps you establish a housing budget.

Naturally, the section dealing with owning a home is the biggest part of the guide. Simply because the question is more complex.

For example. These days, homeownership can be something other than just you (and the mortgage-holder) owning a single-family dwelling. Condominium housing is increasingly

popular, and the pros and cons of this type of ownership are laid out for your consideration. Then you have short-term building cooperatives, where associations of individuals pool their resources and so enjoy greater efficiency in buying power for the purchase of materials and labor.

The final section of the guide is a glossary of terms. When you are not involved in the housing field on a daily basis, the language used by lawyers, realtors, contractors, and lending institutions can be unfamiliar and confusing.

While knowledge of the terms won't

make you an overnight real estate expert, it will help you know what everyone else is talking about.

This invaluable guide is available free of charge from your local CMHC office. CMHC has offices in all the major centres across the Atlantic provinces, with provincial offices in the four capitals.

Does the government belong in the bedrooms of the nation?

While some people may "knock" what appears to be the government's increasing involvement in the lives of individual Canadians, it has had a mainly positive effect in the field of housing. Without government interest, the housing situation in Canada, which is bad enough, would probably be a whole lot worse.

That is not a political observation. It is simply a matter of fact.

Federal involvement with housing in the country goes back to the days during and immediately following World War I. But it was not until 1935, and the passing of the Dominion Housing Act, that national legislation on an on-going basis became part of the accepted Canadian way of doing things.

That legislation, and its successor, the National Housing Act of 1938, was intended to stimulate housing production and employment opportunities during the Depression years. The economic benefits derived from this activity were the background to the introduction of the Home Improvement Loans Guarantee Act of 1937.

The next major piece of federal housing legislation was the National Housing Act of 1944 — designed to improve housing and living conditions and, at the same time, to stimulate employment following the end of World War II.

Meeting that challenge required the combined resources of industry, labor, the financial community and government at every level, all across the country. The federal government saw its role as that of a catalyst, encouraging the private sector to develop a building industry capable of serving the Canadian market.

A key element in this continuing development was the Central (now Canada) Mortgage and Housing Corporation. Established as a Crown Corporation in 1946, the CMHC is still the chief federal mechanism for getting residential production moving, restoring confidence in the private sector, and for promoting Canada-wide housing standards.

We're working... to provide better housing for Canada

Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation is the Government of Canada's housing agency providing services to Atlantic Canadians through the programs of the National Housing Act.

See Our Booth At The Ideal Home Show,
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Insuring your home

Do you know how much it would cost to rebuild your home if it were destroyed by fire? Increased cost of building materials and labor in recent years may make it difficult for you to decide on the amount of coverage required to adequately insure your dwelling at today's values.

The Insurance Bureau of Canada recommends that you discuss its Home Evaluation Programme with your insurance agent, broker, or company representative. By filling out a simple step by step Evaluation Guide Form, the basic construction details plus any special features of your home are recorded. This information is then applied to a building cost formula to arrive at an estimate of the amount of money which would be required to rebuild your home with materials of similar type and quality. The program is designed to evaluate only the building you live in, not your contents or personal possessions, which are the subject for a separate article.

This program was introduced in 1974 by the Insurance Bureau of Canada and made available to consumers through insurance companies and their

agents across Canada. The system has been monitored and refined since that time and has proven to be a most helpful aid to the insuring public.

You should be aware that there are very important reasons for insuring your dwelling adequately. Most home insurance policies contain an optional loss settlement clause. In simple terms, this clause provides that loss or damage to your dwelling will be paid for on the basis of the cost of repairs or replacement without applying any reduction for wear and tear or depreciation. This type of settlement applies only if you are carrying an amount of insurance at least equal to 80% of the replacement cost value of the building. The clause is an important bonus for you which provides the incentive to insure to full value. An inadequate amount of insurance could result in a depreciated settlement which may leave you with insufficient money to cover the cost of repairs in the event of a serious or total loss.

To ensure that your insurance remains adequate once you have arrived at the correct current amount, you can also arrange for an inflation protection en-

dorsement. This endorsement automatically increases the amount of insurance during the policy term in order to keep pace with increasing building costs and other inflationary factors.

Your agent, broker, or company representative can give you full details on costs for an adequate insurance program. For a free copy of The Home Evaluation guide, write to: "Insuring Your Home", Insurance Bureau of Canada, 181 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5H 3M7.

Condominium insurance

If you are a condominium unit owner, the question of adequate insurance coverage may be more clear if you recall a few basic facts about condominiums.

When you buy your condominium townhouse or apartment, you are told you have complete ownership of your own unit and a shared ownership with other unit owners of the common elements such as hallways, elevators and land. Condominiums are controlled by provincial laws which set out how such condominiums must be developed and managed. You and the other owners of units will be governed by a constitution and by-laws which apply to your own



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project. A condominium corporation is established to administer the complex and provide day-to-day management services.

All of the buildings comprising the condominium project, including your unit, are required to be insured in the name of the corporation. You may think it strange that you do not insure your own unit, but it has been decided by legislators that this is the only orderly way to arrange such insurance. Coverage is usually provided on a broad "all risk" type of policy which insures most losses likely to occur.

In addition, the corporation will have a general liability policy designed to protect itself from any acts of negligence which result in bodily injury to someone else or damage to the property.

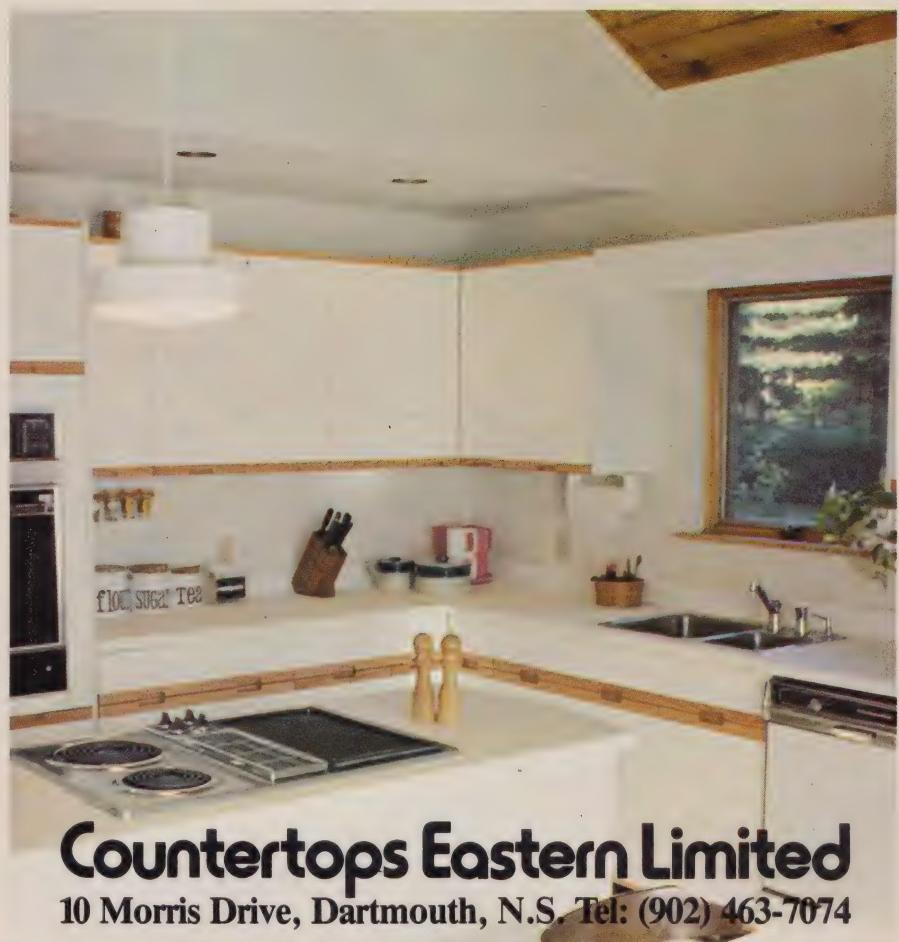
The Insurance Bureau of Canada has developed a condominium unit owner's package policy which is designed to pick up where the condominium corporation policy leaves off. It provides coverage for the contents of your unit and other personal property. It includes a 10% extension of the insured amount for property temporarily removed from your unit. In addition, there is automatic protection up to \$1,000 for unit improvements or betterments which you make or acquire when you bought the unit. This amount may be increased depending on the value of such improvements. It is important for you to know that the policy the corporation purchases covers things like permanent wall-to-wall carpeting or wall coverings in your unit but does not cover improvements to those installations. This means, for example, that the corporation's policy would cover fire damage to a wall in your unit except for the decorative panelling you may have added.

Another feature of this unit owner's package is "loss assessment" coverage which protects you from an assessment made upon you by the condominium corporation for damage to the collectively owned part of the property.

The unit owner's package policy also provides a comprehensive type of personal liability coverage in the event you are liable for bodily injury to someone or damage to their property caused by your negligence.

You may obtain further protection by purchasing an endorsement for your unit owner's package policy to cover the building portion of your unit on a contingency basis. This means that you can be certain that the unit you own is fully insured in the event the condominium corporation fails to provide the coverage or if the coverage is not adequate.

There are many aspects of condominium insurance which cannot be included in this short summary. You should discuss the subject in detail with your insurance agent or broker.



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Is this the house of the future?

At the recent Energy Lifestyle show in Toronto, German architect Volker Schafitel introduced his "biosolar Canadian house."

What is a biosolar house? In simplest terms, it means a house built with natural building materials, able to meet all local climatic conditions by taking full advantage of passive or active solar energy, and heated with a radiant heating system. It must also be feasible as a do-it-yourself project.

In Europe, there already is an association of architects dedicated to the biosolar concept. Their approach is that



your house is like a third layer of the body. Your skin is the first layer, your clothing is the second layer, and your house is the third. The house should be as comfortable to live in as the other two layers.

While Schafitel's design is unique in many ways, it is still totally flexible. While basically a two-storey, detached home, the biosolar house can easily accept a third floor and a basement. It can be made into a duplex, or a townhouse.

Cornering solar heat

Working on the principle that most heat loss in any home occurs at the corners, two-storey greenhouses are located on each of the four corners in this design.

On the northeast and northwest corners, the units are called summerhouses and can be used to grow vegetables

through most of the year. The greenhouses at the southeast and southwest corners are used as passive solar heat collectors.

The greenhouses insulate the house during winter, preventing major heat loss and all function as passive solar heat collectors. Doors and windows to the greenhouses can be opened into the living area for circulation of warmed air. The diagonal division of the floor plan allows all major areas to draw warm air from the greenhouses. A solar energy system can be mounted on the roof to supply hot water in the summertime.

In the summer, exterior and interior greenhouse windows can be opened to encourage air circulation.

Central heating, the new old way

For times when the heat from the greenhouses will be insufficient to heat the whole house, a radiant heater system is installed in the centre of the building. The centrally-located stove runs through all floors and heats the entire structure.

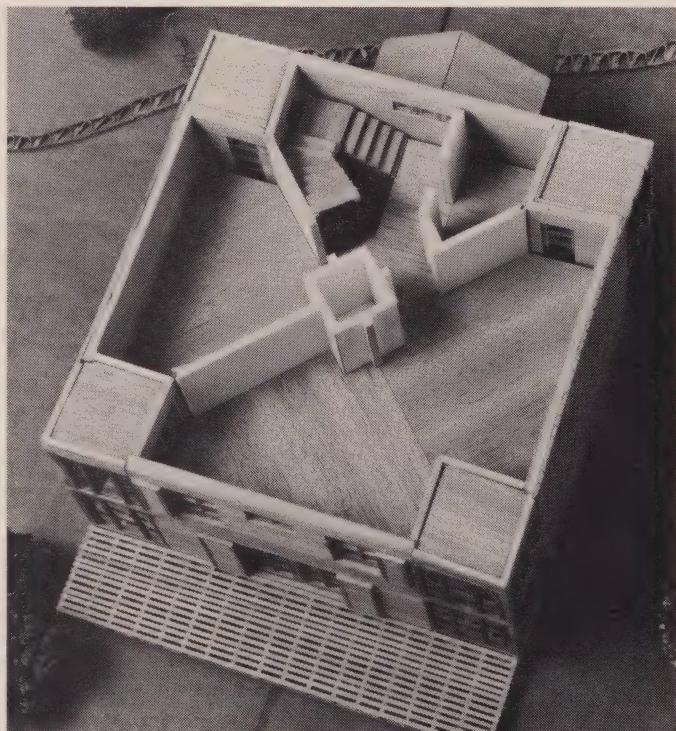
The heating system has been used in Europe since early Roman times, but was only introduced to the Canadian market last year. It is the Kachelofen, a ceramic-tile stove acting as a heat reservoir which channels heat to tiled walls before sending it up the chimney. The heat radiates from a cast-iron firepot through tiles which surround the pot on three sides.

There are two inserts in the chimney, one to be fed with wood and the other for oil or gas. The back-up is used when you need more heat than the wood can provide, or when you are not there to feed the wood fire.

From the outside

The front of the house faces north, and has a porch to give some shelter to the main entrance. At the back, patio doors allow for entry/exit and are part of the passive solar collector system.

The sidewalls are designed without windows. Interior light is provided by light



(Above) The original and unusual diagonal division of the interior space is designed to allow all major living areas to draw heat from the greenhouses. (Left) The greenhouses located on the southerly corners act as passive solar collectors

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streaming through from the four corner greenhouses.

Two layers of wall insulation are recommended with a total thickness of five inches. In a prototype home being constructed in Germany, cork is the insulator. Cork is, of course, a natural product. Interior and exterior wall sheeting is wood. Exterior dimensions of those models are 10 metres by 10 metres.

The inside story

There is an interior living space of 180 square metres. The mainfloor kitchen, eating area, living room, and bed

room/den all have entry into one of the corner greenhouses.

On the second floor, plans call for a 3-piece bathroom, master bedroom with ensuite, and a second bedroom. Again, all rooms have direct connections with one of the greenhouses.

The roof peak has a window for both light and ventilation.

For more information

The architect pointed out that this model incorporates the guidelines for biosolar construction. There are unlimited floor plans based on those

guidelines, and the builder's or buyer's individual wishes can be taken into account. For do-it-yourself builders, a manual on the best building techniques is being prepared.

If you are interested in this building system, you should contact Heidinger Marketing Services in Aurora, Ontario.

Windows that never need painting

Wood windows are still the choice of a great many people — homeowners and builders alike.

From an energy-efficiency viewpoint, wood windows offer the advantages of being low conductors of heat or cold. And with double- or triple-glazing, are probably still the preferred windows in most parts of Canada.

However, there was always the drawback of needing to paint them every couple of years. A tricky, messy job at the best of times, but essential, both from the aesthetic and practical standpoints. Without a regular painting, the windows would quickly start to look grungy and the frames would be susceptible to rot.

Overcoming that major problem was a challenge met and successfully overcome by at least one window manufacturer in the region.

The system, called LocKote, is a process that involves electrostatically bonding layers of polyurea to the wood components.

An important advantage with this particular type of cladding is that the LocKote remains elastic and flexible, even after bonding to the wood. In addition, the bonding process means that there are no joints in the cladding. The protection is smooth and continuous. And so is the finish, available at this time in a choice of white or dark brown. LocKote is also recognized for its excellent resistance to cracking, blistering, or flaking.

If you have ever faced the chore of painting windows, you'll know what a boon to homeowners the LocKote system really is.

(Cover)

There would be no housing problem in Canada if real houses were as easy to build as Lego houses. For help in creating the cover and some inside graphics, we are indebted to Lego.

For a further look at what you can create with Lego, visit the *Atlantic Insight* booth at the Home Show — Halifax Civic Arena, April 12th to 15th.

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Home ownership in the Atlantic provinces

As you can see from the graph, home-ownership in Canada is at its highest level in this region.

On the face of it, this appears to be very positive. A well-founded demonstration of economic stability, of the strength of our roots and our belief in the future of the region.

While all that may be true, and hopefully is to some degree, that simple graph tells only part of the story.

The graph is quantitative. It deals only in numbers and percentages. It reveals nothing of the condition of the homes, or of the quality of the lifestyle enjoyed by the people occupying their own homes.

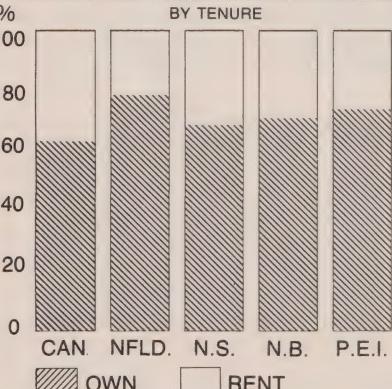
There is another percentage figure that gets bandied around. The number of homes in Atlantic Canada that are totally free of mortgage encumbrances. Could that figure have been as high as 65%? Is it still high? Or did some of those owners try to re-finance their homes to help carry them through the hard times? Were they able to re-finance their properties?

A mortgage-free shack in decrepit condition and occupied by a large family is nothing to brag about.

Generally speaking, housing in the region is older housing. Which is not to say that it is bad housing. Upgrading older houses is often faster, cheaper, and easier than building new ones. It is also usually more labor intensive. Some of the more worthwhile government housing programs have been directed to the rehabilitation and upgrading of old housing stock.

As in most places in Canada, there is a need for more housing in the region. And in the major urban centres, a big need for more rental accommodation. It's coming. Slowly.

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In the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council's review and forecast (Atlantic Insight, December 1983), it was reported that by the end of August 1983, housing starts in the region's urban centres were more than twice those for the same

period in 1982. They also expected that the number of housing starts in the latter part of the year would also be higher than in the similar period the year before.

There are continuing positive signs for 1984. If interest rates remain stable and inflation does not zoom out of control, the picture could continue bright.

Let's hope so. People are moving back to the region. More moving in than moving out. They are coming here because there are signs that this is where the jobs will be.

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Atlantic HOMES

Is radiant heating the answer?

Proponents of radiant heating claim it to be the most up-to-date, efficient, and cost effective method of heating. They have a lot of good arguments on their side.

Radiant heating panels are installed between the ceiling joists below the insulation and above the finished ceiling. The heat radiates down to warm the floor, the furnishings and the furniture which, in turn, warm the air in the room.

With the whole ceiling at work, a surface temperature of only about 90°F will keep the room comfortably warm. Because of the large amount of stored energy, there is little noticeable change in room temperature between thermostatic cycles.

With the radiant heating system, each room has its own heating units and thermostatic control. Think of the energy savings when you can so easily reduce or cut off heating to rooms when they are not in use. The individual room thermostats also allow you to allow for solar heat gain. Rooms heated by the sun will automatically shut off the heating panels.

No radiators, no baseboards, no vents in walls or floors. Which also means no streaked walls, no drafts, and no smell of burning dust on hot pipes. You get the extra advantage of being able to place your furniture anywhere you want it.

Some of the most important advantages offered by radiant heating have nothing to do with heating. There are no fuel deliveries to worry about, no lingering smell of oil. There's no big furnace taking up space in the basement, and requiring regular servicing for efficient operation. There are no moving parts in the ceiling panels, so there's nothing to service and nothing to wear out. Under normal circumstances, you can expect your ceiling panels to last the life of the house.

The lack of furnace, boilers, pumps, pipes or ducts makes for easier, and therefore, less costly installation. And that applies to both new construction and retrofitting to older homes.

The system is appropriate as primary or back-up heating, and has been proven in domestic and commercial installations in Canada and the United States.

If you are looking to up-grade your heating system, talk to your contractor about radiant heating.

Is there a futon in your future?

Centuries ago, the Japanese solved the problem of living comfortably in small spaces with the futon, a roll-up mattress used for sleeping as well as seating. Rediscovered from traditional Japan, futons have created nothing short of a small revolution in home furnishing in North America. Since made-by-hand futons started appearing in the early 70s, they have enhanced the sleeping comfort and eased the complicated lives of many contented users.

The design of the futon is based on principles which are essential to contemporary living — simplicity and comfort. Today many different factors influence the quality of our sleep, and a good mattress is certainly an important one. A truly healthful mattress is one which allows the spine to remain in the same position during periods of rest and sleep



as it does during upright activities. Most people are familiar with the symptoms which indicate the spine's rejection of the natural position it is placed into by the

use of springs, air, water and foam mattresses. Waking up during the night to change to the opposite side is often an indication that the spine has settled too

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You don't really want aluminum because you know they fog up sometimes, and let in draughts most of the time. And with those exposed screwheads and pieced frame construction, no aluminum window will ever win a beauty contest.

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- 2 Special formula extruded PVC will not rot, corrode, or weather. Frames and sashes stay new-looking for years.
- 3 Our 1/2-inch of dead-air space between panes means virtually no fogging or condensation.
- 4 Weather-tight construction and advanced materials make the Duraco® window 100% maintenance-free!

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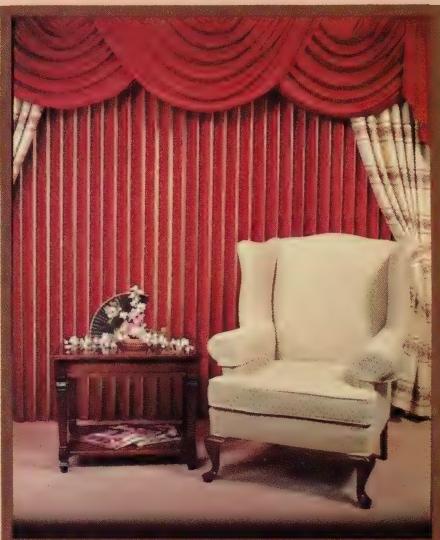


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far out of its natural stance and needs to readjust. Turning over gives immediate relief which is then shortlived as the spine now settles too far in the other direction. Another major indication of an unhealthy sleep surface is the familiar backache which wakes us up from our sleep in the morning. Since the average person spends most of his time in an upright position, it is unreasonable to expect the spine to change its posture the remainder of the time.

Despite its apparent simplicity, the futon has found avid fans in the U.S. and Canada for more than 14 years now. Composed of several layers of quality cotton batting, the futon provides just enough resilience so that one's torso is inclined to settle into its natural position without any undue stress. Its 100% cotton construction also differs from synthetic fibre, such as foam insofar as it allows natural air circulation, keeping your body cool in the summer and warm during long winter nights.

Futons manufactured today are a much improved version over the Japanese predecessor. The contemporary futon is thicker than those of the past, usually comprising six inches of high-grade cotton batting encased in a cotton duck or muslin cover. They are also hand tufted to guarantee a solid construction that won't lump or shift. Futons are available in the full range of standard sizes — child's, twin, double, queen, king — but can also be made to any specific size, which can be practical for odd-shaped rooms or custom-made and antique furniture. Unless the futon is a custom size, standard bed linens can be used with them. An interesting addition to the futon is a removable, washable slip-on cover. These covers are usually available in a variety of colors, patterns and fabrics, all to suit individual tastes in decorating.

Since they require no frame for support, futons can be laid flat on the floor for sleeping, folded against a wall for sitting or simply tucked away in a closet. However, they can also be placed on a variety of attractive bed, sofa or sofa-bed frames, enhancing their beauty and prolonging their durable life span. Some of these frames resemble conventional frames, while others have more of an oriental style, being nothing more than slats with detachable supports, but all are designed to support the futon firmly.

Futons are flexible and versatile. This flexibility provides an attractive alternative to conventional seating and solves the dilemma of accommodating overnight guests. In addition to its many inherent qualities, futons are also reasonably priced, affordable for any size budget. Whether for sleep, sitting or both, futons provide a natural and healthy environment.

Atlantic HOMES

(Continued from page 69)

government programs tend to be somewhat restrictive, however, and without adequate knowledge you may find yourself losing certain benefits.

Two of the more common programs available today are those involving provincial sales tax and the Registered Home Ownership Savings Program.

The provincial sales tax programs in the Atlantic Provinces are somewhat varied with the majority being aimed at construction rather than purchase of a home. More specifically, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island offer sales tax exemptions only on the purchase of insulation, while Newfoundland offers a reduced rate of sales tax (from 12% to 8%) on the purchase of all building materials. Nova Scotia on the other hand, offers a rebate of sales tax on the purchase or construction of a home in amounts of up to \$750 (\$2,000 if construction commenced before December 31, 1983). The rebate program in Nova Scotia, however, only applies to a new house in which you are the first occupant.

The Registered Home Ownership Savings Program (RHOSP) allows taxpayers to save a maximum of \$20,000 per household, plus interest, on a tax-free basis (\$10,000 each for husband and wife). You are normally limited to a RHOSP contribution of \$1,000 per year if the contribution was made before you purchased the house, providing you did not own a house during the year *and* the year immediately preceding. This contribution is then deducted on your tax return in the year of contribution, and the amount of contribution, plus any interest accruing on it, remains tax free if it is used to purchase a home within 20 years.

For 1984, Revenue Canada Taxation has introduced some special considerations with respect to RHOSP's. In the case of a newly constructed home which a couple intends to acquire before December 31, 1984, and to occupy before March 1, 1985, one person will be allowed to top up his or her RHOSP plan to \$10,000. This will allow the individual to deduct in the 1984 year, the full amount of the deduction needed to bring the plan to \$10,000, rather than the normal \$1,000 yearly limit. There are certain restrictions, however, and you should research these prior to making any topping up contributions.

There really is a lot more to buying a home than simply picking one from the real estate listings. If you plan to purchase in the near future, now is a good time to start your planning and preparation.

About the Author — Gordon Moore, C.A. is a Manager with Thorne Riddell, Chartered Accountants, 1690 Hollis Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3J 3J9,

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CALENDAR

NOVA SCOTIA

April 1-15 — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," Hector Centre, Pictou

April 1-22 — Neptune Theatre presents Noel Coward's "Present Laughter," Halifax

April 1-25 — Children's Art, Antigonish district

April 1-29 — Pictures That Can Be Heard: J.E.H. MacDonald's "The Tangled Garden," Acadia University Art Gallery, Wolfville

April 7 — Trojan Productions, Glace Bay, presents "Veronica's Room," University College of Cape Breton Playhouse, Sydney

April 12 — Zamfir: Gheorghe Zamfir and his ensemble perform popular, classical and folk music, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 13 — Symphony Nova Scotia features Mitch Miller, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 14 — Maple Syrup Festival: Pancake and sausage dinners, Kenzieville, Pictou Co.

April 14 — Mermaid Theatre presents "Just So Stories," Acadia University, Wolfville

April 15 — Aeolian Singers: Award-winning women's choir from Dartmouth, Chester Baptist Church, Chester

April 15-Oct. 31 — Sackville Flea Market, Lower Sackville

April 17-May 10 — Canadian Drawings, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

April 25-28 — Seventh Annual Spring Antique Show and Sale, Halifax

April 28 — Roast Beef Supper, Blandford

NEWFOUNDLAND

April — Theatre Beyond Words presents "Five Good Reasons To Laugh," April 26, Corner Brook; April 27, Grand Falls; April 29, St. John's; April 30, Gander

April — Marie Josée Simard: A percussionist who performs folk, jazz and classical music, April 13, Corner Brook; April 14, Grand Falls; April 15, Gander; April 17, St. John's

April 2-7, 10-15 — Resource Centre for the Arts presents "The Burin Show," LSPU Hall, St. John's

April 5 — Atlantic Dance Company presents "The Collection," an evening of traditional Newfoundland dance, jazz and classical ballet, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

April 8-21 — International Video Festival, LSPU Hall, St. John's

April 11 — Gheorghe Zamfir: A pan flutist who performs Romanian folk

songs, popular classics and fiery dances, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

April 18 — Richard Herriott: Award-winning pianist from St. John's, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

April 18-May 13 — Jim Hansen's Recent Prints, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

April 24-29 — "Hamlet," LSPU Hall, St. John's

NEW BRUNSWICK

April — Theatre New Brunswick presents "Candida," April 14-21, Fredericton; April 30, Edmundston

April — RCMP Bison Band Concert, April 28, Minto; April 29, St. Stephen; April 30, Grand Harbour

April — Canadian Kennel Club Dog Show, April 21, 22, Rothesay; April 28, 29, Moncton

April 1-5 — Festival of Music, Moncton

April 2-14 — Curtain Call Theatre presents "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" Moncton

April 6-8 — National Broomball Championships, Moncton

April 11-14 — Saint John High School presents "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Saint John

April 13-May 20 — "Seeing Brain": An exhibition that deals with the process of visual perception, University of New Brunswick, Saint John

April 15-May 15 — John O'Brien: Artist, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton

April 23-26 — Madawaska Fair, Saint-Basile

April 24-26 — Festival of Cultures, Dalhousie

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

April 4-29 — British Artists' Prints, 1972-77: An exhibition of 56 prints, Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

April 7 — Confederation Centre Music Department: An evening with Vochak, Confederation Centre

April 9-21 — The Works of Sister Joan MacNeil, Holland College School of Visual Arts, Charlottetown

April 14 — Rita MacNeil: A powerful voice from Cape Breton, Confederation Centre

April 15 — Prince Edward Island Symphony, Confederation Centre

April 24-May 5 — Annual Exhibition by the staff of The School of Visual Arts, Holland College, Charlottetown

April 26, 27 — Island Community Theatre presents "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Confederation Centre

April 28 — P.E.I. Body-Building Championships, East Coast Gym, Charlottetown

April 29 — Brunswick String Quartet, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

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HARVEY LLOYD/MASTERFILE

Tel Aviv is the first new Jewish city in modern times

Undaunted Israel

For all its sorrows, this country, known to those who followed Moses as a "land of giants" retains a spirit that binds it into a nation

By David Ivry

Israel, home of three million Jews, is a thin strip of rock and sand half the size of Nova Scotia in violence-prone western Asia. The territory is short of fresh water, almost bereft of oil, and deficient in mineral resources. It is bounded on the west by the Mediterranean Sea and on every other side by hostile Arabs. Why then did the Jews choose to establish their national homeland in a place with so little to recommend it? An Israeli explained it was because one of the nation's early leaders had a speech impediment.

"Moses stuttered," he said.

"After the Jews had run away from slavery in Egypt into the desert," the Israeli continued, "a voice from heaven asked Moses: 'Now where do you wish to establish this people?'

"Ca-ca-ca-can . . ." Moses started to answer, but in the excitement of the moment, was simply unable to complete his word.

"Canaan!" the voice said. "An excellent choice. It's yours."

"Within a flash, Moses blurted out the word he had wanted to say. 'Canada!' he shouted. But it was too late."

The Bible, where the early history of the Jews is recorded, does not tell this story. But it does confirm that the Golden Calf worshippers who followed Moses 3,200 years ago were not enchanted by his choice of homeland. Canaan, they pointed out, was inhabited by "giants," who constituted an insurmountable difficulty. Better, they said, to wander in the wilderness.

Today, the Jews are pressing their claim to Canaan and again embroiled in what could be another couple of hundred years of interminable warfare. And, at every hand, Israelis are confronted by economic, social and political difficulties so gigantic that they seem insurmountable. Meanwhile, there is no sign yet that Zionism has won the hearts and minds of anything like a majority of the world's 13 million Jews. The founders of the state 35 years ago believed that Jews would flock to the country they had pined for during 1,900 years of exile, but few came who had other options. In recent years, the tide of migration has been out, not in, as droves of native-born Israelis conclude that the Golden Calf crowd was right,

and depart to wander in the clover elsewhere.

Israel occupies only a tiny bit of the world's surface, but to determine its true measure, you must do more than simply multiply its length by its width.

Come to Israel and you may see:

— A column of home-built Mercava tanks, sleek, broad, deadly fortresses on wheels, looking as if they had just rolled out of the frames of a Star Wars film, and a column of camels carrying long-robed men and veiled women, looking as if they had just stepped out of the pages of the Arabian Nights: Mirages of future and past, floating across the desert.

— A group of Christian tourists — as the sun sets at Bethsaida — silently gazing out at the Sea of Galilee to the place where their Lord, Jesus, walked on the water and, around the lake at Tiberias, crowds of young people sipping beer at a sidewalk café while their rock hero, Rod Stewart, gyrates on a large video screen and howls at ear-splitting volume, "Don't ya think I'm sexy?"

— In the countryside, sprawling kibbutzim where members raise livestock, grow crops and manufacture everything from furniture to precision tools. These are collective farms, failures in parts of the world where they have been imposed, flourishing here where there is no compulsion. And, in the cities, sprawling outdoor markets where vendors hawk everything from produce to clothing to housewares.

Israel's geography is like a salesman's sample of what exists on the planet; its history, a catalogue of who was who. Here are snow-capped mountains and coral sea, parched desert and evergreen-topped hills, fertile river valleys and a salt lake around which little grows. And every inch of the land has felt the tramp of foreign armies: Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Crusaders, Mamelukes, Turks and British all came, saw, left their mark and passed on, the land only temporarily conquered.

Much of the population dwells on the coastal plain adjoining the Mediterranean, the Plain of Sharon, the bed of roses alluded to in the biblical love poem, Song of Songs. Until 75 years ago, after centuries of neglect, the plain could no longer support even a bed of thorns. Then, in its midst, a handful of Zionist pioneers founded the first new Jewish city in modern times and called it Tel Aviv. The name comes from the German *Altneuland* — "old new land" in English — the title of a novel by Theodor Herzl in which he fantasized about Jews living normal lives in a state of their own.

Today Greater Tel Aviv is a pulsating metropolis of 1.2 million inhabitants, the financial and entertainment hub of the country.

Along the coast south of Tel Aviv the desert begins. There stand Ashdod, Ashkelon and Gaza, known in ancient times as Philistine towns. Modern Ashdod arose out of nothing 26

TRAVEL

years ago and now is a dynamic port that may develop in time into one of Israel's largest cities. Ashkelon, famed for its beaches, is a distressingly poor city with some of Israel's wealthiest neighborhoods. Ashkelon's soil teems with traces of the past and residents occasionally find fragments of artifacts while digging in their gardens. Gaza is an Arab city under Israeli occupation. From Gaza, Arabs pour into Israel every day to work at jobs as far north as Tel Aviv and then return home at night.

The whole south, half of Israel, is the mostly empty Negev Desert. The Negev's main city is Beersheva. The original Beersheva was the well where Abraham, father of the Jews, gave Abimelech, a local king, seven sheep in return for a peace treaty. Beersheva has increased in size sevenfold since the founding of the state and the Negev's importance has recently increased by a similar measure with the building of three large new military bases. These bases replaced bases in the much larger Sinai Desert, to the southwest. Israel gave the Sinai back to Egypt in 1979 in return for a peace treaty. (The Jews did not have to include sheep in this latest deal, Israelis say, be-

cause they themselves were the ones being fleeced.)

The Port of Elat is situated at the far south of the Negev on the Gulf of Elat. Its tropical weather makes it the Miami of Israel in winter. (In much of Israel, winter is like late fall in Canada, rainy and chilly. Children attend unheated schools where they wear winter coats and gloves all day.) At an underwater observatory at Elat you can come eyeball-to-fascinating-eyeball with all sorts of tropical fish. Near Elat is a unique game reserve to which species of animals mentioned in the Bible have been gathered from all over the world.

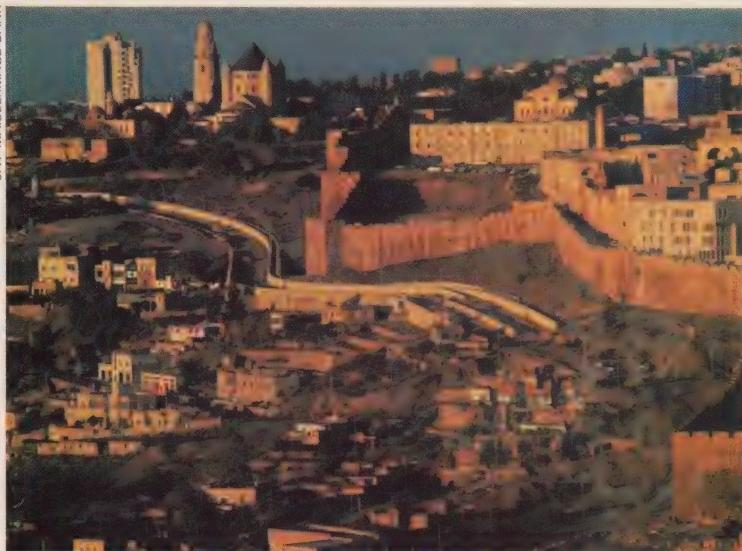
At the other end of Israel, the north, are the hills of Galilee. The economic centre of the region is Haifa, which is similar to Halifax in its port, navy, university and oil-refinery, in size and appearance, and even in name — only the *l* and *x* are missing. Haifa is built up the side of Mount Carmel where long ago the prophet Elijah denounced Queen Jezebel's pagan ways. Today, Jezebel might not feel out of place in cosmopolitan Haifa, but Elijah would surely be wroth at seeing the buses run on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath. (Public transportation ceases elsewhere in the country.) Haifa's answer to Halifax's Public Gardens is the paradise-like setting of the world headquarters of the Baha'i religion. The city also has the only subway in Israel — it runs uphill — and the Maritime Museum recalls the ships carrying immigrants that the British tried to prevent from landing in pre-state days; writer Leon Uris told the tragic story of the *Exodus*, one of these ships, in his best-selling novel. From Haifa, it's a quick trip south to Caesarea, where you can hear concerts in an outdoor Roman am-

phitheatre, and north to Acre, the Crusader port.

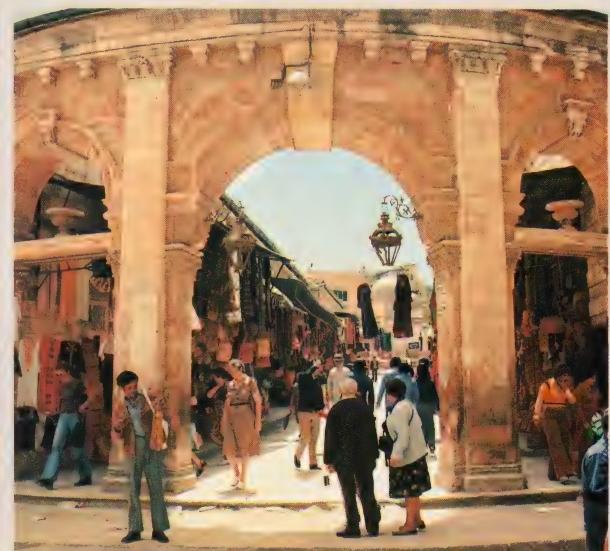
Travelling through the Galilee is like riding a roller-coaster, up steep forested hills and down deep cultivated valleys. (Trees are prized in Israel because almost all had to be planted by hand: In 1948, Israel had only 4 million trees; now there are 130 million. Cutting down trees is frowned on, but an exception is made at Christmas when Christians are provided with free trees.) In the Galilee, you will see fabulous picnic sites near waterfalls, and forts carved into the sides of cliffs. Here also live the Druse, a fiercely independent folk who have followed their own secret religion for 1,000 years and are highly respected in Israel since they serve alongside the Jews in the army.

To the northeast is mile-high Mount Herman where Israelis go to ski. Below it is the Golan, an elevated plateau covered with lava rocks. For years, Syrian soldiers used to sit in Golan pillboxes overlooking Israeli farms and take target-practice on the farmers below. Israel captured the Golan in the 1967 Six-Day War and annexed it in 1981. From the Golan, the land falls away to the Sea of Galilee 700 feet below sea level. There, at Tiberias, are hot springs where rheumatism and arthritis

JAY MAISEL/IMAGE BANK



Jerusalem: Crossroads of the country and of the world



Outdoor markets, like this one in Jerusalem, flourish

LEV BORODULIN/MASTERFILE

cause they themselves were the ones being fleeced.)

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sufferers come to bathe.

Coming southwest in the lower Galilee is Nazareth, Jesus' town. Today it is an Arab city, its skyline dominated by the Annunciation Basilica built on the site of Joseph and Mary's home. Nazareth features 25 other churches, monasteries, convents and seminaries, two mosques, the Frank Sinatra Cultural Centre, and a Communist mayor.

The Galilee hills end abruptly at the broad Jezreel Valley, which divides the north from the centre of the country. The valley runs east from Mount Carmel to meet the Jordan River running north to south. Until early in this century, the valley was a stagnant swamp. Then "labor legions," composed of unpaid young idealists began the backbreaking task of draining the swamp. Today, the valley has some of the most productive farmland in Israel.

Big Arab towns like Nablus sit astride the main north-south road through Judea and Samaria, territories which together are about the same size as Prince Edward Island. Throughout the territories new Jewish settlements, ranging from urban centres to farms, are multiplying rapidly. The settlers see themselves as finishing the work begun by the early pioneers and are flocking particularly to biblical sites. Today thousands of Jews once more sleep at Beth El where Israel himself — Abraham's grandson Jacob — dreamed of a ladder ascending to heaven and heard God's personal promise: "The land on which you lie, to you I will give it, and to your seed."

West of the Samarian hills is the main section of the Jordan River Valley, all lusciously green and adorned with palm

trees. The river is called Jordan or "descender" because it forms in the heights of Galilee and comes down through the Sea of Galilee all the way to the Dead Sea, 1,300 feet below sea level, the lowest point on earth. Though celebrated in song and story, the Jordan isn't much. Except when swollen by winter rains, it's barely more than a muddy stream, easily forded.

The Dead Sea — one part salt to three parts water — sustains no form of life either in its water or immediately beside it (except at a few spectacular oases such as Ein Gedi). Visitors float in the Dead Sea for hours — you can't sink. People with skin diseases praise it for its healing properties. The Dead Sea is Israel's best source of minerals, extracted from the salts at a plant at nearby Sodom.

Stretching out from the Dead Sea is an eerie conglomeration of canyons, craters and caves. This is the Judean Wilderness, which looks very much like the surface of the moon. The oldest inhabited city in the world — 9,000 years old — is located at the northern edge of the wilderness. The ancients called it Jericho, which means "Moon City."

No trip to the Dead Sea is complete without a visit to Masada, a Gibraltor-like hill overlooking the sea. Atop Masada, ancient Israel made its last stand as a free nation. When Masada fell to the Romans, the long exile of the Jews began. Today Israelis climb to the top in memory of that great, but doomed, defence, and proclaim: "Masada will never fall again." For the less energetic, there is a cable car.

To go up to Jerusalem from Masada, you take the main road north through Judea. First stop is Hebron, where Abraham lived, now an Arab city. Here above the Cave of Machpelah is a mausoleum containing six tombs, those of the Jewish patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and the matriarchs, Sarah, Rebecca and Leah. Jews lived in Hebron from time immemorial until 1929, when Arab mobs butchered many and chased the rest out. After Israel took possession of the city in 1967, children of the victims, deeds in hand, returned to demand restitution of stolen property. Today there is a heavily guarded enclave of Jews living in the centre of Hebron, and a new Jewish city on a nearby hill called Kiryat Arba, the other biblical name for Hebron. Hebron could just as well be called by a third name today, "Flashpoint," for here occur some of the ugliest incidents between Arab and Jew.

From Hebron, you come to Etzion, a cluster of new Jewish farms and villages. Arabs overran the original Etzion settlements in the 1948 War of Independence, and killed many of the settlers. When Israel regained the land in 1967, the owners returned, and rebuilt. A small museum in the settlements tells the story.

Next comes Bethlehem, a Christian Arab city, where the main street circles upward to Jerusalem. Scores of Christian pilgrims come here to the Church of the Nativity, particularly at Christmas. In the church, a silver star marks the spot where Jesus was born. The tomb of Rachel, the fourth matriarch, is also in Bethlehem. Infertile Jewish women, especially, go there to pray.

Within minutes of leaving Bethlehem, you enter a wonderland of ultra-modern apartment complexes and shopping plazas. This is the outskirts of Jerusalem, one of several new Jewish neighborhoods now ringing the Israeli capital.

And then, Jerusalem. Mount Zion. Crossroads of the country and the world. Mount Moriah. Abraham climbed Moriah to sacrifice his son Isaac and was told not to, he had proved his faith. The Mosque of Omar stands there. Mount Golgotha (Calvary). The Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands there. In

Jerusalem you can visit the Room of the Last Supper, walk along the Via Dolorosa, the road to the Cross, and go up Mount of Olives, where Jesus ascended to heaven. Here, in Jerusalem, is the Shrine of the Book where the priceless Dead Sea Scrolls are displayed; here rests Herzl; and here is the Golden Gate, walled up now, to be opened at the "End of Days."

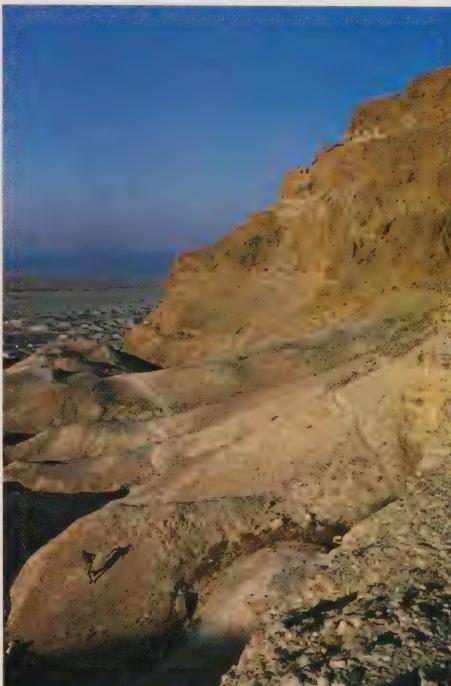
For the Jews, Jerusalem means the Temple, the focal point of their worship until the Romans destroyed it. Today one fragment of the Temple remains, the Western or Wailing Wall. After 1948, the Jews possessed only west Jerusalem, and the Jordanians barred them from praying at the Wall, located in the east. But after Israel reunited Jerusalem in 1967, it guaranteed universal access to holy places of all faiths.

Jerusalem is the site of the Knesset, Israel's pillared Parliament building where, in the best democratic traditions, MKs shout humorous insults at each other, and so reassure the nation that no matter how bad things are, all is well. And Yad VaShem, a starkly plain museum where few speak above a whisper or leave without tears, chronicle of a time 40 years ago when six million Jews were murdered in the Holocaust.

In resurrecting their state, the Jews have also managed to resurrect their language, the formerly dead Hebrew. In a very real sense, Israel today is the Tower of Babel in reverse, where Jews, speaking a multitude of tongues, have been almost instantly moulded into one Hebrew-speaking nation. And what a mixture of people have settled in Israel! Every color — from black Ethiopian to blond Swede — and description — from miniskirted Parisienne to sari-clad Bombayite. The result of this "smelting pot" process is a country that is neither quite western, nor quite eastern. And Israel has not achieved nationhood without severe strains between the half of the population originating in western or developed countries, the Ashkenazim, and the half originating in Islamic or underdeveloped countries, the Sephardim. Today young Sephardim and Ashkenazim are more inclined to make love, not war, and their marriages are erasing ethnic differences. It will take longer, if ever, to bridge the gap between the majority secular, who want Israel to be a country like all the others, and the minority religious, who want it to keep faith with Jewish teachings.

Perhaps the most striking impression of Israel is that of a nation at war. Everywhere you see soldiers on the move. Men are drafted at age 18 for three years and then serve at least one month a year until age 55. Women — those not married, not mothers and who don't object on religious grounds — go in for two years at 18, but are not sent into combat. The threat of terrorism is constant. Terror victims aside, Israel has lost 13,000 in wars since 1948. (In this same period, 15,000 have died in traffic accidents. Good driving habits are not an Israeli virtue.)

For all Israel's difficulties, all its internal controversies, all its sorrows, and all its critics among the government of the world, the spirit of the nation remains undaunted. An American woman recalls this incident. She was about to enter a washroom at the Haifa bus station when a policeman came running up to her, yelling. She didn't understand and when he began pulling her away, she thought she'd been arrested. Moments later, as dozens of people watched, the washroom blew up. The woman was horrified. But then she looked at the faces of the people around her. "They were laughing," she says.



Masada overlooks the Dead Sea, the lowest point on earth

OLKS



Powning with "Strata," a three-dimensional history of architecture

Peter Powning gives most of his sculptures voices of their own. Literally. Powning, a 34-year-old artist with studios hidden deep in the hill country south of Sussex, N.B., makes what he calls "talking sculptures." One piece, called "Red Tide," is a two-foot-tall steel shape reminiscent of the broken sandstone along the Bay of Fundy shore, with the sound of surf (recorded on Grand Manan Island) playing from a hidden tape-recorder. Another, called "At the Sound of the Tone," is a bronze replica of a 1940s-vintage toaster. It repeats that familiar phrase, in a soft, slow voice (Powning's) — finally warning, "Your toast... is smoking." One of his silent sculptures is "Strata," commissioned for Saint John's Market Square. A 10-foot pyramid, it's made of more than a dozen different building materials. Powning also makes pottery, sold from a Sussex outlet managed by his wife, Beth, and makes decorative signs and banners for commercial buildings. "My pottery and design work is my bread and butter," Powning says. "It allows me to pursue my sculpture." Works such as "At the Sound of the Tone," he says, "examine our relationship

with machines. Who is serving who?" It's a question he wants to examine further in a new generation of talking sculptures, adding computers to control the voices. His newest shapes will not only speak; they'll listen and talk back.

When Grace Butt, 74, was a child, her mother took her to the Casino Theatre in St. John's to see plays put on by visiting English companies. "I was fascinated by those plays," she says. "Sometimes they would be quite good, and sometimes they were rip-roaring melodramas." But there was very little live theatre in Newfoundland until she founded the St. John's Players in 1937. "Looking back on it," she says, "I am astonished at how dedicated we were. There was no such thing as funding, yet we wanted to built a dramatic company. We were after theatre as opposed to simply putting on a play." It was in a St. John's Players wartime production that American actor Hal Holbrook met his Newfoundland wife; and in 1945, the Players produced the first-ever full-length Newfoundland play — Butt's own *The Road Through Melton*. Since then, Butt has written more than a dozen dramatic works. Two of the best known, the award-winning *Part of the Main* and *Newfoundland Pageant*, which in 1974 toured throughout the province, have just been published in *To Toslow We'll Go*, a five-play collection. Butt's favorite subjects? Political chicanery, social change and the underestimated role of women. "I like to probe a universal theme," she says. "I'm less interested in being topical. When I know I am going to write a play, I take the same approach as a craftsman building a house. I want it to be neat and well organized."

Writer and weaver Karen Leigh Casselman admits she's slow getting out her books. In 1974, she set out with a \$2,000 Canada Council Explorations grant to prepare a 50-page booklet on plant dyes. Six years and hundreds of painstaking tests with plants later, she and the University of Toronto Press released her 300-page *Craft of the Dyer*. But the plodding paid off: Casselman has sold 6,000 copies of the book in Canada, Australia, Great Britain and the United States. And now, with a heftier Canada Council grant of \$5,600 in hand, she's on her way to Scotland and Ireland to research Celtic dyes and dye lichens for her second opus. That one, she says, is due "in at least five years." It takes her that long, she explains, because she takes the time to test each of the plants she includes in her books, instead of relying on information handed down from other dyers. "I try to separate myth from reality." Casselman, who lives on the Minas Basin in Cheverie, N.S., also contributes to CBC Radio's *Morningside*, passing on recipes, such as colt's foot coughdrops or elderberry flower muffins, that she's unearthed while researching her plants. She also contributed to the section on



DAVID NICHOLS

like theatre that's as exciting as a hockey game," says **Janet Amos**. "That's my dream." Given New Brunswickers' fondness for both hockey and theatre, Amos, 39, should fit in well when she takes over artistic direction of Theatre New Brunswick in Fredericton, N.B., this fall, filling the post being vacated by Malcolm Black. Amos walked on stage for the first time at age eight, and she's hardly been away from theatre since then. In the Seventies, she worked for Toronto's groundbreaking Theatre Passe Muraille and played the role of Clara in TV's *A Gift to Last*. Since 1980, she's been artistic director of the summer theatre in the small, Western Ontario village of Blyth. Moving to Fredericton, she says, "is like moving to the big city" after Blyth. She's looking forward to staging a season of international plays, including "a wonderful Australian play I'd love to do," and would like to take TNB productions to stages outside the province. Her husband, actor and playwright Ted Johns, and two sons will move with her to Fredericton. The older boy, Chris, 13, plays minor hockey; she hopes he'll find "some exciting hockey" in Fredericton. And, presumably, some exciting theatre.

In a plain, three-bedroom bungalow on MacEwen Road in Summerside, P.E.I., **Faye and Eric Oulton** turn ordinary honeymooners into kings and queens. At least that's what satisfied newlyweds tell the couple after spending a night in the Royalty Suite, a set of elegant rooms attached to the Oultons' home. "It was a beautiful way to start

The Oultons try out their Royalty Suite

Weaver Casselman uses natural dyes for wool

dyeing and color patterning in Hurtig's new *Encyclopedia of Canada*, due next year, and will have her own weaving works — mainly throws, blankets and wraps — featured at a solo exhibition entitled "Legend and Lore," at Wolfville's Carriage House Gallery this October.

our life together," wrote one happy groom in the guest book. "I am the groom, but you made me feel like a king." For \$60 plus tax, Faye and Eric, an electrician, offer a night in the pale-blue-and-white-papered suite with its cathedral ceiling and canopy bed. It's also got a whirlpool bath, romantic music, remote-controlled television, and everything to whip up a Continental breakfast with the morning after. "I always wanted to start my own business," Faye explains, "and I also always wanted somewhere nice to stay whenever I travelled, but I never found it. So now I built my own." The Oultons opened the Royalty Suite (the only one of its kind on the Island), three overnight rooms and a housekeeping unit in their home last June. Newlyweds, couples celebrating anniversaries, and even some singles kept the suite filled during the summer and most weekends until December, Faye says, but customers only trickle in during the winter. But that gives Faye and Eric a chance to try it out for themselves, which they've done — three times. "I always wanted a canopy bed," Faye says.



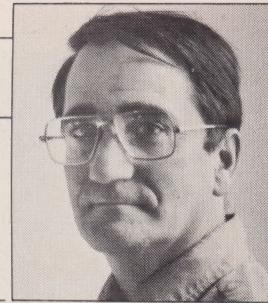
ROB JOHNSTON

The Peacocks: A passion for Inuit culture

When **Doris Peacock** joined her clergyman husband, **Bill**, at the Moravian church mission in Nain, Labrador, in 1940, her first job was to learn from her Inuit neighbors how to sew a Labrador-style wardrobe. Her carefully assembled trousseau had been lost crossing the Atlantic from the couple's former home in England. Since then, both Peacocks have had lots of time to become expert in the customs, language and history of the Inuit: They spent 31 years in the north. They developed new careers when they retired to St. John's in 1971, but their passion for the Inuit culture remains. Doris, 69, developed as an artist; Bill, 77, who taught Inuktitut at Memorial University, began writing poetry three years ago. "I have to be in the mood," he says. "I stop and think a little and then the poem comes, quite naturally. It doesn't take long." *The People*, his first book of poems, was published last year. Its illustrator was Doris Peacock, whose pen-and-ink drawings are the perfect complement to her husband's lyrical memories of their life together in Labrador.



RICHARD FURLONG



A blitz course in unmasking the boondocks

Repeat after me: Scurvy wasn't all good; microwave ovens aren't all bad

The thing about Newfoundlanders," say many mainland commentators in an effort to be charitable, "is that they know exactly who and what they are."

That's as may be. But the *why* of it is a different matter and is on drydock now for its third overhaul in the past 30 years. We're reviewing our history yet again to try and find out why the rest of humanity is damned odd by comparison.

In the late 1940s the pro-Confederates cleverly smeared the past with a tar brush. Three hundred years of poverty, starvation, disaster, exploitation and terminal acne. Against that dreary background, union with Canada shone forth like the Second Coming and those who claimed to have brought it about stood out like great deliverers.

Baby bonuses and old age pensions rained down as manna from Ottawa and the potholes of the promised land were paved with asphalt and the glories thereof illuminated by rural electrification. Whatever was old was shunned and abhorred. Customs duties came off mainland goods, chain stores spread like a fungus and there began an orgy of consumerism. Eaton's catalogue was the new Bible and Smallwood's vision of suburbia-in-a-fog-bank ran riot.

Reaction set in some time before the end of the 23-year Smallwood administration. The novelty of asphalt and electricity wore off. A popular ditty of the time, "Is that all there is?" might have been written for us.

Gradually, the pendulum swung to the opposite extreme. An upwardly mobile class plus the influence of the counter-culture movement revised recent Newfoundland history. Poverty was romanticized, disasters held to be ennobling, and desperate drudgery like the seal hunt was elevated to glorious tradition. We'd been poor but we'd been proud; we'd been starved but we'd been tranquil; we'd been rooked but we'd stood securely atop the verities like bantams on a dung heap.

At the height of that nonsense, most of the art, writing and drama done in the Happy Province sanctified hardship and eulogized misery. Some of us became tourists in the land of our own past and "the native's poverty in the tourists' color." At most, nasty spots of the past were buffered by a certain black humor.

A third revision has now begun. At this stage of the swing there seems to be a balancing of the first two versions. Scurvy wasn't all good and microwave ovens weren't all bad. A local series on CBC radio in which salesmen, nurses, war brides, train conductors reminisced about the 1940-1960 period gave a better rounded picture than has been seen in some while. Those times they said, were neither heaven nor hell. Better roads and hospitals were a good thing but Confederation was not the Year One.

Curiously, only the clergy of all the groups interviewed shed a tear for the good old days. A monsignor, a canon and a brigadier (Salvation Army) hove a collective sigh for the simpler times of yore and, presumably, for beriberi. Perhaps this is not so surprising. The reverend gentlemen may have found travel primitive but at journey's end they were guaranteed the best bed in the best room in the best house in the village. They enjoyed medieval deference. With the merchant and the government representative they formed an unholy trinity which ran the whole shooting match.

It wasn't only in Newfoundland that the fashion for elevating the rustic life beyond what it really was reached silly heights. A few years back I wrote a piece for *Atlantic Insight* saying I'd had my share of mucking out cow barns 25 years ago and would settle for roughing it now in a Toronto penthouse. This drew a snippy editorial from *Harrowsmith*, the organic organ of the new chic peasantry. But even the whole earth brigade has since compromised a little. Whirlpool baths are not such a great hardship once you get used to them.

There was a time, not long past, when rural life was prettified beyond recognition by city media. Little Lower East Piddlepot was a nest of singing birds, a living calendar picture reeking of prayer meetings and pumpkin pies. An antidote to that sort of slops was sorely due.

It has come. *Atlantic Insight* Small Towns series, for example, reveals the bitter along with the sweet and allows its subjects the dignity of being nasty, that is to say, human, in spots. Proper bastards may now lurk behind the curtains of Peggy's Cove in fair proportion to those skulking down Spring Garden Road.

Bung Hole Tickle always had its share, let me tell you. Unlike St. John's it had a dismal record in the field of gas station stickups but that was only because it had no gas stations. On the other hand, the Tickle kept the magistrates on

the hop in the delicate matter of interference with livestock.

Those who romanticized the boondocks put great stock in the calm and tranquillity thereof. Blissful ignorance had something to do with that. I once talked to a man from some remote haven who didn't hear about the Great War until a year after it had started.

Even back in my day, young nippers, Newfoundland outports were so isolated and self-contained that villagers might almost as well have been on an ocean voyage, not just for a month or two but forever.

Strangers were readily embraced for their novelty and for the news they brought of the greater world. If they showed signs of settling, however, they met with a hostility that never faded. Even the inhabitants of a community 10 miles away were regarded as "hard tickets," a reference, I believe, to the leather identification tags around the necks of transported convicts.

Life in this pressure kettle was calm on the surface of it but at agreed times like Christmas and weddings it was all let hang out. Vicious feuds broke out over the most trivial matters and these were kept going unto the third and fourth generations. All the usual sins and vices common to humanity flourished lustily although with infinitely more stealth and cunning than is necessary under the camouflage of a large city.

Uninformed tranquillity is hard to maintain anywhere these days when the bogeyman of the week is likely to glare at you from the covers of *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Maclean's* all at once. The evil thereof is no longer considered sufficient unto the day. World calamities are spotted 10 years away without the aid of a telescope.

Much of the halcyon niceness attributed to the "simple life" was and is true. But to ignore the other side of the coin is dangerous. It's a healthy sign to see some balance restored.

A true picture of an area's recent past is no less important in Newfoundland than elsewhere. But our official ode is a saccharine dirge which says, "As loved our fathers, so we love, where once they stood we stand . . ." And whereinhell is that, pray tell?

We'd best be quick and find out for certain. When the next great predicted upheavals overtake us, for better or for worse, we'll be right up that creek known as the St. Lawrence unless there's a firm foundation under foot. I've put off reserving my Toronto penthouse for a little longer.

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